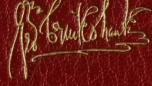

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Life in Paris;

COMPRISING THE

RAMBLES, SPREES, AND AMOURS,

OF

DICK WILDFIRE,

OF CORINTHIAN CELEBRITY,

And his Bang-up Companions,

SQUIRE JENKINS

AND

CAPTAIN O'SHUFFLETON;

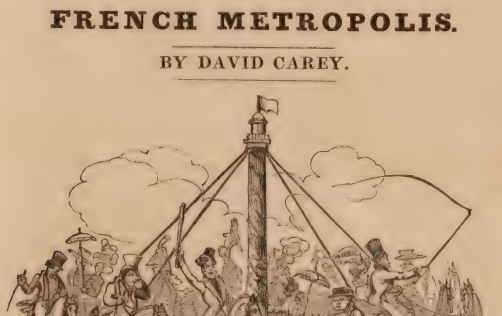
WITH THE

Whimsical Adventures of the Halibut Family;

Including Sketches of a Variety of other Eccentric Characters in the

FRENCH METROPOLIS.

BY DAVID CAREY.



Embellished with Twenty One COLOURED PLATES, representing SCENES from REAL LIFE, designed and engraved by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Enriched also with Twenty-Two Engravings on Wood, drawn by the same Artist, and executed by Mr. WHITE.

LONDON:

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1822.

PREFACE.

LIFE, wherever it exists in the shape of human character, is prolific of events, and full of the materials of amusement. In all places, in all stations of life, and in all states and nations, the mind, fond of tracing the motives of human action, peculiarities of character, and the manners and customs of society, will find ample scope for philosophical remark, and the descriptive writer innumerable subjects for delineation. It used to be the fashion among authors to consider no event worthy of notice that did not occur in high life; now, thanks to a very impartial revolution of sentiment, the motions of ordinary beings, nay, even the manners and irregularities of the *canaille*, may be made to afford amusement; yet, though an inexhaustible mine of entertainment may thus be found, where, hitherto, no jewels or pearls were sought, caution, as well as ability, are necessary in snatching from the darkness of Ignorance, and the haunts of Criminality, the prize of moral truth that ought to adorn a public writer. This is a task

not easy of accomplishment. It is difficult to touch the shores of Circe without participating in the metamorphoses. No excuse, however, ought to be allowed to justify the sanction of the literary mind, when it is given to imprudence, wantonness, or criminality.

"In every work regard the writer's end."

Luckily, so powerful is now the corrective of public taste, that no literary production can find favour, or exist long, which has not in it the permanency of talent, and the merit of upright intention.

The design of LIFE IN PARIS is to afford useful information, as well as amusement. "Life in London" has justly received the approbation of the public; to seek to match such a work, by confining description to London, notwithstanding no field is so ample for collecting the materials of humour, would have appeared slavish and Quixotic in any person but the author of that work. Paris alone can rival London in scenes of amusement, eccentricity of character, and all the varieties of life. Paris is the emporium of pleasure; society is less burdened with morality; and choice spirits have ample scope for exhibiting life at its champagne height. The Author of this Work, being well acquainted with the French Capital, has ventured to follow the example of some authors of great merit and

celebrity, who have mixed with their novels and fictions descriptions of local objects and interesting places. Fictions can only be useful as they are the means of aiding virtue, or conveying some valuable information to the mind of the reader. With this view, the author has endeavoured to render his work of some utility to those who have never seen the French Capital, as well as to the inexperienced traveller, who seeks to know something of the manners and customs of a people before he takes up his abode amongst them. Many descriptions of Paris have been published, and some attempts have been made to delineate the customs and manners of its inhabitants; but the variety of characters which are to be met with in all places, the interior of the haunts where Life is sought to be enjoyed with the greatest avidity, the resorts of the *gambler* and *sharper*, the favourite Elysium of the *gourmand* and the *bon-vivant*, the abodes of Pleasure, and the saloons of Fashion, have, hitherto, been but very imperfectly represented, if the descriptive faculty has been at all employed on such subjects. In fact, it is in the power of none but the *initiated*, and such as have witnessed character and Life, in all its varieties, throughout the multifarious scenes and assemblages of Paris, to furnish a faithful and satisfactory view of the interior features and most amusing characteristics of such places and objects. To give an interesting and correct delineation of the manner

and the scenes in which pleasure is enjoyed, and time and money are spent, in the French Metropolis, whither so many votaries of the Smiling Goddess resort from all countries; and, above all, the *adventures* and *amusing situations* into which strangers of *spirit* or *inexperience* may get in such a Capital, *(not a description of inanimate things,)* was the task which the Author of this Work set to himself, when he planned the incidents of this narrative. It is now completed, and the reader is invited to the perusal with the confident prepossession that he will find both novelty and entertainment in it, and that this picture of the gay and enlivening features and the eccentricities of the French Metropolis and its inhabitants will be allowed to take its place beside the celebrated Work "Life in London."

The Plates which illustrate this Work have been designed and executed by the masterly hand of Mr. George Cruikshank. To accuracy of local delineation is added a happy exhibition of whatever is ludicrous and grotesque in character. Some acknowledgements are due from the author for the assistance he has received from literary friends, among whom, in particular, is the writer of the Caveau Song, in page 193, (the production of a gentleman of Lyon's Inn).

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FRONTISPIECE represents, in a tableau of interesting objects, the varieties of LIFE to be found in PARIS.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

is the motto of the French Nation, and it will be admitted that they act up to it, by every one who has mixed in their festivities.

Their light *ascending* spirits are appropriately figured by a Baloon, which is seen on the top of the Picture, immediately under the motto, and between those aërial beings,

THE DANCE AND THE SONG.

The Song is represented by one of the Muses, and is placed on the *right*. The Dance, to which the French are very partial, is personated by a *male figurant*, who is exhibiting his gracefulness of attitude on the *left*. They are both supported by inverted foils, round which are twined tendrils of the *vine*, indicative of the fertility of the country. Nearly allied to the *Song* and the Dance is

MUSIC;

the love of which is another characteristic of the French Nation. There is no accounting for the whims of musicians when "rapt, inspired," by the *spirit* of their country, whether it be *generous wine* or intoxicating *whisky*. Old Nick chose a lofty station when he took it into his head to become piper to the *figurantes* in Tam O'Shanter; in like manner the musical gentleman figured in the Picture, elevated by what means we know not, is placed astride one of the lamps which are suspended by a rope across the street, a precarious enough situation, where, as the passengers reel along, "to gie them music is his charge."

HONOUR.

All, all are honourable men in France;—touch my honour, touch my life,—this is at least the doctrine of the *touchy gentlemen;* a word, a look,

a frown, and out fly *rapiers* "in length a full cloth yard, and more," hence the multitude of duels that take place in France; and hence, also, the first feature of *Life* in PARIS, which the stranger witnesses, is *Death*. The two combatants under the lamp are symbolical of this spirit and of the mode in which quarrels are generally settled in France.

GLORY

is a word dear to all nations; the Frenchman sings of *La Gloire* all day long, and thinks no one possesses it but the *Grand Nation*. On either side are *flags* with the inscription, *La Gloire*, appropriately supported by two Eagles, and emblematical of the attachment of the French people to that dangerous word *glory*.

POLITENESS.

Between the Eagles appear two precious specimens of *politesse*, in which it is allowed the French people excel.

LOVE.

This compartment exhibits Cupid blindfolded, with his bow in one hand and an arrow in the other. He is placed immediately behind the presiding goddess, or bar-maid, of one of the Cafés, who is seen, seated in her chair of state, surrounded by flowers, and fruits, and all the delicacies with which such envied stations abound.

THE GAME.

The vice of gambling pervades all classes in France. On the base, in the middle, two of the *canaille* are earnestly engaged at cards. These gamblers are also men of polish. They are shoe-blacks, who appear to have more leisure than sous. Their apparatus is beside them.

THE POLICE.

hold a conspicuous station in all parts of Paris. It is the support of government and good order; it is, therefore, very properly made, in the persons of two *gens-d'armes*, the support of the whole fabric.

INDUSTRY.

On each side of the armed police are two rare examples of industry, in the female character, forming a striking contrast to the idle, dissipated conduct of the men, who are spending their time and money in gambling, &c. Both are heavily laden with burdens on their backs, and baskets in their hands. They are a pair of good Catholics, apparently, if *crosses* can make them so.

VIGNETTE ..... Title.

PARIS has been justly styled a round of pleasure, and, certainly, in no city in the world is the giddy circle of life pursued with a greater

rage for enjoyment. Hence the course thus eagerly followed by the gay votaries of pleasure may be not unaptly compared to one of those ingenious machines, called *Roundabouts*, which the artists of wood and rope have contrived for the amusement of the juvenile part of society. This idea is embodied in the Vignette. A moving circle is represented as suspended from the top of the triumphal pillar, or column, in the *Place Vendome*, and on this *Roundabout* are placed the principal personages mentioned in the work. In front, is the hero, DICK WILDFIRE, a true Corinthian, driving four-in-hand, with his cousin, LYDIA, seated by his side. In the body of the carriage, are *Sir* HUMPHREY and *Lady* HALIBUT. Immediately following, in equestrian order, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, brandishing his shillelah, *Squire* JENKINS, sounding the "view halloo," and last, not least, SAM SHARP, the *Valet*. Thus, like many thousands, equally gay, they pursue the round of Parisian pleasure. Thus, also, may the magic circle be traced without disaster, provided the wheel is not made to circle too fast.

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DICK WILDFIRE preparing for a dash *à-la-Française* ..... to face 27

The dressing-scene thus represented will be found amply described in the work, but it is proper to add here, in further illustration of the plate, that the *artiste* of hairs is shown off to the *life;* he is in the genuine costume of his profession; his dexterity is of the *tip-top* kind, and the anxiety with which he performs the task of decoration may be read in his countenance. The figure of DICK, though in his gown and "slippered pantaloon," is of the most elegant kind, and promises, with the aid of the friseur and tailor, (the latter of whom is represented in the wood-cut, page 24,) to insure his way into the most *desirable* circles. On the left, SAM SHARP, the Valet, is seen entering with his master's coat, the fashion of which appears to tickle SAM's fancy not a little. SAM is evidently a knowing and a trusty squire. On the right, behind the friseur, amongst the chaos that occasionally takes place amidst luggage and dressing materials, we have a view of a French hat, or *chapeau*, destined to *crown* the dashing subject of these decorative labours. Above is a picture of one of those unadorned beauties that generally ornament the dressing-rooms and apartments of French houses. Another, hung in the middle of the room, presents a distant landscape, in which a Windmill shows that a talent for *raising the wind* is necessary to all persons who venture abroad.

DICK WILDFIRE and *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON promenading in the Garden of the Tuileries 33

The architectural beauty of the Chateau, or Pavilion, surmounted by a dome and a white flag, and the *facade* of this magnificent building is well delineated. Nothing can be more spiritedly and correctly represented than the fashionable groups who are seen promenading in the walks, in front of the Palace and in various parts of the Garden. The costumes of both sexes are in many respects whimsical and fantastic in the extreme. DICK WILDFIRE and his friend, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, are conspicuous amidst the promenaders. On the right, are some specimens of the French Military, whose appearance is *fierceness* personified. In short, there are here displayed dandies and loungers of all descriptions, countries, and conditions, and a *multum in parvo* representation of one of the gayest and favourite scenes of fashionable LIFE IN PARIS.

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DICK WILDFIRE and *Squire* JENKINS seeing "REAL LIFE" in the Galleries of the Palais Royal 90

This is a lively delineation of the *gaieties* of the Palais Royal, by lamp-light. It represents DICK WILDFIRE and *Squire* JENKINS mingling in the gallantries of that crowded resort of *marketable beauty*. The scene of the *lark* is the *Gallerie Pierre*, (Stone Gallery.) DICK and JENKINS are conspicuous in the middle of the Plate. DICK is gallanting with a *chère-amie*, apparently of the most *fashionable* and fascinating order; and the *Squire* seems in a *fair* way of being equally agreeably suited, for another charmer of the place is playfully *patting his cheeks* with both her hands, whilst the *Squire* is reeling as if unable to stand the effect of her beauty and addresses.

DICK WILDFIRE, JENKINS, the *Captain*, *Lady* HALIBUT, and LYDIA, enjoying a lounge in the Italian Boulevards 108

On the right, DICK WILDFIRE is perceptible, in a resting posture, occupying several chairs at once, as is the French fashion when persons are disposed to show their consequence. Beside him are *Lady* HALIBUT and his cousin LYDIA; they are surrounded by fruit and flower girls, grimaciers, musicians, and *marchandes* of all descriptions. At some distance, nearer the middle, *Squire* JENKINS exhibits his perfect *nonchalance* and importance by occupying four chairs at once, and the *Captain* appears beside them, apparently in gallant conversation (aside) with a lady, who is handing her address to him *under the rose*. It would be superfluous to repeat here the description of the characters who make up the amusing and motley assembly. The scene is minutely described in the work.

DICK, the *Captain*, and *Squire* JENKINS, dining at VERY'S, in the Palais Royal 116

This is a very *agreeable* specimen of a principal part of "LIFE IN PARIS," namely *good eating* and *drinking*. DICK WILDFIRE, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, and *Squire* JENKINS, having repaired to a celebrated *restaurateur's* to dine, are seen seated at table in the midst of the apartment; DICK is at the head of the table, on the right. The *Squire* is at the side, with a white cloth tucked under his chin, according to the French fashion, and the *Captain* is placed at the end. The groups of characters around them are of an amusing and grotesque appearance. The *garçons* are in their proper costume, and the fare seems of the most relishing kind. A scene of social enjoyment is exhibited in the right corner of the picture, where a gentleman is seen helping a lady to a *tit-bit*. Adjoining them is a convenient piece of furniture, which serves for a *stove* in winter and a table in summer. The bar-maid, or divinity of the place, is placed in an elevated enclosure, which is abundantly bedecked with flowers, in glass vases, and her person is generally very highly ornamented. The head-waiter is in the act of depositing some money in the box of his fraternity, and a *garçon*, with something delectable for the dessert, appears about to leave the seat of delicacies for the table of the guests. A superb lustre in the middle gives a brilliant illumination to the scene of festivity.

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DICK and his Companions smashing the Glim, or a Spree by Lamp Light 122

This Plate represents DICK WILDFIRE, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, and *Squire* JENKINS, making a desperate attack upon a lamp in the street. The mode of suspending and lighting the lamps in Paris is described in the work. Having got the lamp within their reach, DICK and the *Captain* have thus an opportunity of playing at shuttle-cock with the *glimmerer*. On the right, some damsels are perceptible in the distance, making their escape from the Mohawks; on the left, the Police appear approaching the scene of action, whilst astonishment and terror are depicted *above*, in the persons of an inhabitant of the upper regions and his wife, who are looking from the window on the demolition of the unfortunate lantern.

DICK and the *Captain* paying their respects to the fair *Limonadiere*, in the Café de Mille Colonnes 145

This is a beautiful and finely executed representation of an apartment in the most famous and elegant *Café* in Paris, the *Mille Colonnes*. It is that part of the house in which the celebrated *Limonadiere* sits and surveys her votaries from a chair, or throne, which was originally destined for the Saloon of Joachim Murat, when King of Naples, and cost *ten thousand francs*. The *Café* in question derives its name from the number of *columns* and *mirrors* that reflect them. The columns being finely gilt, and the mirrors and other decorations being of the most superb kind, covering almost the whole of the walls, together with the beautiful female who presides, give to this scene of attraction the most brilliant and fascinating appearance. On the right, near the margin of the picture, is the entrance to this favourite apartment, which opens on the left from the Grand Saloon, where one of the statues that decorate that elegant lounge is visible above the heads of the visiters. At the entrance is a party enjoying their lemonade round a table, and among the group near them appears an officer of hussars, with a Polish cap, and some other picturesque figures, one of which is the waiter bearing a coffee-pot. As ladies are to be seen in this and other *Cafés*, they are here represented in their proper Parisian costumes. Nothing can be better delineated than the grotesque appearance of the company sitting. We need only notice the venerable gourmand who is enjoying his creams and ices at the table in the middle. Close by, are two gentlemen who appear *up to snuff*, and immediately before these are DICK WILDFIRE and *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON paying their respects to the fair *Limonadiere*. The lady is surrounded by the usual collection of *tasteful* and tempting wares. She is richly and superbly dressed, and beside her sits her husband, who is delighted at the devotions paid to his wife.

DICK WILDFIRE introduced by *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON to a *Rouge et Noir* Table, in the Palais Royal 147

DICK WILDFIRE and his friend, the *Captain*, are seen, on the left, approaching the table, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON having undertaken to introduce DICK to this interesting scene. The colours of the tables give name to the game. The *dealer* and *croupier* are placed in the centre, where, also, may be seen the bank, and at the extremity of the table

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are *conductors*, or *inspectors*, who assist to regulate the game and attend to the transfer of the money. The players, with the exception of the office-bearers, are called *punters*.

DICK and his *Valet* showing fight in a *Caveau*, or *Low* Life in Paris 201

A *Caveau* is a *Café* under ground, or what we might style a cellar. These *low* places are generally frequented by *low characters*, the *Cadgers* of Paris. Into one of these receptacles of oddities, DICK WILDFIRE has been conducted by SAM SHARP. A quarrel having commenced, DICK and his *Valet* get involved in the *row*. The particulars are given in their proper place.

Life behind the Curtain at the Grand Opera, or DICK and the *Squire* larking with the *Figurantes* 256

DICK, leaving his company for a short time, to have a closer view of the *beauties* of the stage, is represented as having obtained admission behind the curtain at the Grand Opera, where, it is supposed, he has met his friend, JENKINS, taking a peep, also, on the sly, in his way home to the *Hôtel de Bourbon*. One of the *figurantes*, however, seems to have no relish for a very intimate affinity with the honest *Squire*. He gives him, at once, a proof of his aversion and dexterity of limb, by putting his foot in the *Squire's* breadbasket. JENKINS, reeling to a proper distance, stands with his hands in his breeches pockets, amazed to see the *figurante's* wonderful agility. DICK is in dalliance with a kind Flora, who has already prepared the wreath of love for some faithful Colin. The *ballets*, which are generally founded on rural events, have always a mixture of the heathen deities. At the left side of the Plate stands a Hercules beside a young painted Omphale, while one of the Cupids, who are sporting on the floor, is playing with his club.

DICK and *Squire* JENKINS enjoying the Sport at the Combat of Animals *(les Combats des Animaux)* or Duck-Lane of Paris .. 286

The French are not without their Animal Sports. This is an exhibition of a scene of tender mercies to a part of the brute creation, which often takes place in Paris. DICK is conspicuous near the middle of the area, surveying the sport, while JENKINS, with some other lovers of the noble art of bear-baiting, is engaged in urging on a mastiff to attack a bear that is about to issue from his den. On the right, is seen a bull-dog environed by fire-works, and raised to a considerable height by a rope, which is drawn, by a person on the right, with the aid of a pulley. The dog secures his safety by holding tightly, between his teeth, a piece of sponge attached to the rope, and thus remains on high, regardless of the flames that surround him.

DICK WILDFIRE and JENKINS in a Theatrical Pandemonium, or the Café de la Paix, in all its glory 305

A full account of this resort of the middling and *nondescript* classes is given in the work. DICK and JENKINS are in the middle of the pit. DICK is treating a lady from the *Palais Royal*. *Squire* JENKINS is a-*nod-nod-nodding*, and, "here and there, and ever and anon," the

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waiters are circulating with the *blazing punch* and *burnt brandy* with which the Parisian cockneys treat their sweethearts. On the stage, a figurante is performing on the tight rope, and, at the same time, a clown is showing off his antics.

"Life among the Dead," or Dick Wildfire, *Squire* Jenkins, and the Halibut Family in the Catacombs 323

Dick Wildfire, *Squire* Jenkins, with *Sir* Humphrey Halibut, his wife, and daughter, are exhibited in the Plate viewing, by the help of a guide, these extraordinary excavations. Some ingenuity was requisite to impart "Life" to such a spot. The artist has accomplished this in a very whimsical manner. Dick Wildfire, resolved to have some sport with Jenkins, and the rest of his friends, devises an expedient to frighten them, the consequences of which are narrated in the description.

Life among the Connoisseurs; or Dick Wildfire and his friends in the Grand Gallery of the Louvre 331

The extent and architectural splendour of this Palace of the Arts excites the wonder and admiration of every one who visits it. A full description of the subjects of the Plate is given in the above and subsequent pages. Dick Wildfire, Lydia, and the rest of his friends, are strolling about in the middle of the room, viewing the paintings, surrounded, on one side, by groups of fashionables of the old and new schools, and, on the other, by several specimens of the *canaille*, porters, hackney coachmen, and *petit garçons*.

Dick Wildfire and Jenkins enjoying a frolic in the *Café d'Enfer*, or Infernal Cellar 335

This is a most excellent delineation of another of those subterranean haunts in the Palais Royal, styled *Caveaux*, where persons that have no great regard for character or personal safety resort. It is known by the appropriate name of the *Café d'Enfer*, or Infernal Cellar. Some Frenchmen have, in *compliment* to the English, nick-named it the *Café d'Angleterre*. This denomination is not applicable, for there is certainly nothing in the wide extent of the British Metropolis—even in the *back slums* in the *Holy Land*—to parallel it. Dick Wildfire and *Squire* Jenkins, bent on a *spree*, have found their way into this nether region, where the votaries of Bacchus and Venus perform their orgies. They have both provided themselves with *doxies* for the frolic. The *Squire's lady* appears the very *pink* of subterranean beauty, and Dick is giving a proof of his delicate gallantry in assisting his fair one to ascend a ladder to an upper apartment. In the cock-loft appear some parties *up to trap*, in regard to an amorous couple in the shade, whose ardours are conceived by one of the spectators above to stand in need of the cooling stream. An Old Soldier and a Young Female, musicians, are interesting characters. Behind them the work of provisioning for the customers is proceeding at a table, and an enraged Cook, or *garçon*, has floored a ragged and hungry-looking victim with the skimmer. A Lady sits in the bar in this place, as well as in more respectable *Cafés*, "spectatress of the scene," with all her characteristic paraphernalia about her.

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Life on Tip-Toe, or Dick Wildfire quadrilling it in the *Salon de Mars*, in the *Champs Elysées* 384

Dick Wildfire and his friend, Jenkins, having repaired to a *guinguette*, or rural coffee-house, in the *Elysian Fields*, Dick has entered into the spirit of the place, and is quadrilling it *à la Française*, with the beauties of the *Salon*. *Squire* Jenkins appears not in such good humour. He is seated at the right hand margin of the Plate, *super vinum*, interrogating a *garçon*, or waiter, respecting his charges, which the worthy *Squire* does not seem correctly to comprehend. The waiter explains by the significant use of both his hands, indicating that *two* more pieces are required.

Entrée to the Italian Opera 450

Dick Wildfire and Lydia appear on the stair, about to enter, having passed the *bar of arms*. *Squire* Jenkins and *Lady* Halibut are not so far advanced, being still in the struggle with the *gens-d'arme*. On the left, among the crowd, appear some odd characters. A Frenchman is kicking a *garçon* for some officious forwardness, and a *petit maître*, at the extremity of the covering, is shrinking from the rain that is pouring down upon him.

Morning of the *Fête* of *St. Louis*, or Dick Wildfire and Jenkins enjoying "Life" in the *Elysian-Fields* 452

The celebration of the *Fête* of *St. Louis* is always an interesting and important event to the French. The subjects of this Plate are some of the occurrences in the *Elysian Fields*, where the populace are treated with gifts of wine, bread, and other delectables, and where the light-hearted Parisians enter into all sorts of diversions and festivities. An ample description of these ceremonies and amusements, by which this great national *Fête* is distinguished, will be found in the work.

Evening of the *Fête* of *St. Louis*, or Dick, Jenkins, and the Halibuts, witnessing the Canaille in all their glory 457

This Plate is a lively representation of the festivities that take place in the *Elysian-Fields* in the afternoon and evening of the day on which the *Fête* of *St. Louis* is celebrated. A description of the sports and diversions which thus take place will be found in the volume. To the right of the Plate are seen erections, on which are stage exhibitors—a rope-dancer and a fire-eater. A little before these is one of the greased poles, on which are hung the prizes, and a man is in the act of climbing up. In the centre of the back-ground is represented a sort of round-about, over which a balloon is perceptible at a considerable height.

"Life" in a Billiard-Room, or Dick and Jenkins *au fait* to the Parisian Sharpers 471

This is a peep into an inferior gaming-house. The Greeks are on the watch for pigeons, but Dick and Jenkins are awake to their tricks.

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LIFE IN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

Departure of the Travellers—their Characters—Arrival at Calais—DICK WILDFIRE'S *Letter to* BILL RATTLE—*Comforts of Travelling in the Diligence—Comparative Morality.*

READER! have you ever been in Paris? If you are of the happy number who have enjoyed that delightful trip, and mixed in the gay scenes of life, fun, frolic, and amusement, that are to be found in that Capital, you will not be displeased to revisit the abodes of gaiety once more, and to live your happy moments over again in the descriptions of our pages. If you have not beheld the glory of the *grand nation*, —if you have not had the supreme felicity of spending an estate in a few months in the dear distracting round of the *Palais Royal*,—if you are unable to silence all your country acquaintances by long details of your Parisian adventures, the happiness of mingling with Counts, Countesses, and Courtezans, and of being *fleeced in the politest manner*,— take courage, we invite you to become a member of our

smiling party; we are just entering on the excursion; "smack goes the whip, round go the wheels;" "Mirth, with thee we mean to live," and where shall we enjoy thee with such unfettered jocundity as amidst the recreations and ludicrous groups of Paris?

But first, reader, let us introduce you to our company. For this purpose we shall imitate the style of English driving, hurry over every thing that pertains to our own country, and show you them as they alight on the margin of the Channel, to embark from the proud and towering coast of Dover for the swampy point of Calais. You observe that party of travellers on the quay, beset by Jews, excisemen, and beggars. How the elderly gentleman winces at the importunities of Moses, who has a strong Israelitish itch to finger his bank-notes for French money! "*You vill find de* exchange *moch* against you on *de oder* side of *de vater*." That elderly gentleman is *Sir* HUMPHREY HALIBUT, once a leading ornament of the Honourable Company of Fishmongers, and an industrious resident on that spot, where they sell the best mackerel and "speak the plainest English," now a Knight of the Shire, and Baronet by the special intervention and discernment of Fortune, who delights to show that she is not so blind to merit as some disappointed persons would represent her. The lady in the mongrel dress, half French, half English, who clings to his arm, is his wife. In her you may probably see a specimen of the oddest of all amalgamations, Bath and Billingsgate compounded; but she is very desirous of forgetting her relationship with the eastern district of the town, —she has now got other *fish to fry*; her connexions now all reside in the West, at Bath, where she has lately been for three months, and at Brighton, which never yet had the honour of her presence.

But who is that charming girl, that "pretty plaything," who leaves the youth that is escorting her, to place herself under the more tender wing of my *Lady* HALIBUT? That is her daughter, LYDIA SERAPHINA MOLLY, who has just left her boarding-school, and begun to peep and flirt through her fan at the eccentricities of the young fellows who lay claim to the attentions of the ladies. When she has seen a little of the tip-top of "Life in Paris," and got all the fashions of that variable city either heaped on her back or treasured in her mind, to be introduced as most delectable subjects on all occasions, it is the opinion of her fond mother and governess that there is not a young lady that will be able to match her from Grosvenor-Place to Mile-End.

And her *Cavalier Servente?*—is her Cousin, a youth of much spirit and promise, and the heir to *Sir* HUMPHREY'S title and estates. This young sprig of fashion and nobility, as you see he is, has also just completed his education; that is, he has been expelled his college for lampooning the professors, kicked away his tutor for recommending graver studies than he relishes, learnt the noble art of placing necks in jeopardy by driving four in hand, and been hailed as a rising star on the turf and in all the regions of the *Blacklegs*. With such fearless intrepidity has he distinguished himself in the career now pursued by young gentlemen of fortune, that he has received the surname of DICK WILDFIRE.

The *Fancy* are likewise especially indebted to DICK for his patronage of their ennobling science. He is a Corinthian of the first order. He has been the leading amateur at the Fives and Tennis Courts, has always had the highest stakes on the ground, is acquainted with all the good

qualities of the most notorious professors of the pugilistic art, has sat as president at the *Nonpareil* and *Daffy clubs*, sung his catch in those *harmonious* assemblies of convivial spirits, where you would imagine you heard all the beasts in the Ark singing chorus, and is in no danger of passing for a novice in the *Palais Royal*, from the costly instruction he has had the good fortune to receive in the seminaries (*i.e.* gambling houses) in St. James's Street.

Such is the company, reader, to which we have the honour of introducing you at the outset of this memorable expedition. We can promise you that if these characters are not to your taste, you shall have ample opportunity to indulge your fancy in the choice of others as we proceed.

The party are embarked, the packet is under weigh, and now a scene of ludicrous distress ensues to the voyagers in search of pleasure, which would make any one smile but those who are in the agonies of a channel sickness. Yet here, even here, mirth and French fiddlers abound, and joking, laughing, singing, skipping, and dancing, are indulged in, until the amphibious inhabitants of Calais are seen wading out to receive the travellers on their shoulders.

We shall pass over the reluctance of *Sir* HUMPHREY to embrace a daughter of Neptune, yclept a *poissarde*, although his love was once content to doat on the charms of the nymphs of Billingsgate; nor shall we dwell on the trepidations of his *rib*, and the maiden fears of the gentle LYDIA SERAPHINA MOLLY to mount the shoulders of a ragged Frenchman, in order that they may reach that happy shore, where innumerable cheats and beggars await the arrival of the stranger. We shall say that the Rubicon is passed and *terra firma* gained; that the troublesome business of

arranging the passports and submitting to have their *pictures* taken by the clerks of the *Bureau des Etrangers* is over;* that they have visited the money changers in the dirty market-place of Calais, and got a supply of current coin for the journey;† and that, by the assistance of DICK and his

* Notwithstanding the return of peace, the strictness of the regulations for the admission of strangers into France seems to be in no degree relaxed. Indeed, when such precautions are found *profitable* as well as politic, a voluntary relinquishment of such a source of revenue can scarcely be expected. The first thing the *voyageurs* have to do when they set foot on the pier of Calais is to surrender the keys of their trunks, &c. that their contents may be examined and properly tumbled about by the hands of the police. Then comes the troublesome business of examining and arranging the passports. For this purpose the travellers must appear at the office for registering strangers, where they deliver their English passport and undergo a minute personal examination, like culprits at the bar, the description of their "visage, eyes, mouth, nose, chin," &c. being all noted in their passport, which, with such other information as the police can obtain, is forwarded to the Prefecture at Paris. The strangers, after paying a fee of several francs, have then an *ad interim* passport allowed them, and are suffered to proceed on their journey. On arriving in Paris, the first duty of the traveller is to regain his English passport, with liberty to remain in or leave the Capital. A day or two may be expended in effecting this, for the weary *voyageur* will have to go (or pay another well for doing it) first to the Ministry of Police, where he may be permitted to cool his heels for hours among crowds equally confounded and impatient, then to the British Ambassador's, in another quarter of the city, afterwards to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he will be relieved of ten francs, (if he is fool enough to part with them,) then back again to the Prefecture of Police for signatures, and, as a *finale*, trudge home, or jolt it in a cabriolet, with both body and mind jaded with anxiety and fatigue. This is commonly the commencement of "LIFE IN PARIS!"

† The next thing that puzzles strangers in France is to obtain a correct knowledge of the moneys in circulation. This is very important; for without due attention to the coins and their values, the stranger will be

Valet, a knowing one like his master, the party are safely lodged in that tremendous machine, the ***Diligence,*** and

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liable to many impositions. As this work is intended to convey useful instruction as well as amusement, and, as we hope that the account of LIFE IN PARIS will form the companion of every visiter to that Capital, we shall insert the following statement of the French coins, for the benefit of the inexperienced traveller.

The French gold coinage consists of Louis of 20 francs, worth 16s. 8d. and of double Louis of 40 francs. The gold coins of that value struck in Bonaparte's time are called Napoleons; those coined since the restoration of Louis XVIII. are termed Louis. The French commonly call both Louis and Napoleons *pièces de vingt francs*. There are also some old Louis of 24 and 48 francs, or rather livres, which lose on being changed.

The present silver coinage consists of pieces of 5 francs, commonly called *pièce de cent sous*, because it is worth 100 sous, or halfpence, and in English money 4s. 2d.; of pieces of 40 sous, or two francs, worth 1s. 8d.; of one franc, or 20 sous, 10d.; of 10 sous, or a half-franc, worth 5d.; and of 5 sous, or a quarter of a franc.

The franc is assumed by the French as the basis or unit of all their computations. All values are reckoned upwards by tens, hundreds, and thousands of francs; and downwards by tenth and hundredth parts of francs. The tenth part of a franc is a *decime*, the hundredth part a *centime*.

The copper money consists of sous, double sous, pieces of mixed metal; also of two sous, two liards, or a farthing, of one liard, pieces of six liards, or a sous and a half, and of a centime, or one-fifth of a sous. A sous contains four liards, or two farthings.

There are no notes circulated in France, but those of the national bank, and these only of two sorts, viz. 500 and 1000 francs. These are changeable into silver at the Bank during the hours of business for three sous, which is for the money-bag; or, at a small premium, into silver or gold at the money changers.

Bank of England notes and foreign coin may always be exchanged at Paris for that of France, at an Exchange regulated by Government, the rate of which is published daily in the newspapers. We would advise our countrymen and countrywomen to be cautious in parting with too many of their notes at once; with a careful husbanding of this kind, they will sometimes, and certainly in the end, find the rate of exchange considerably in their favour.

rolling along a hard road that makes every joint in the body to ache, from no motive in the world but the desire of pleasure!

As every one writes or tries to write on this journey, we shall here introduce a sketch from DICK of the progress of the travellers.

"*To* BILL RATTLE, *Esq.*

"AT length, my noisy fellow, I have got the old ones in *tow*, and out of their old entrenchments. The deuce is in it if the *goldfinches* won't sing now. Whilst you are compelled to drop your *anchor in the Levant*,* or obliged to *pad* the *gray poney*† within a narrower limit, I am off to the glorious round of PARIS, to begin a new LIFE there. The *Diligence* is starting:—

"We wait for no one,—off we bowl,
The pondrous mass begins to roll,
The post-boys crack their whips, and swear,
And urge the steed, and lash the air;
But vain is Monsieur's noise, his steed
Is not of an Olympian breed;
The wheels turn round, the pavement groans,
And so do all the travellers' bones.

"Now pens and pencils begin to be in great request. The note-books are out, and all are on the alert to show their powers in making observations. Even *Sir* HUMPHREY, I

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* *Non est inventus*, or *missing*.

† A person who has a day's rule from the Bench, or Fleet, is generally accompanied by a *companion* belonging to the *establishment*, who is in the slang phrase denominated a *poney*.

perceive, is resolved to favour his friends, and probably the public, with some sketches of his tour. Would you like a specimen? He has already put it down that all the women are carrotty and peevish, and that the females generally ride *à-la-fourchette*, (astride,) although he has only seen the hostess of the inn where he lodged, and a peasant girl going to market on a donkey! *Lady* HALIBUT says that all the pigs are like greyhounds, and that the cows seem to have been milked and starved until no flesh is left on them. LYDIA is resolved to look at nothing until she can open her eyes on the fashions of Paris; and a young travelling painter, who sits beside me, as often as we escape from the dirty alleys of the towns and villages, the view of old clothes in the *Rues de Fripperie*, and happily get our lumbering vehicle out of a marsh or on the edge of a common, is perpetually in ecstacies at the beauties of the prospect.

"From me you will not expect much rational remark; but, though there is, perhaps, too large a portion of the *sal volatile* in my composition, I will try now and then to give you a few sketches, *en passant*, of what solicits our attention on this side of the water. 'Tis strange that such difference should subsist in modes and manners of life, in the temperament of the people, and in the very aspect and nature of the countries themselves, as are perceptible, at first sight, in states so nearly allied as Great Britain and France. *Lady* HALIBUT imagines she should still be travelling in the rapid carriages with the highly-caparisoned horses of England, along level and easy ways, between trim set hedges, and ever and anon passing some snug *refectory*, where a drop of the most cordial comfort may be had, if circumstances require. Instead of this, mine honoured dame is looking most ruefully on the reverse of every thing she has yet

seen. The construction and snail-like pace of the *Diligence* are by no means to her taste; yet it is far superior to the vehicle styled the Swallow, *(L'Hirondelle,)* which *flies* at the amazing rate of between three and four miles an hour! O, BILL! my aunt is not quite wrong after all. You would laugh to see what a set-out we make.—Figure to yourself the body of an old crazy coach, or waggon, like Noah's ark, with front and back seats, placed on four wheels, with the frame of a chaise, styled a *cabriolet,* holding two persons, who peep through ragged curtains, like owlets perched on high, attached to the front of the heavy machine, and a place like the roost for fowls, denominated the *imperial,* on the top of the vehicle, where, amidst luggage and lumber of all kinds, beneath a dirty tarpawling, *Monsieur le Conducteur,* the guide and guard, reposes in state. Figure to yourself this odd specimen of mechanical skill, and you will have before your view the French *Diligence,* still the best convenience for travelling on the road; for to use your own carriage would occasion enormous expense and trouble, on account of the duties and deposits, of which you have no conception. Leathern traces must be a luxury or a vanity; ropes are found here to answer as well. Shall I describe to you the dress of the postilions and their *horses?* That is almost impossible: they appear like as many Robinson Crusoes, they are so covered with furs and skins, and their wooden boots are so convenient for leaping out of and into! Our *leg-covering artists* afford us no such ease in Bond-Street. Then, the garniture of the steeds—still 'motley's the only wear'—all the rags in the village seem to have been collected to decorate the manes and harness of the horses, who thus move under a load of frippery and all the colours of the rainbow, dragging their united waggon and stage-coach along a road every inch of which is paved.

"A French postilion is off and on his horse's back twenty

times in the course of a stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. He is not surprised or dismayed at being called upon to repair accidents; he is provided with all sorts of implements for this purpose: if his hempen harness give way he splices it with packthread or mends it with his garters, if he have any! If a passenger call, he dismounts and pops his head into the window as he runs by its side, leaving the animals to draw the coach at their own guidance, a liberty (for horses love liberty, and enjoy it too in France) they are accustomed to, and therefore are discreet enough not to abuse.

"It is true, every thing convinces us we are not travelling in England, but every thing is not in my eye the more disagreeable on that account; on the contrary, as we advance into the interior the whole country assumes the most gay and inviting appearance. It is now the vintage-time, the happiest of all the seasons; the peasants are all as gay as a rich harvest, fine weather, and music and dancing can make them.

"Thus roll we on to the Capital, where you know I am going to see a little of foreign *manners*;—*morals* I expect to find none, except among that class of persons to whom the word still appertains. To talk of the *morals of genteel society* would, you are aware, now be laughed at as a misapplication of terms;—*morals* apply only to men of low degree. *Manners* imply high breeding, fashionable derelictions, and a perfect emancipation from vulgar ties;—morality relates entirely to low life. What is adultery among the vulgar is elegant and accomplished gallantry among the nobility. Therefore, no more moralizing, say I.

"My next shall be from Paris.

"Yours,

"DICK WILDFIRE."

CHAP. II.

The Arrival in PARIS—*Choice of an Hotel—Character of* MEURICE'S, *the Ménagerie Anglais—Rencontre with an Irish Acquaintance—Preparations for an Appearance—How to dress an Englishman à-la-Mode—The French Tailor—The Frisseurs.*

WE should detain the reader too long from the beauties of the Metropolis were we to detail all the particulars of the journey, which DICK thus leaves incomplete; for who ever travelled this road without meeting something very eventful and worthy of being communicated to posterity? We, who hate all long and dull stories, however full of astonishing escapes from broken-down coaches, cheating landlords, fried frogs, and the terrific whiskers of inquisitive *gens d'armes*, must let posterity guess at some of the incidents which *of course* befel our travellers. Suffice it we relate that, after much wonderment on the part of *Sir* HUMPHREY and his lady at all they saw and eat on their way, at the many ceremonies used, and marks of respect shown to their dignity in ushering them through towns, and after meeting many *crosses* in their progress, without feeling devotion increased thereby, they entered the capital of France by the avenue and port of St. Denis* (famous for the exploits of

* It seems all great personages enter Paris by this triumphal arch. It was erected to the glory of Louis XIV. whose conquests it records by

a saint who walked five miles with his head under his arm). *Lady* HALIBUT was delighted to think that, now they had passed all these ugly gates and porches, her caps and bonnets would at length be suffered to rest, and the enraptured LYDIA was still more pleased with the idea of getting a new and fashionable stock of these most interesting articles.

On arriving in Paris, an important question presents itself to strangers, namely, whether it is better to reside at an hotel* or a boarding-house. Those who study economy generally prefer the latter, and make choice of such establishments as suit their convenience. Such as wish to make a figure by superior appearances, or who desire to enjoy life with more freedom, take up their abode at an

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many a figurative and monstrous symbol. All the public entries of the Kings of France are invariably made by the port St. Denis. It was by this gate that Louis XVIII. entered Paris on the 3d of May, 1814; and it was at this gate that the first woman hung in France was executed!

Had all the ancient gates of Paris remained, they would now be in the interior of the City, as Temple Bar is in London, considering Westminster confounded with London, as it generally is in common conversation.

* In Paris the principal houses of the nobility and gentry are always called *hotels*. "My hotel" is as common as "my house," "my chambers," or "my lodging." The plan of the principal private houses or hotels in Paris is very different from those in London. The house is seldom seen from the street, being almost always situated *entre cour et jardin*, between a court-yard and a pleasure-ground, and secluded from the street by lofty walls and doors, like gateways, over which is painted *parle à portier*, "speak to the porter," for there is generally no one else with whom you can have communication.

This custom of giving the name of inn or hotel to the houses of the nobility prevailed at one time in London as well as in Paris. Gray's Inn, Furnival's Inn, Clifford's Inn, now occupied by the students of law, were originally the residences of Lords Gray, Furnival, and Clifford.

hotel, of which there are many thousands, opening their jaws like devouring monsters, in Paris. Our party passed the usual time in considering this subject. *Sir* HUMPHREY, who thought they might *see* life without being fools enough to pay dearly for it, and that their opportunities of survey might be increased by a *lofty* station, was for taking apartments on the *troisième étage* of an oyster-seller's house, where he had seen *appartements meublés* blazoned on the wall, and a bundle of straw, the ensign of the profession, over the door. His lady had no objection to the economy of this measure, but her new-born nobility recoiled at the thoughts of renewing acquaintance with oyster-sellers and fishmongers. Moreover, she had serious objections to domesticating with any thing that was French, notwithstanding she had come to PARIS for the purpose of being initiated into their mysteries. She had no talent for jabbering foreign lingos, and desired to live where she could hear and speak her mother-tongue. LYDIA shuddered at the idea of being doomed to reside in any place that had not the stamp and recommendation of fashion. DICK made a show of allowing his friends to decide for themselves, knowing that the appeal would be made to him at last. On being called upon for his opinion as to the best place for their residence, our Spark of WILDFIRE instantly launched out into an eulogium on that well-known and extensive establishment which the Parisian wits denominate, in their spleen, the *Ménagerie Anglais*. This recommendation being strengthened by the testimony of SAM SHARP, the valet, who had been an inmate of the *Ménagerie*, and my *Lady* HALIBUT being assured that she would not be obliged to learn or to listen to more French than she desired at this Hotel, consented to accompany her nephew to MEURICE'S. This important point being decided, they called a *fiacre*, and

bidding adieu to that abode of patience, the *Diligence*, ordered the postilion to drive to the *Rue de Rivoli*, DICK chaunting all the way the following song so descriptive of the qualities of this favourite place of entertainment with JOHN BULL.

Then hey for a bout at MEURICE's,
Where Johnny Bull lives *à Paris*,
And tipples, whatever the price is,
Till nought but his wine he can see.
How pleasant! you'd think you're in London,
Though placed on the banks of the Seine;
Where the fair you may meet and look fond on,
Or stick to your port or champaigne.

See the guests, high or low, at MEURICE's,
With breakfast you open the day,
Tea, coffee, eggs, ham, or who pleases
May swallow hot muffins in May.
If cosey, in company sip it,
With MEURICE, and my Lord Hob-and-Nob,
Or if you prefer, you may tip it
Alone, like yon sulky nabob.
For this is John Bull at MEURICE's,
As seen there again and again,
When England her millions releases,
To dance on the banks of the Seine.

To the *belles*, young and sprightly at Paris,
I fain would a stanza devote;
But the *bell* most admired by far is,
For MEURICE's grand *table d'hôte*.
All start at the sound, and warm work is
The squeeze for an English display
Of beef, pudding, potatoes, and turkeys,
In short all is English but pay.
For this is John Bull, &c.

Now amusement is here, and the best is
'Tis a word that takes all and it draws;
There's Talma, sublime in *Orestes,*
And Duverner's *Ombres Chinoises.*
Now some laugh at the crowds as they pass,
Some for melo-drame mummeries roam;
While some sip at Paris their glass,
Others stick to their bottle at home.
For this is John Bull, &c.

Sir HUMPHREY, finding that MEURICE'S was the best and almost the only place in Paris where he could depend on having his *port* in genuine perfection, consented to become an inmate of the *Ménagerie;* and it was not long before the palpitating heart of LYDIA bounded against her sides with joy to perceive the number of brilliant equipages in the court-yard of this splendid hotel, as their humble *fiacre* drove up to the entrance of the inviting mansion.

Here you may have your separate apartments and live as you choose, but it is generally found most agreeable to dine at the *table d'hôte* and to mix with the company. An unsocial piece of advice is often given to travellers in France, namely, to avoid their own countrymen; but how can those who are ignorant of the French language, and of most other particulars connected with the country, abide by this admonition? In what a wilderness would the majority of the ramblers over France find themselves immersed were they to endeavour to act on this advice! It would be as impossible for these persons to explore their way through the places they visit and back again to their own shores, without some friendly communication with better informed heads from their own country, as to escape from the windings of the Cretan labyrinth.

In ignorant bodies the principle of gravitation in this

respect is peculiarly strong; and hence, though DICK with his squire, SAM, were sufficiently furnished with the necessary qualities to act as guides and cavaliers on most occasions, the sympathetic corpulencies of *Sir* HUMPHREY and his *rib* gravitated towards the resort of *John Bull* on the Seine with preponderating affection. At this inn, which is also styled the *City of London Tavern*, our party met a welcome reception. *Mi lor Jean Bull* is indeed a welcome visiter wherever he goes in France, if he is at all disposed to support the character he has obtained for being made of the precious metal.* About a dozen subservient waiters and *petit garçons* were instantly on the alert to usher the new comers into a splendid saloon, where a lady, who might have passed for *John Bull's* wife, was in readiness, with many *congés*, to receive the female travellers under her protection. Seeing my *Lady* HALIBUT somewhat fatigued with contemplating the beauties of the grand, nasty, dirty, superb city through which she had passed, and hearing her Ladyship express, at the same time, her satisfaction at reaching a place where she could be understood and have what she wanted, mine hostess assured her that she need not now be under any uneasiness about French matters, for, though she was now at what they called an hotel in Paris, she might pass a twelvemonth here in as complete a state of ignorance of the French capital as if her residence was in the English Metropolis.

The quality of our guests being duly announced, and the ladies having thus insured the most obsequious attention of the *maîtresse d'hôtel* and all her train of obedient *domestiques*, we shall leave our female travellers to profit by the care and instruction of such kind and experienced advisers,

* The junction of *mille* and *or* would seem to imply some such signification.

to attend DICK and his uncle into a part of the hotel dedicated to the purpose of affording a ready relief from hunger, and where a free and easy attack is made upon *gigots, cotelettes,* fricassees, fowls, stews, or such other fare as promises to appease the appetite. Here the travellers experienced no disappointment. *Sir* HUMPHREY had not indeed his roast beef or beef-steak in such perfection as at the taverns in the neighbourhood of Cornhill, but when he had made a *gigot* of mutton look queer, picked the delicate bones of a few pigeons, tried the taste of the *cotelettes en papilote,* cleared away a couple of nicely-seasoned fricassees, and made himself acquainted with the contents of a ragout, he smacked his lips, looked around him to see that he was not overheard, and acknowledged that they had some very good things in France for curing a craving stomach. With a bottle of port, (DICK chose champaigne,) to moisten these ingredients, *Sir* HUMPHREY and his nephew made a tolerable *lunch,* after which the Baronet's satisfaction was still more strongly evinced, not by being roused into a foolish activity, or by eyes sparkling with spirit and intelligence, but by gently sinking into a contented slumber, whilst his nephew began to make himself acquainted with their quarters, and to prepare for appearing abroad.

SAM, having taken care to follow the example of his masters, in the way of strengthening his hams for the *pavés* of Paris, was now sent on a tour of observation round the premises, to ascertain if any acquaintances were of the company or in view; and a scout better qualified for dipping into the affairs and characters of his neighbours, and for reading fortunes by the looks and appearances of individuals, could not readily be pitched upon than SAM, for he was well acquainted with the frequenters of the card

and billiard-rooms, knew at first sight whether a person was of the *fraternity*, whether he was likely to bear a *peel*, or whether the tide was ebbing or flowing in his pockets. It was not long before SAM returned to report that the only known phiz he had found lounging about was *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, who had made a sudden retirement from Bath whilst the HALIBUT family were there, but who now seemed to be in high feather, and once more in favour with Madam Fortune.

DICK knew the *Captain* to be a Chevalier of Industry in the veriest sense of the word, having paid tribute to his talents at the gaming-table. An experienced acquaintance might, however, at present prove useful; DICK, therefore, resolved to *recognise* the *Captain*, but to be upon his guard against allowing himself to be *pigeoned* by his dexterity. The worthy O'SHUFFLETON was directing his steps towards the billiard-room when the figure of DICK WILDFIRE met him full in the entrance. The *Captain* stared as if he were witnessing a sample of the resurrection: then, placing himself in a theatrical posture, he exclaimed—

> " Beest thou DICK WILDFIRE or his wandering ghost,
> Come like some goblin fiend to expiate
> His sins abroad, or to find scope for new ones;
> Whether thou fliest from duns, and cards, or dice,
> Hast robbed the Bank, or married Madam Fortune,
> Rid'st in thy buggy or thy coach-and-four,
> With a nice plaything at thy side, to sport
> Amidst the beaux and belles of the Elysee,
> Bring'st gold in bags, hard cash, or flimsy paper,
> Thou comest in so un-Frenchified a shape
> That I will speech thee!"

DICK grasped the hand of the *Captain*, and asked him

if he had come to Paris to turn stage-player. "Not quite so bad, my honey;" replied the *Captain*, "although this is a glorious *stage* for one acquainted with the game of 'LIFE' to act upon. Arrah, my dear, you will find that this is the only place for a gentleman to spend his time and money in. I give you welcome, with all my heart and soul, to Paris; and if I do not make you as well acquainted as myself, if you will permit me to be your *cicerone*, with every resort of fashion and fortune in this region of gaiety and dissipation, say that LARRY O'SHUFFLETON knows nothing of such matters."

DICK thanked the *Captain* for his friendly offer, and invited him to assist in finishing what he called his *meridian*. The *Hibernian*, who was *au fait* on all occasions, and who was also known by the title of the *Chevalier* O'SHUFFLETON, a distinction he said his ancestors had enjoyed, cheerfully joined our hero in the *dessert* to his *déjeuné*, and as readily began to show his regard for his friend by putting him in mind of the necessity of instantly getting rid of every thing that was English in his appearance. "Why," said he, "you cannot stir an inch in these habiliments, however fashionable they may appear in Bond-Street, without being stared at as an English bull, a raw new comer, who either wants the taste or the means of conforming to the prevailing fashion." DICK observed that he was aware of the propriety of equipping himself *à-la-mode*, but that he had reserved giving the finish to his appearance until upon the spot. "You must send for a tailor and an *artiste decrotteur* from the *Palais Royal* immediately. I will recommend to you a *marchand tailleur* of my acquaintance who will tip you off the true Parisian cut, and fit you for the promenade or the saloons of fashion in half an hour: it is true, *Monsieur Haut de Chausses* flourishes a pair of

keen dividers, but he does not belong to the *Camp of the Tartars.**

In accordance with this salutary admonition, SAM SHARP was called, and directed to proceed to the *magazine* of *Monsieur Haut de Chausses*, to impart the welcome intelligence that the presence of that gentleman, with his most choice assortment of fashionable suits, was particularly desired at the *Hotel de Londres, Rue de Rivoli*. SAM soon found the *boutique* of the *knight of the scissors*, bearing in front this inscription "Inventor, par excellence, of the Corset de Noblesse, taileur to the gentilhommes of the Court, cuts in the English, American, and French fashions; speaks English, Dutch, and German, and has *no objection to work for the ladies!*" "Bravo! *Monsieur Haut de Chausses*," exclaimed SAM, mentally, as he entered, and conveyed to the accomplished and accommodating dealer in apparel the message with which he was entrusted.

No summons could be more grateful to the ears of *Snip*, not even an invitation to partake in a bit-bit at *Beauvillier's*, or *Very's*, for *there* no such dish of English fare is to be found as that which promised to provide him with many meals at the *Hotel de Londres*. He was at the door of *Meurice's*, inquiring for "*de Messieurs* English, who came from arriving to Paris, and desired de habit *à-la-mode de Paris*," with half his magazine on his back, before SAM had found his way out of the *Palais Royal*; for this reason, beside the superior nimbleness of *Monsieur Haut de Chausse's* legs, and the magical attraction of the object he had in view,

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* From the rapacity of the shop-keepers in the wooden galleries, this part of the *Palais Royal* has been nick-named the "Camp of the Tartars."

the trusty Valet had recognised an old acquaintance among the promenaders, a *quondam femme de chambre*, now turned *femme de publique*, with whom he had adjourned to a *Caveaux*, or cellar, to treat her and himself with a *tass* of brandy.

The *artiste de mode* being introduced to his customers, went through his evolutions of obeisance with all the grace and servility of a courtier. Recognising the *Captain*, he exclaimed in ecstasies, "Ah, mon bon ami, le *Chevalier de* SHUFFLETON, pardonnez moi, *Monsieur le Capitaine* O'SHUFFLETON, votre serviteur." Then addressing DICK, as if he had committed some oversight, he continued, "Sare, your pardon I beg, bot le *Chevalier*, je mean le *Capitaine*, be mon good customaire: ah, *Monsieur le Chevalier* tell you de verite, je serve all de English nabob, and all de gentilhommes of de court Français. Je invent de corset de noblesse, dat is de whalebone for keeping de rib tight and de back straight as de pole, or de column of de Place Vendome." Here *Monsieur Snip* began to develope individually the various suits of clothes he had brought, and to expatiate on their various superior qualities. "Here," added he, with much triumph in his look, "you shall find to choose in every article of de cloth and fashion. Dis habit vas styled 'de habit de la dynastie imperiale.'" "That *cut* is rather out of fashion, I presume," said DICK. "It is now called de habit des abeilles," replied the tailor, grinning a ghastly smile: "it was autrefois counted magnifique; but now it is passé, hors de mode, Monsieur; we only serve oneself of it for deshabille, when we one keep out of sight. Entre nous, most of de Messieurs of de court do have one; it was very serviceable to many when de Emperor return. But voici, Monsieur, voici mon triomphe; de habit aux lys, or de habit Bourbon, voyez comme cela est fait! Turn

you, Sare, dat I of it make on your back de try: absolument, Monsieur, it do make of you one man more, one new man; it develope admirablement de charms of your taille, it do fit as tight as de one skin above the oder skin. Dat habit is all de *rage*, all de world do use of it; voyez donc, it do terminate like one triangle, and den de full bosom before. Eh, Monsieur, wid dat habit, vous voici justement comme un ange. And for your gilet, your veste, your waistcoat, Sare, here be exact your fait. You can choose out of every de sorts and couleur; couleur marron, couleur arc-en-ciel, couleur jasmin, couleur coquelicot, dat is much cherish of the gardes-du-corps. De arc-en-ciel couleur is much to de fantasie of de dames, since de fate of de pauvre aeronaute, of whom de neck did break in de cart. Ah, Sare, how touchant was dat, it make shudder when I of it do tink, I do feel de sympathy. Monsieur, you may have de button of which you seem good; de Spanish gold button do much wear since de war in Spain. Then for de breeches, Sare, quel bel assortiment! I may say, no tailor in de universe can me surpasser to the manufacture of de culottes, de petits étuis de bijoux, dat is von case of de jewels."

Dick's politeness was not sufficient to prevent him from smiling at the extreme adroitness of the Frenchman, and the proficiency he had made in the English language. The expertness of those active hands who ply in Monmouth or Holywell-Street, in fitting a robe of already confirmed *habits* to the most refractory back was here completely *outstripped;* nay, let us confess that the Genius who presides over the directors of the fashions from Bond-Street to Hyde-Park Corner trembled for the reputation of the British scissors, when this *pink* of the *Palais Royal* drew forth his *Costumometre,* or geometrical measurer, and began to take

the proportions of our hero's person with the most undeviating precision. The fate of Bond-Street seemed to hang on a *thread*, those immortal wielders of the shears, the Destinies, were ready to give the fatal snap, the glory of the *West* appeared to be at an end.—"Meet me in any *shape* but that," seemed to be the exclamation; "we (speaking in the name of the fraternity) have *taken measure* of many pretenders to fashion, and not a few Frenchmen amongst the number; we have heard of canes and straps being applied to the shoulders, and some instruments to the *breech* of impertinent coxcombs, but who but a *petit-maître* ever *calculated* on making use of a schoolmaster's rule to fit a coat for a man's body?" *Monsieur Haut de Chausses*, however, saw nothing of the Genius, and could neither well hear nor understand the jealous denunciations of his brotherhood on this side of the water. He, therefore, continued to flourish his *Costumometre*, and to try the exactness of his shapes with that of his customer, until he had enabled RICHARD WILDFIRE, *Esq.* to make a *figure* as well as himself.

DICK being at length equipped in a proper costume, and the *Captain* and *Monsieur Haut de Chausses* having pronounced him *au fait*, quite the thing, a *Macaroni par excellence*, fit to be seen in any part of Paris, from the lounges of the *Boulevards*, or the *Temple*, to the *Salons des Noblesse;* the happy author of this metamorphosis was despatched with his pockets weightier and his load considerably lighter than when he arrived. As he withdrew, with the smile of triumph and satisfaction on his countenance, the inventor of corsets and stays exclaimed, "Voici, Monsieur, voici, behold de superioritie of de costumometre, of de massacre of de cut à-la-Français, over de sauvage habit à-la-Anglais. Mon Dieu! Monsieur, de change be magnifique. You be one

man more, Monsieur, quite de Apollo of de dames, tanks to mon costumometre."

Nature, in forming the person of DICK WILDFIRE, had not employed the hand of an apprentice. He was one of her most creditable pieces of workmanship. In the common phrase, he was well made; in the language of the ladies, he was a handsome man; yet it must be owned that even DICK's figure was much improved by the symmetrical dress, in which *Monsieur Haut de Chausses* had arrayed him. In this instance there certainly was not quite so much *owing to the tailor* as there might be in some other cases; but it is wonderful how much some persons are *indebted* to the clothes furnisher for the respectability of their looks. Even a hump-back is greatly smoothed by being covered by a good coat, bandy legs become tolerable when well covered, and dwarfs and dandies aspire to be gentlemen when every thing is superfine about them.

Our youth wanted but small assistance from the friseur; yet, as the *Captain* said his whiskers had been rendered much more fashionable and attractive by the touch and superintendence of an artist of hairs, DICK consented to allow

his *tête* to undergo the torture for a short period. Having retired to his private apartment for this purpose, and exchanged his new habiliments for the undress of the occasion, he was not suffered to wait long in suspense. If you say you want a hair-dresser in Paris, a dozen are at your elbow in an instant, eager to try the keenness of their weapons on your head or chin. It looks like *barbarity* to be obliged to turn away eleven out of the dozen of such obedient servants, but more *cruelty* might be occasioned by allowing the whole host to operate on one poor head at once.* The magical word being spoken, that a hair-dresser was wanted, notwithstanding the prolonged absence of SAM SHARP, who was still engaged in "sluicing his *mote*," as he termed treating his fair one, a train of *tonseurs* were instantly in attendance; some with wigs and toupets, others with curling irons in their hands, and all with loads of powders, pomatums, and brushes. One recommended his patent wigs with metallic springs; another spoke of his great variety of powders for dyeing hair; a third boasted that he had shaved the *Duke* of *Angouleme*;

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* Females very often perform the office of barbers in Paris. These *barbières* are often very *dangerous*, not from their unskilfulness in the art of *shaving* or *cropping*, but from the weapons with which Cupid has armed them. They are generally very smart and well dressed. So satisfactorily do they often perform their business that one is tempted to exclaim :—

"I have found the best dressers of hair,
I have found where the barbers don't bleed;
But let me that subject forbear,
Lest you say 'tis a *barbarous* deed.

"While gently she lathered my beard
The praise of this *barbière* I sung;
And I loved her the more when I heard,
This Phillis was chaste as she's young."

and a fourth asserted that he had had the honour of curling the hairs of the favourite mistress of one of the greatest personages in the world. Contrary to all taste in this matter, DICK decided in favour of the operator who had the least *perfume* about him, and desired the gentlemen with the wigs and powders to take their commodities to the lawyers, whose heads were of little value without such artificial coverings, and might be in want of the dyeing powders to give a *colouring* to a case.

Notwithstanding the labours and attention of the *friseur* are not so imperiously required as when queues, long hair, powder, or wigs were in fashion, still the hair-dresser continues to be an important character in the state. All hair-dressers are now styled artists: in their shops are generally exhibited a number of wax busts, Greek and Roman, Alcibiades, Titus, Caracalla, copied from God knows what, after which models they pretend to dress their customers. A fellow shall thus descant to you about the shape of Alcibiades' skull, Caracalla's whiskers, Titus's curls, the antique appearance of the peruke *à-la-Cato*, the colour of Augustus's beard, and the look of Cæsar, who has learnt nothing but the names of these personages, or only seen some of them personated on the stage. To *dress* one's hair is now to *arrange* it. One of these artists, to *arrange a head*, first takes a prospective view of it, placing himself in a picturesque attitude of survey; examines the object from every side; bids the owner of the devoted *caput* look up to the sky, then down to the ground, and then straight forward; makes him walk, dance, blow his nose, &c. "*Monsieur*," says he, at last, "*c'est assez*, it is enough; I know what you want." He then begins to flourish his scissors or his curling-irons. Our hero knew that to pass for an *élégant* he must patiently submit to the forms of fashionable though *barbaric* law in this particular. As soon

Drawn and Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank

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Dick Wildfire preparing for a Dash "à la Françoise".

as *Monsieur Tonseur* caught a glance of the conformation of DICK'S brain-case, he decided much more correctly as to his wants than SPURZHEIM himself could have done. "*Ah, mon Dieu, Monsieur,*" he exclaimed, (rubbing up his own top, in the manner of the cats, until his hair stood on end, or resembled a bramble-bush,) "*horreur! horreur! un barbarian* one horrible massacre on your hair *committé!* Ah! Monsieur, you not have perceive *de fashion of de mode* de *Titus,* de *Caracale,* unité in one *tête* superb. *Tournez vous, Monsieur, s'il vous plait, en gauche. Bien, Monsieur. Tournez vous un tant soit peu au droit. Bien,* Monsieur, very well. Your head lift *au ciel—merci, Monsieur, c'est assez, restez vous*—yourself troble not, I what you want perceive—un happy ugliness of de hair—*de kind corl of de Titus, avec de severité* of de *Caracale, avec de* sapient tuft *à-l'Alcibiade. Bien,* Monsieur, *bien*—dat is what you have shall, de very antique fashion, and *de couleur propre.* Your eyes black *à faire plaisir*—your hair dark, *à faire horreur.* Very well—*cela est bon, Monsieur; il est fine!* Your *tête* be now *arrangé,* quite *de ton, à-l'élégante*—un happy confusion of de mode *propre* for de *salles de compagnie, de boudoirs, de grand diners, de bal, de café, de théâtre,* where you see de great *Talma;* eh, Monsieur!"

Monsieur l'Estraps having finished the decoration of our traveller's head, and taken himself off with much ceremony, DICK felicitated himself on getting out of this *scrape,* and feeling himself now in a *presentable* form, proposed to the *Captain* a turn in the Gardens. "I protest," said the *Chevalier,* "I meant to have proposed the very same thing as soon as I saw you at all presentable, but you have anticipated me. Come along—let us see who are visible;

the *Thuilleries* are at hand, and if any body are moving we shall find them there.

The cousin of LYDIA, and the darling of *Lady* HALIBUT, did not forget them in this intended visit to a fashionable walk; but on sending up his compliments to invite the ladies to be of the party, (an invitation with which he very fashionably did not wish them to comply,) he found that they were otherwise engaged; they were employed in preparations similar to his own, being over head and ears in bonnets, caps, and dresses of all descriptions; half the milliners, dress-makers, straw-bonnet, flower, and feather makers, of the *Rue Vivienne*, and the *Rue St. Honoré*, having been called in with the very *flower* and *pink* of their magazines to assist in decorating the persons and enriching the wardrobes of *Lady* HALIBUT and her daughter.

As for *Sir* HUMPHREY, he was still enjoying his *siesta*, untroubled by any cares about fashions or appearances. He was one of those who, possessing the *substance* of respectability, attach but little importance to the *shadow*. He thought, with those who have been selected by fortune as purse-holders, but by no means as distributors of the precious materials, that "Money makes the man, the want of it the fellow," and that every thing else, which was not of this solid and ennobling description, was no better than "leather and prunella." Leaving him to his repose, our sparks crossed the *Rue de Rivoli*, and passed into the garden in front of the PALACE of the THUILLERIES.

CHAP. III.

The Garden of the Thuilleries—The Place de Carousel—Characters and Appearance of some of the Promenaders—A beautiful Wonder—Curious Instance of French politesse *—A Lady of Fashion taken to the Guard-House—Drawing a* Ticker *in good Company—The Syrens—"Fly not yet"—*Dick Wildfire *meets with a new Acquaintance—Specimen of English Travellers of Quality in France.*

"Here," said the *Captain*, as they entered on the promenade, "we shall see a little of *out-door* Life as fashion goes in Paris;" but seeing his friend's attention was attracted, in the first instance, by the architectural splendour and beauty of the buildings which constitute the Palace and its adjuncts, the *Chevalier* observed, "but you may perhaps wish to take a view of this noble edifice, in the construction and decoration of which the greater part of the wealth of the French people has been expended.

Struck with the grandeur of this extensive building, our visiter expressed an inclination to take a survey of it as far as was permitted to strangers. In palaces the French have decidedly the advantage of the English. No two places can be more dissimilar than the Royal residences of St. James's and the Thuilleries. The French in their comparisons would not indeed say, as some elegantly express them-

selves on this side of the water, "It is Carlton-House to a *Charley's Shelter*, Waterloo-Bridge to a deal plank, the Bonassus to an earwig, Fenchurch-Street to a fig, or Lombard-Street to a China orange;" but they would say, with a grin of contempt in their countenances, "It is a pile of huts and stables to the most magnificent of palaces,—it is the shed of a *decrotteur* to the *Palais Royal*, or a *Cabinet d'Aisance* to the *Louvre*."

The number of military men stationed about and parading in the vicinity of the *Chateau* gave it a very warlike appearance. Several of the marshals and gentlemen of the body-guard, whose post is at the Palace, were strutting about in the glazed saloons, or lounging in the balcony, while grenadiers, cuirassiers, and pioneers, "locked up in steel," with sabres, hatchets, saws, false beards, whiskers, and mustaches, were pressing on to the PLACE DE CAROUSEL, their great parade, and appeared *fierceness* personified. The passage under the dome of the *Chateau* into the Palace, and from the gardens to the *Place de Carousel*, resembles in some degree that through the Horse Guards, leading from Charing Cross into St. James's Park. As DICK and his companion passed through this entrance, they took a hasty peep at the galleries that lead to the royal apartments. As permission must be previously obtained by regular application to view the interior of the Palace, our traveller had to keep a very tight rein on his curiosity, for he could perceive some of the grim visages of the soldiers on duty eyeing him and his red-whiskered *compagnon* with an air that boded them no good. The *Chevalier*, however, promised to obtain DICK and his friends the privilege of inspecting the state apartments, and whatever was worthy or customary to be shown to strangers in this superb edifice, as he said he had the honour of a personal acquaintance with *Monsieur le premier*

Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi, de service aux Tuilleries, and *three or four* francs, with the advantage of this high acquaintance, would procure them the liberty of poking their noses into every room in the Palace; nay, he was not certain but that by the favour of the aforesaid *premier Gentilhomme* he might not be able to obtain, for the glory of the WILDFIRES, and even *Sir* HUMPHREY HALIBUT himself, the enviable honour of being presented to his Majesty, and of course the opportunity of making a figure at Court. "In the mean time," continued this useful guide, "you observe this Vestibule, and that grand Staircase; already you tread on ground that has been the scene of memorable events. It was here that the faithful Swiss made their last stand for their unfortunate monarch, Louis XVI. on the eventful 10th of August, 1792, when, driven by the fury of the populace into the hall of the National Assembly, he was a witness to the debate which ended in his deposition, and in the declaration that France was thenceforth a Republic one and indivisible; and it was here that his guards were massacred in his defence, and their bodies heaped on one another till the passages were blocked up with the dead."

The traces of the events which have stained so much of the soil of France with blood are, however, now only to be found in history. After admiring the *lions* of this portico, they passed into the court of the Palace, and thence into the SQUARE of the "CAROUSEL." This is the place where the amusements were given in the reign of Louis XVI. and there is certainly ample space for *carousing* in it; but it is no longer appropriated to emblems of mirth and jollity: it is now dedicated to Mars, and the glittering but unsocial parade of war. Twenty thousand troops, horse and foot, may be reviewed in this square. Places like persons have their days of splendour, and their periods of reverses.

Columns of marble, triumphal arches, and monuments to the glory of the grand army, statues bearing garlands, and figures allegorical of victory, twined with the name of Napoleon, here once rose in all the pride of successful vanity, and rendered this arena a place indeed worth seeing; but an age of *improvement* has succeeded that of rapine and of war. The triumphal arch, so appropriately formed of *red* marble, indeed remained, like the jaw-bones of a whale at the entrance of a deserted mansion, but the celebrated Venetian horses that adorned the top of the centre arcade no longer pranced in the lofty car.

The *Captain*, who was half a Frenchman, and, like most military gentlemen, fond of showing his tactics, would have dilated on the objects which this scene presented; but DICK had no inclination to stand to peruse the campaigns of the French armies, as recorded in these flattering archives. He wondered the French were not sick of the sound of battles, and broils, and captured capitals. He saw many a scarred veteran passing across the square, but he did not envy them these marks of honour; nay, he would have felt no desire to be in the skin of any one of these "fortunate fellows," although it might be said he was "covered with proofs of glory." Fond as he might be of a *row*, or of seeing the *morleys* well exercised, "such things ne'er dwelt in his desires," as to be ambitious of being accounted the best destroyer of his species in Europe. "We will leave such avocations," said he, looking at his friend the *Captain*, "to the *Militaire*. Let us return to the Gardens." "Agreed," was the reply; "*vive la bagatelle; allons aux Jardins de Cythérée.*"

Proceeding to the walks in front of the *Chateau*, they instantly found themselves in the midst of a moving crowd

Drawn and Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank

Dick Wildfire and The Captain promenading in the Garden of the Thuilleries.

of the most diversified kind. Both sexes seemed to rival each other in the strangeness and affected gentility of their appearance. Persons from all quarters of the world seemed met here, and every odd and outlandish countenance was staring upon another, and running over the group to discover if any known lineaments were amongst the throng. It is curious how much strangers in foreign countries are apt to practise this habit of minutely surveying the persons they see moving about, no doubt from the same motive, an inquisitiveness which, after all, is very natural. The pleasure of discovering an acquaintance in such a situation is very great, "provided always" that acquaintance appears in *recognisable* circumstances; if a discovery is made through the glass, or otherwise, of a contrary description, no recognition, of course, takes place by the parties who are showing off their consequence and sporting in the sunshine of fortune: they pass on with an additional air of pride and satisfaction, wondering what can have *driven* some persons into such places. Another reason for being inquisitive is to ascertain who can afford to travel beside themselves. It argues a little strength in the purse to do this, and as it is agreeable to contemplate the appearance of wealth, so it is also desirable to be in good company. Besides, what a fund of news and entertainment is thus prepared for the "home department," when the various strollers and observers again meet in the friendly circle, and the impulse to conversation is irresistible. "Who do you think we met in our walk to day, 'so gallant and gay,' in the garden of the Thuilleries?" "Can't say; every thing is so gay and mixty-maxty there." "Who but *Sir* HARRY and his runaway wife, looking as if nothing had happened." "La! how some folks *carry it off*; but they think nothing of such matters here." Then, "We had such an odd *rencontre* in the *Palais Royal*.

JEMIMA and I stept into a *bijoutier's* to buy some trinkets, when, who should enter and accost us with his usual familiarity, but a certain young gentleman of whom I know JEMIMA has a very high notion; but as he was not *en règle*, in regard to dress, and had so much the appearance of an Englishman, you know we could not *recognise him*; so the gentleman turned on his heel, and took himself off without bidding us good morning. I wonder how some people can come abroad without learning better manners." This is a specimen of the conversation afforded by a ramble and a little observation in the public resorts of Paris. But we neglect the more acute remarks of the visiters we have introduced to the gayest of promenades.

Having entered on the lounge in the centre alley, the *Chevalier* enlivened the walk by an instructive account of the personages he observed passing in review. People appear oddly enough paired in most places, but perhaps this disparity is no where so striking as in the public walks of Paris. "You remark," said the *Chevalier*, "old tottering gentlemen with young handsome women by their sides, and others as tall as grenadiers leading diminutive females *in their hands*;—these are not their *daughters*, they are their *wives*, such is the little attention paid to *equality* in such matters here. We have had a notion that 'they manage these things better in France,' but I think otherwise. Observe that feeble remnant of the old noblesse, dressed in the costume of the ancient regime, come forth to be seen enjoying the love and attention of his beautiful wife, or rather to be supported by her superior strength, instead of taking the air in his carriage. That is the *Marquis* of B———, whose house is the most frequented scene of gambling and dissipation in Paris. The *Marchioness*, you perceive, is young, has charms, and is fond of play

and gaiety, and it is accounted fashionable to be of the number of her admirers. It is likewise sometimes *profitable* to be admitted to pay one's devoirs to a personage of her disposition and quality."

Here the *Captain* made an obeisance to the *Marchioness* and her antique *beloved*, as they crossed the path, with as much *nonchalance* as if he had been their familiar acquaintance; but DICK did not observe that they acknowledged his salute in return. The bronze of the *Chevalier's* face was however unaffected by neglect, and he thus went on. "Those two *belles*, whom you perceive escorted by a surly-looking corpulent gentleman, are old acquaintances of mine in Bath; you may also probably know them. The youngest is the niece of old Sulky, the other, his sister and a widow, who has thrown off her weeds, in the hope of making another conquest in the matrimonial line. Miss is said to have had an odd affair with the footman who attended her; but this was no doubt a piece of malicious scandal, occasioned by the young lady's *condescension*, as nothing has *appeared* to prove it true. The consequence, however, has been their migration hither, either until the unfavourable rumour shall have ceased to employ the tongues of the gossips, or the good-natured EMMELINE LOUISA LACKWIT shall have got provided with a suitable husband. You may not have before observed that military-looking man who walks alone, and seems desirous of avoiding the company into which he has voluntarily sauntered. His name is, however, doubtless, familiar to you. That is *General* D. whose wife has effected what a host of armed foes could not produce—a retreat, on his part, to a place of security, from expense, routs, noise, cards, parasites, duns, and destruction. He has lately advertised that he has broken-up partnership with his fashionable helpmate, and

taken private lodgings in one of the fauxbourgs; but his lady continues to carry on in her usual style without him."—"That is no uncommon case," replied DICK; "husbands should not be too haughty or stingy in their humours. There is such a thing as *protection* to be found among the *generous* and *gallant* part of mankind, without being obliged to crave and beg it of a husband. Wives there are, and even *experienced virgins* may be found, who, without seeking to obtain the glory of a *Jean Hatchet*,* or a *Joan of Arc*, can *carry on the war* with as much *éclat* as if they were under the superintendence of the most accomplished general or financier."—"And, by the powers!" exclaimed the sagacious *Hibernian*, "that is as fortunate as it is true. I only wish that I could make some of these accomplished females *Mrs.* O'SHUFFLETON."

The characters who came under remark, as they passed from one alley to another, were in fact so numerous, and the *Captain*, who was intimately acquainted with them all, was so entertaining in his histories of beaux, belles, dashing adventurers, like himself, who were enjoying "LIFE IN PARIS;" male and female fortune-hunters, renegado bankrupts, who were spending the fortunes of which they had defrauded their creditors, striving to find in dissipation that satisfaction which "LIFE" no where else afforded; and the appearance in these regions of banished quack-doctors with their frouzy wives or mistresses, and empirics of all descriptions, was so amusing, that our youthful visiter could scarce bestow a glance on the construction and ornaments of the gardens themselves. Having reached the termination

* *Jean Hatchet* was a native of Beauvais, and a tapestry-weaver, who, by her martial exploits, while that town was under siege, rivalled the achievements of *Joan of Arc*.

of this maze of beauty, "not without a plan," the opportunity of resting for a little, in an alcove, on one of the terraces which commanded a view of the whole range, and even of the river and objects beyond, afforded the gratification which every stranger desires, by presenting, in one delightful prospect, the various features and decorations of this abode of Flora, this scene of the statuary's skill, and public promenade.

It was impossible not to be gratified with the view of so many pleasing objects as these gardens afford. In the open space, the eye and the senses are regaled by the view and the perfume of the most beautiful beds of flowers, which border little parterres and green recesses, where marble benches afford resting-places under the shade of the adjoining trees, and statues of the most exquisite workmanship give a classic adornment. In the middle and at the end are ample basins of limpid water, surrounded by richly-sculptured vases and master-pieces of statuary, which, with bronzes and casts, and figures of all descriptions, finely executed, are distributed along every walk, and wherever a niche can be found for a Venus, a Bacchus, or some strange metamorphosis. Terraces, or raised walks, shaded by lime and horse-chestnut trees, constitute a pleasing promenade along the side which borders the Seine,* and

* The semi-circular terrace towards the river was the favourite walk of the *Empress* Maria Louisa when pregnant. Napoleon caused a pavilion to be built for her private convenience, in which she used to rest or breakfast. It has been reported, that a subterranean passage was constructed from the palace to the pavilion; but this is not true. Such a passage was, indeed, appropriated to arrive at the beginning of the terrace, but no farther, and this passage still exists. The terrace and pavilion have lately been used, in the same way, by the unfortunate *Duchess of* Berry.

towards the other, adjoining the fine street of the *Rue de Rivoli*, the walks and promenades are more extensive; and the groves "cast a broader, browner, shade" over the multitudes who move beneath the "greenwood tree." In front is the Palace, which, with all its statues and adornments, forming a fine *coup d'œil*, is seen in beautiful perspective from the extremity.

Those who are disposed to quarrel with the plan, and to blame the ostentatious display of expensive vanity thus made in the adornments, might apply the description of "Timon's Villa" to this favourite spot, and exclaim—

> "No pleasing intricacies intervene;
> No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other.
> The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
> Trees cut to statues, statues cut to trees,
> With here a fountain never to be played,
> And there a summer-house that knows no shade.
> Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers,
> There gladiators fight or die in flowers;
> Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
> And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn."

Yet, although these representations, rather in the caricature style of bad taste and extravagance, may, in some degree, be realized by the labour and judgement exercised in forming these gardens, notwithstanding the alleys are in the old style of straight lines, and the gardeners with their *tasteless* shears have trimmed away all the wild and beautiful extravagance of nature, reducing the orange-trees to the monotonous exactness of so many vegetable globes, still, somehow or other, every body but the cynics and the connoisseurs in gardening from this country, seem pleased when roving through the beauties of these *Frenchified* gardens, and can

find abundance of variety, contrasted in a pleasing manner. Nature, although ever prone to be irregular, is obliged to keep within bounds, and to conform to the fashions and the taste of her masters. Here, where the whole art of culture and decoration, with the aid of the *moving beauties*, who lend their more enlivening charms to the captivating scene, "bring all Paradise before the sight," DICK enjoyed for a short time the Parisian's luxury, and beheld the gay world giving additional attraction to the gayest of places. To a remark from DICK, expressive of his admiration of the place, the *Captain* observed, that it would indeed make a very pretty *potatoe-garden*, and that "the basins, which are so neatly formed and bedded with marble,

> "Where Naiads sport and Daphnes haunt the place,
> And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face,

would be very convenient for the barefooted Amphitrites cleaning the *murphies*."* "Right," cried DICK, laughing at his *Hibernian* friend's notion of converting the *dulce* into the *utile*; "there are metamorphoses of a more absurd kind exemplified here, than converting the abode of the satyrs, or the site of a tile manufactory, into a potatoe-plot; but, notwithstanding,

> "'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
> And splendour borrows all her rays from sense;
> Though flaunting Flora, or Pomona fair,
> Can boast no product like the *pomme de terre*;

"It would seem, from the prolific appearance of the effects

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* This spacious spot, so beautifully laid out, was, under the government of Robespierre, actually converted into a potatoe-field; and the spare ground, in the court-yards of hotels, was also directed to be appropriated to a like useful purpose. The extent of the garden of the Thuilleries is about sixty-seven acres.

of other stimulants, that the "vigour-stirring root" is not so requisite in this country as amidst the bogs and bleak swamps of Ireland. But, as Adam says, let us into the garden—"we lose the prime"—the opportunity of "marking how

> "The languishing and fashionable beauty
> Rolls the dark eye; how shambling beaux make love
> Through quizzing glass acute; how pouting misses,
> With eyes askaunce, smile on their lovers; how
> The silly swain with rapture looks on some
> Marchande de Mode, and thinks her a divinity."

"You may as well continue the heroic description," said the *Captain*, "for such inviting subjects deserve a lofty strain.

> "How, on his chairs, the powdered puppy lies,
> And shows his quality at little price,*
> Reading his twopenny newspaper; how demireps,
> Who live in loftiest region or low cellar,
> Perform the part of ladies of the *ton*,
> And, would their avocation but permit,
> Might pass for maids or modern Lucretias;
> How, on his crutch, between two Cleopatras,

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* In the gardens, boulevards, and most of the public places of Paris, a privilege of letting out chairs is granted to particular persons. The hirer pays two sous (one penny) for a seat, and the occupiers show their consequence, and the strength of their pockets, by the number of chairs which they can monopolize. A French dandy can thus make a great dash for what would not purchase our bucks of the corset a pint of porter. A chair for his body, another for his legs, a third for his hat, and a fourth for his cane and gloves, may be seen thus occupied, betokening a person of consequence; and if he can add a newspaper to his luxuries, which he may hire for another sous, you may perceive the Parisian lounger in his glory. A stranger on a single chair is an object of commiseration. He had better keep moving, or *double the dose*, if his purse will let him.

Some debauchee comes forth to take the air;
And how, to keep the examples from decaying,
The VICES are embodied into stone;
How Cybele was carried off by Saturn;
How Jupiter contrived to overcome
The scruples of Olympia; how Apollo
Ran after Daphne, like a modern rake,
Till she was *changed*, like many other maidens;
How fondly Vestals look on Cupids near,
And what a multitude of charms adorn
The Mother of the Loves, as from her bath
She issues, or sits squatting on a turtle,
As when she made from Neptune her elopement."

Here the *Captain's* unpremeditated iambics were interrupted by DICK exclaiming—"What new object of admiration have we here? What can be the occasion of all that crowding near the grand parterre? Have the police caught a pick-pocket, or has Diana the huntress, or any of the female deities who lay claim to our admiration, descended from their pedestals, to take a walk among their sister beauties?" Pressing nearer this assembly, where French politeness seemed to have given way to extreme curiosity and admiration, our loungers perceived the cause to be the very singular and superior appearance of an English belle and a celebrated character, her husband, who had taken a fancy to exhibit themselves in the gardens. The lady was, indeed, an object of attraction, on whom the admiring eyes could not refrain from dwelling with wonder; and the gentleman, who was happy enough to possess her regard, seemed as if he had just emerged from the antique regions of Herculaneum. As nothing so fair had yet appeared in the promenades, where female beauty condescends to be visible to adoring eyes, so nothing that had hitherto been deemed tasteful or elegant in fashionable attire, could equal the dress and splendid plume of this British Minerva.

Superior charms have often been the cause of trouble to their possessor. All the beauties of the garden were neglected for the rapture of beholding this charming wonder; and to such a degree did the crowd of admirers press around the object of their observation, that few beauties in search of notice, followed by the men, or persecuted by the jealousy of less fortunate rivals of their own sex, ever found themselves in such a situation as this envied lady speedily did, notwithstanding the efforts of her husband to protect her from the consequences of admiration. The possessor of such a treasure could not but run some risk where envious gallants are so numerous, and even the beautiful plumage of this bird of paradise might have been rudely demolished, had not a file of gens-d'armes seasonably broke the lines of the besiegers, and, with kind and friendly care, conveyed the dashing belle and her happy knight to the *guard-house.*

Having witnessed this polite mode of protecting beauty in distress, and new scenes of gaiety claiming attention, our heroes left the promenade at the very time when the passion for display, and perhaps some other equally powerful passion, is most active and successful in bringing the fashionable crowds together, and when every grove, and shade, and alley, where pleasure finds a goddess, as well as a "fane," assumes the *moving* appearance of "Birnam-wood," or the enchanted gardens of Armida. The fashionable hours are from three to five o'clock; and the syrens were beginning to sing from their inviting alcoves—

> Fly not yet! 'tis just the hour
> When Beauty wooes thee to her bower;
> When fountains shed their dews in kisses,
> And every alley teems with blisses,
> For lovers by the moon.

What tempting forms inviting press,
To seek and share the dear caress,
That thrills the soul when fond hearts meeting
In contact sweet are warmly beating;
Oh, stay! Oh, stay!
Seldom are raptures found like these
That haunt the witching Thuilleries,—
Then go not hence so soon!

But variety, pleasing as it ever seems, is nowhere so charming and inviting as in Paris. The beautiful walks and rides of the *Champs Elysées* (Elysian fields) were in view, the equestrians were curvetting along to the Course, the cabriolets, *demi fortunes*,* landaus, or splendid open carriages, whose inmates were known to be English by their magnificence, were pressing on to the drive, or rattling in on their return from *Long Champs*, or the *Wood of Boulogne*, the Hyde Park of Paris, for rides, drives, and duels. The *Louvre* and the *Palais Royal* were at hand, and a walk to the *Boulevards* by the *Place Vendome* did not seem a great exertion to our hero, and promised a view of LIFE and gaiety that could not but be amusing. The *Captain*, however, to whom these sights were not new, and who had no great taste for looking on the game of *High Jinks* unless he was participating in the advantage, suggested the propriety of postponing their further perambulations, reminding his friend of the flight of time, by remarking that it approached the hour when the bell at the *Ménagerie* rings a welcome summons in the ears of the guests to the *table d'hôte*; and adding that he himself had an appointment to keep in the *Palais Royal*.

This led our flash gentleman to appeal to the testimony of

* One-horse chaises.

his watch for the state of the fact, but the *ticker* was gone—she had vanished without giving note of her departure. *Thimble-picking* is not confined to the uncivilized soil of England, or to the fingers of the calumniated fraternity who handle the *needle*; there are *sharps* in France as well as in less *polished* countries, who are actively alive to the charms of the *danglers* and to all kinds of portable *swag,—artists* of the most *fashionable* appearance, who will *draw you*, in any place, with the most *accomplished* dexterity.

Some of these gentlemen, who live on the spoils of their neighbours, and are ever on the *watch* for booty, observing the *swell* which our new comer made, and the unconscious exposure of a valuable gold chain and seals, had taken the opportunity of the crowding about the "feather cinctured" beauty, to *prig* the *ticker* and its appendages without exciting the least suspicion in the mind of the possessor, who, although pretty well acquainted with the haunts and the practices of the *industrious* elsewhere, required this convincing experiment on his knowledge of the *flash world* to inform him that even these resorts of elegance were not sacred from the intrusion of the *ambidexter gentry*, who use no ceremony but what may be necessary to their own safety, in appropriating to themselves the property of others.

Bearing his loss with the serenity of one accustomed to the *rubs* of *life*, and to part with old acquaintances as if nothing had happened, DICK remarked to his "guide, philosopher, and friend," that amongst the rest of his hints and admonitions he had failed to communicate the most necessary piece of information, namely, that they pick pockets in France as well as in England; and that "the attention of the police is more engaged in escorting the

ladies than in watching the motions of thieves or taking plunderers into custody." "Bad luck to the rascals every day of their lives," exclaimed O'Shuffleton; "have they *commissioned* your fine gold repeater?—that's an unfortunate commencement of the game, but you see how necessary it is to be on the *watch*. Who could have imagined that *you* stood in need of being put upon your guard against *hawks* and sharpers? Well, never mind it, my *prime cove*, you have come here to *see manners*, and *complete your education*. You could not come to a better school. You will see the whole art of *finessing* practised here to perfection, and some examples of the *detection of errors* too. 'Tis ten to one if the rogue is allowed to keep his prize in his possession twenty-four hours. The police, though not always seen on the alert, have wonderful powers of discovery here. I will undertake, on a representation to the *Bureau d'Instruction*, that the watch shall be forthcoming by to-morrow morning." "That is a comfortable assurance," replied Dick, "and, if verified, will afford a proof of at least one good consequence of the domiciliary and espionage system."

As the military hero filed off to the right, in the direction of the *Palais Royal*, with the promise of visiting the *Hôtel de Londres* next morning, Dick turned to the left, and crossing the *Rue de Rivoli* was in the act of admiring the symmetry and spirit of an English horse that was passing from the *Champs d'Elysée*, when his rider, who appeared to look as earnestly at our fashionable pedestrian, checking his steed, exclaimed, "What! Dick Wildfire! and on foot in this filthy place?—why, what in the name of sprees has brought thee here?" "Jenkins!" retorted Dick, "Jenkins here likewise!—is all *Newmarket* and the *Fives* about to undergo exportation? What spot is to have the honour of giving the *finale* to your *education;* the *Champs d'Elysée*,

*Jeux de Paume,** the *Bull-dog kennel*†, or the *Palais Royal?*"

"O, curse them all," cried the equestrian; "they have nothing here fit for an Englishman to look at. No *sets-to à-la-Crib*, no sparring with the *mufflers*, no spectacles, such as we witness in *Duck Lane*. What signify their wolves, bulls, and bears, when their teeth are filed down?—that damned politeness spoils all. Look at their horse-flesh; did you ever see such hacks?—they ought to be all sent to the *nacker's*. Apropos, where is your Bucephalus?—shall we show them a little of the old sport, and make the *monsieurs* scamper as if the devil were at their heels?"

To this string of interrogatories DICK could only answer that he had not yet had time to determine on his movements, the present being his first appearance "on any stage" in Paris. As to his steed, he had the mortification of saying he was at present without one, in this country, he and his friends having deemed it advisable to leave their horses in England; but an appearance *à cheval* was far from being out of his contemplation, provided he could get a bit of blood to his mind. "I wonder," added JENKINS, "you have not already found a dromedary necessary to lift you over the kennels and the filth of these abominable streets, Nobody walks here that can afford to ride. I hope you have not got the mark of a pole in your back. You must not think of *Tattersall's* here; the French know nothing about horses; they are mere apes on horseback, unless bred

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* Tennis Courts.

† *Combat des animaux*, or exhibition for bull-baiting, *Barrière du Combat*. Vide a subsequent part of this work.

to the Military, but you may possibly pick up a tolerable *praed* at *Bryon and Watts's, Brigg's* or *Drake's*,* if any unfortunate gentleman from our side of the water is under the necessity of parting with his four-legged friend, 'not from any faults that he may possess, but because he has no farther occasion for' an eating servant. Shall I send my valet to inquire? He knows the *rues* and purlieus, and is a bit of a judge of mettle."—"Do not trouble yourself, I will send my own servant. Are you stationary or a bird of passage?"—"Why, you see I have not got *winged* yet; but I am now a little more *at large* than when you last saw me. No dread of the *cage* now. Dad's dead, and left me a cool hundred thousand. Suppose the old string still teazes you a little—never mind, they can't live for ever. Is LYDIA with you? Can you dine with me at VERY'S?—damned good eating here, and some good *hells*,† where a man may meet with tolerable sport for a little, but nothing else I can relish, 'pon honour. Have been here a month—was thinking of going, but, now you're come, shall stay a week longer on your account."—"That's very flattering in one who *moves* at the rate you do. I give you joy on your independence, but cannot dine with you to day; politeness requires that I should at least give this afternoon to the ladies, who have not yet been introduced to company. When I have got them off my hands, we may probably

> "Together join, to beat this ample field,
> Try what the open, what the covert yield,
> The *latent tracks*, the *giddy heights*, explore,
> Of all who *move below* or proudly *soar*,

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* Well known livery stablers and horse dealers.

† Gaming houses.

Trace Fashion's walks in search of Beauty's prize,
Mill the police, and knock out bullies' eyes;
Shake Fortune's box, shoot Frenchmen, if we can,
And keep it up"———
" Aye, demme, that's the plan.

" Well, DICK, you know I hate flummery and politeness, adieu, *bon jour;* but you have not told me where you are." " At MEURICE'S."—" O, the *City of London!* Why, that might do for *Sir* HUMPHREY, or *Citizen Marrowfat,* but what the devil have *you* to do at the *Menagerie?* Do you mean to pass for a tiger or an *Ouran-Outang?* I was a week there, but finding myself, on the mention of my residence, taken for a baboon in one place, and considered as a newly imported *boar* in another, I moved to the *Grand Hotel de Bourbon,* in the centre of the fashionable part of the city,* where I avoid this *bore;* and though I can jabber French no better than a *vache Espagnole,*† I contrive to make myself understood by the help of the *shiners* and a smart rascal of a valet, whom you see behind me, with rings in his ears as large as the circle of wire in which my grandmother used to collect her keys."

After some further conversation, in which *Squire* JENKINS strove to show off his newly acquired knowledge of the French capital, and preliminaries were arranged for another meeting, this specimen of a *genus* well known in this country, but rarely to be found on the Continent, pursued his way to the *Hôtel de Bourbon,* and DICK WILDFIRE speedily found himself within hearing of *Mr.* MEURICE'S bell, which summons, not to vespers, but to a most gratifying devotion at the shrine of luxury.

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* Rue de la Paix. † A common saying in France.

CHAP. IV.

The Table d'Hôte—Bonnes Bouches for the Gourmands—Beaux and Beauty, Bones and Bons Mots—The Devil in a Stew—*Helping one's Friends to Old Nick—How to supply the Demands of the* Victualling-Office—*Dreadful Apparition of a Frog—The Feast turned into a Fray—The Art of* dishing *exemplified—A Frenchman* served out, *and a Tailor* dished down—*How to exchange a bad* Habit *for a good one—"Fair Eveline's Gown" and a "Blue Stocking"—Reconciling Fare—The* Dessert—*And a comfortable* Finish—*to the Chapter.*

REJOICE, ye Epicures, whose mouths are watering for the dainties of the dinner-table; resume your good humour, ye who were absent from the *collation* denominated a *luncheon*,*

* The luncheon *(goûté)* used to be an afternoon's meal, but since the people of Paris have been in the habit of sitting down to dinner between six and seven o'clock in the evening, the afternoon's luncheon has given place to tea and coffee. The lunch is however still enjoyed between the breakfast and dinner, under the name of a *collation*, *meridian*, or *déjeuné à-la-fourchette*. In the provinces and some of the great towns of France, where the dinners are earlier, afternoon luncheons are still in vogue. The description of an afternoon's lunch is to be found in the *Nouvelle Héloise*, where *Madame Wolmar* has prepared one in her Elysium. LIFE IN PARIS has lost something in the discontinuance of the afternoon's regale. The pleasing spectacle of a merry circle collecting round the

and whose faces have been lengthening to a dimension which might place you among the *long odds*, from a disquieting notion of the cook's delay; the pleasing spectacle of a rich repast is about to be presented. Ye lovely fair ones! ye civilizers and "sweeteners of society," the solace and companions of our *journey* through LIFE, put on your most gracious looks and captivating smiles—welcome to the enlivening and *tasteful* scene;—the bustle of the day is gone,—business is over,—the wax candles diffuse a soft light in unison with the brilliancy of your eyes; men whom other occupations or pursuits have temporarily estranged from you, will speedily again become attentive and polite; in short, (I hate to see a dinner cooled by too many words,) you see the waiter enters with a clean napkin on his arm, uttering this magical announcement, "*Madame, est servie*"—be pleased to take your seats, and make your choice of what is tempting for once in your lives.

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busy housewife at a table, whereon all imaginable dainties are lavished, may still be witnessed; but it is only on the stage of the Opera-House, and amidst the cheerful and unsophisticated scenes of the country. What a happy life! a little antiquated and unfashionable, but not inferior in enjoyment to the more vaunted pleasures of fashionable society.

An afternoon's lunch, when served in elegant houses, is generally effected in something like the following style. A huge tart is placed in the middle of the table; at both sides, cheeses and cream, *à-la-vanille* or *à-la-rose*, half whipped, half iced, and seasoned with pistachios. Six plates surround the tart with the choicest fruits; *brioches* at the four corners; *meringues à-la-crème*, cakes *à-l'abbesse* and *tartlets* and *wafers*. In fine, four pyramids are raised in the corners of dry or liquid preserved fruit; *pepper cakes* and *marsipannes*; confectionary and jellies. But all these nice things would stick in the throat, if they were not washed down with *frontinac* and *liqueurs* of the most palatable quality. This is a sample of the *French lunch;* reader, "how do you like it!"

Persons who have never been in Paris can form no idea of the sumptuous meals served up there in private as well as in public houses, nor of the splendour of the saloons or rooms in which entertainments are given. Every thing that meets the eye is superb; the walls are covered with pure clear pier-glasses, some of which are nine feet by six, and the refreshments are presented in costly style. Dinner is of course the principal meal. It is the most important object of life three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, particularly now that it is served in the evening. A French breakfast is no unsubstantial repast. It can only be matched by the morning exhibition of a table in the most hospitable parts of Scotland. The prolongation of the dining hour has brought the *fork* breakfasts *(déjeunés à-la-fourchette)*, which were formerly left as a vulgar custom to the common people and to travellers, into fashion. Now they are usual in almost every house in Paris. At these breakfasts, a number of dishes with cold meat and a great variety of wines are served,* but the most relishing fare is reserved for dinner, where much complaisance and accommodating politeness prevail. It is a proverbial saying that "*break-*

* The breakfast might pass in some places for a dinner, but with the French is only a *petit morceau* to enable them to hold out till the dinner hour. About one the cloth is laid on a mahogany or a marble side table, and a number of dishes with cold meat and a great variety of wines are served. No warm dishes are suffered to appear, with the exception at most of pigeons *à-la-crapaudine*, fowls *à-la-tartare*, *petites puttées au jus*, kidneys (a favourite dish), and little sausages. But there are salads, venison, and ham pies; and you commence with oysters from the celebrated rock of Concale. The poor pensioner of the state and the sober son of the muses certainly cannot afford such breakfasts; but amongst those whom fortune has enabled to support Life genteelly and satisfactorily these are the ingredients which generally compose the Frenchman's meridian apology to his stomach for the absence of better fare.

fast is *for friends, dinner belongs to etiquette, afternoon's lunch* to children, and *supper to Love,*" for it usually borders on the *shepherd's* hour. Of the connexion of these *delicate* subjects with the enjoyments of LIFE we may be *tempted* to say a word or two hereafter.

Lady HALIBUT and her daughter had been occupied the whole of the time previous to dinner in the important business of selecting and fitting on dresses. Dared we to disclose the mysteries of the *boudoir* upon such an occasion, the *curious* reader might prefer this species of entertainment to the detail we are about to give of a Parisian dinner; but delicacy and politeness will not permit us to be so loquacious on such topics as some anxious tastes may require. If our narrative go not *far enough* in this respect, a little observation will suggest an excuse. The dresses of the ladies, when they are pleased to appear in public, are now of such a transparent texture, and fashioned for the display of nature's charms, that few secrets are withheld from the voluptuous eyes of men. This cannot be *Satan's* work, for the most virtuous and beauteous of their species approve of the fashion. All that we shall say on the *morality* of the subject is, that, if this be *Satan's* taste, he has a very good notion of beauty; and, as men and potatoes may be inured to any thing, the *belles* are much obliged to him for teaching them how to set weather and climate at defiance, and to take the heart of man by storm through the medium of his eyes; as are likewise the gentlemen for the satisfaction they enjoy in contemplating beauties which, but for this fashion, *à-la-Psyche,* the angelic costume of the garden of Eden, might never have been revealed to their sight. Be this as it may or must, we can assert, that the dress-makers, milliners, plumasiers, and flower-furnishers, whose aid was required, together with the artists, whose enviable occupa-

tion is to trim the locks of the fair, to raise the pyramid of wonder on the head of the young, teach the love-locks how to stray with the most romantic negligence, and to ornament the head of age with a periwig *à-la-Ninon*, and give a *moral, religious*, and *sentimental* turn to the curls that adorn it, did not exert their endeavours in vain to make the old young, and the handsome still more captivating. *Lydia* wanted no artificial bloom to make her lovely—no advantages from dress to render her attractive. Moreover, she had something besides cheeks blushing with beauty to recommend her to favour. Nevertheless, the essence of roses, *huile antique*, and all those *lotions* which have the character of restoring faded charms, or of imparting beauty to the ugly, were not spared by *Lady* HALIBUT, who, on this occasion, seemed resolved to rival *Ninon* herself. She, at any rate, appeared determined to show that she belonged to the *Haute Classe*.

The ladies were just issuing into view as DICK entered. His own metamorphosis was nothing to that which his Aunt had undergone. He took her at first glance for a Dowager of the Court; and, had she not addressed him in a phraseology very unlike that which Duchesses use, she might have continued to enjoy that imaginary dignity. A diadem of brilliants, surmounting her *perruque à-la-Nina*, was seen glittering amidst flowers over her capacious but wrinkled brow; "lilies and roses her cheeks disclosed," but they were produced by red and white paint, not over-carefully laid on; then, to decorate the rest of her person, Indian muslins, Mechlin lace, Turin silks, and Lyons embroidery, were employed with all the skill of the united artists of fashion. LYDIA, though fond of dress, as if in contrast to her honourable mother, had the modesty and good sense to be simply elegant. She did not exhibit herself as a speci-

men of twenty manufactures; but she was a very pretty sample of English beauty in a French dress; and DICK, in taking her hand, protested, with a fervour unusual to him in the presence of *Lady* HALIBUT, that he had seen nothing of female elegance in the *Thuilleries* equal to her.

But, hark! the clocks and bells to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall;
A hundred dishes deck the smoking board,
A hundred more are ready at a word.
Here, for tit-bits with *gourmands* you may strive,
There, in some huge tureen he *stewed* alive;—
Here on rare dishes that you never saw
Before, you may employ your hungry maw;
Or, placed amid a strange and grinning group,
Mayst swallow liquid fire in shape of soup.
"Is this a dinner?—this a genial room,—
A fair, a temple, or a hecatomb?"
No, 'tis a festive scene that you may not
Before have witnessed—'tis a *table d'hôte*;—
No tantalizing here, 'midst viands nice,
Speak, and you have your wishes in a trice.
No solemn scene is this of pride and state,
But one where company are freely met
To eat and drink, and talk and smile, and then
With each new course begin the work again,
'Till every jolly buck and every belle
Confess'd, well pleased, they never dined so well.

At the sound of "*on a servi*," the folding doors of the spacious dining-room were thrown open, and the inviting banquet displayed. The company, which was numerous, and rather of a heterogeneous appearance, from the mixtures of society that take place on such occasions, now beheld each other with something like that inquisitive feeling which rival coquettes experience when surveying one another's charms, or that sensation of earnest inquiry with which

armies about to be opposed in the contest for glory examine each other's ranks, strength, and capabilities. Nothing can be more desirable in such situations to the inquisitive mind than the solution of the important question—"who is who? what is *he?* and who can *she* be?" So forcible and so *natural* is this desire for knowledge in some cases, particularly where a blaze of beauty suddenly bursts upon the astonished stranger's sight, and the *stomach* says to the *eyes* that it can wait a little until they are satisfied, that the attractions of a feast, barring a city one, have been *overlooked* for a moment in the interest of this *engaging* inquiry. *Lady* HALIBUT and her beautiful daughter evidently excited no small portion of attention and admiration as they emerged into view, led in by the elegant DICK WILDFIRE, and followed by that mirror of knighthood *Sir* HUMPHREY, whom the "note of preparation" for the important *set-to* had awakened to this fresh scene of gastronomic exercise and enjoyment. It was clear, from the richness of *Lady* HALIBUT'S dress, and the airs she assumed, that she must be a person of quality. It was therefore proper, in inferior mortals, to practise a becoming degree of modesty in "hiding their diminished heads." When the sun appears, the stars very wisely sneak back into their lurking places. Alas, how deceptious are appearances!—how short is the dream of vanity! The question so interesting at first sight—"Who is she, and what can he be?" is often very quickly solved: let but the object of awe, wonder, or inquiry, break the dread silence that enwraps its nature or its dignity,—a word—a single word frequently dissolves the charm, and we find "who is who," to our disappointment, disgust, and mortification.

The ceremonies of the *entrées* and adjustment of parties being made, and the guests seated, the pleasing havoc

began, attention being too much engaged on the dishes to allow any other considerations suggested by these tempting objects to interfere at present. This "divine oblivion" of all other cares, is chiefly enjoyed by the gourmand, and the stomach that has worn out its lining. But there is sometimes a quality in French victuals which occasions a temporary oblivion of another kind. A dish that is not discovered to be made of the most *piquant* materials till the palate has suggested the notion of poison or suffocation; or a soup which is only found to be scalding hot after it has been taken into the mouth that is unfortunate enough not to be lined with Mosaic work, or endowed with the incombustible faculty of swallowing liquid fire, may produce the effect of a total forgetfulness of place and persons to such a degree as sometimes to be very inconvenient to individuals: for

> Who can hold a fire in his hand
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
> Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
> By bare imagination of a feast?

—Something like this feeling was certainly experienced by several of the company, for a horrible distortion of muscles was visible in their countenances. A painter would have enriched himself by the representation. Our description, we fear, will have no such effect. Howbeit, truth had here assumed the features of caricature. Nothing could be more grotesque and ludicrous than the face of one of these unfortunates complaisantly attempting to swallow a dish which seared his mouth, or disagreed with his palate. But whilst this was the case with some who were unacquainted with the composition of the dishes, others more experienced had better luck. Ampler room for choice could not well be imagined.

Whilst some were employed as if they meant to dine upon one savoury viand, others were merely laying a foundation. None could be more puzzled what *course* to adopt, amongst the host of dainties, than *Sir* HUMPHREY HALIBUT and his richly bedizened lady, notwithstanding all the helps given to their understanding by DICK and his accomplished cousin. "An ass between two bundles of hay" is a vulgar simile, and ought not to be applied to honourable personages; but no tantalized donkey, or other animal, with a craving stomach, was ever in such a quandary with the means of satisfying his hunger before him. It is impossible to translate all the new-fangled French culinary technical terms, there being for the most part no words in our language capable of expressing them. It is a more difficult task for those who are but slenderly gifted with perception to conceive a right notion of things, where the principal source of intelligence is wanting, and so many matters contribute to excite confusion of ideas. The worthy *Baronet* and his rib not comprehending a word of French, or even of the explanations given them, were consequently the more pitiably situated. The *relevés* were served and distributed, the *entrées* came and disappeared; out of *seven* sorts of pies, *as many soups*, various sorts of *ragouts, entremets,* and *hors d'œuvres,* they knew not what to select. When they ventured upon a choice, they were "complaisantly helped to all they hated," and still more confounded by the attempts made to rectify a mistake or supply a more agreeable *morceau*. "This is a very fine *epigramme*, Sir; would you like to make a trial of it?" "I am no wit, Sir, and fear my *taste* does not lie in that way."—"It is an *epigramme d'agneau*, Sir."—"So much the worse; I do not understand it."—"*Prendrez vous bien un morceau de ce diable, Monsieur?*"—"Sir?—What does the gentleman say?"—"He inquires whether you will have a

bit of the *devil*."—"The devil he does! why, what! does he suppose I am worse than a cannibal?—I thought the Frenchmen had been more polite."—"*Il est veritablement divin, Monsieur*."—"He says it is a *divine devil*."—"Ha! ha! that is something new. Have the goodness to tell Mounseer the devil-eater, who seems so anxious to cram me with his infernal fare, that it may be very good in his estimation, but I see nothing so very *divine* in it as to tempt me to partake of his mess."—"*Peut-être que Madame me fera l'honneur d'en accepter? Je ne doute nullement qu'il ne soit parfaitement à son goût*."—"I wish I had brought my French dictionary with me. That gentleman seems vastly kind. Do you know, LYDIA, what he is jabbering?"—"He wishes you, my dear mother, to accept a bit of the *devil*. He says, 'perhaps my lady will do me the honour to accept some, I have no doubt it will be perfectly to her taste.'" "Right, Monsieur; try *Madam Eve*, there's no doubt that you will find *Old Nick* a greater favourite with the women." —"O, fie! *Sir* HUMPHREY, how can you be so unpolite? You ought to thank the gentleman for his attentions to me.— Mr. Mounseer, I am much obliged to you; but I am not fond of such *low* dishes. They ought to be *beneath* the notice of persons of quality."—"That is very well said, Madam,— *devilish piquant*, like this sauce."—"Why, as for that, *mum*; some folks should not be too *saucy*."—"What will you be pleased to be helped to, *Miss* VOLATILE? a little bit of *fresh tongue*, a pettitoe, or a *truffle*."—"Neither, *Mr.* FLUMMERY; tired of walking as well as of talking, I am now resolved to *fly*. I think the wing of a wild fowl would suit me."—"Ah, my dear EVELINE, you were always a little *wild*."—"There is nothing but a small *remnant* of the mutton left, Sir, and the *cabbage* is entirely gone—shall I hand you a bit of *goose?*"—"Sir, who told you that I was a tailor? I am only in the *furnishing* line. My name is

BUTTON, Sir, JEREMY BUTTON. I can *suit* you with as good as you bring any day."—" I know you like simple dishes, *Mr.* PLAINWAY. Here is an excellent *calf's head without brains*."—" Thank ye, thank ye, neighbour JUMBLE, but being already supplied, don't need any: keep it yourself. You had better get a little *brains* though to your *calf's head*." " Pray *Mr.* TALLOWGREASE, is that an apple-dumpling you have got before you?"—" No, Sir, I have just *dipped* into it, and find it a hog's pudding stuffed with potatoes."—" Bless me, how low-bred some people are, *Sir* HUMPHREY."—" Come, ladies, take the advice of an *old stager*—I would advise you to make a good use of your time, and not to trust too much to the *future*. Don't be seduced by *high sounding names*. You will find nothing under these but disappointment. Stick to humble fare, like me. This seems to be a very nice pasty."—" How you mistake, Sir, that is an *eel-pie*." —" Curse it, so I find, half filled with onions and garlic, by all my unfortunate senses.—Well, if that is the effect of French *piety*, the sooner the cook gives up making people *crusty* the better."—" Give me leave, Sir, to observe, (to *Sir* HUMPHREY,) that if you have sworn to resist all the temptations of the *flesh*, and mean to turn Catholic or Methodist, I have the happiness to inform you that there is a *sole* saved here, at your service."—" Madam, (to *Lady* H.) as you do not seem to relish the *mayonnaise de poulet*, the *gelatine de Volaille*, the *cotelettes*, or *fricassées*, would you be pleased to take some sea-fish? Here are carp, cod, mackerel, perch, salmon, trout, sturgeon, gudgeons, crabs, cockles, and flounders, as good a show as you will find any day at Billingsgate." " Sir, we *knows* nothing of Billingsgate; they may eat fish that likes 'em, that is no *business* of ours *now*—no offence to you, Mounseer; but we *does* not come to France to eat cockles and crabs—do we, *Sir* HUMPHREY? We came here

to spend our money, and live like quality, did we not, *Sir* HUMPHREY?"

"So it would seem, my *Lady*," was the reply; "but as to fish, who says that French fish are equal to the English has never been at Billingsgate. With all their boasting and cooking, I defy the French to produce a *crimp* or a *cod* like us. If they have a fish in all Paris that we would not throw out of our markets, my name is not HALIBUT. The turbot goes all to the English coast, and the *gudgeons* to France. I have heard they are vastly fond of oysters, cockles, and flounders, and that they are obliged to bring them from a great distance; but their liking in that way is easily accounted for, for the women say——"

"Hush! hush! *Sir* HUMPHREY! What a speech you are making!" interrupted his *Lady*. "You forget that you are at a *hot-table*, and not in Parliament or at the Sessions."

The *Knight* being thus stopped in his harangue on a subject with which he was perhaps the best acquainted of the company, and some beef-steaks and roast beef, cooked in the English fashion, being placed before him at that moment, as if to make amends for the unsatisfactory quality of the other dishes, he gave up the topic of fish, to employ his jaws on a more substantial subject.

We have witnessed some instances of *Lady* HALIBUT's delicacy and exalted notions—let no one suppose there was any thing vulgar or improper in a wife's following the example of her husband in preferring beef-steaks and roast beef, the glory of her country, to food fit only for Frenchmen and

repentant sinners; for wives ought not only to love and honour their spouses, but to live upon the same fare, adopt their prejudices and opinions, and be unto them in all things a second self. In this respect *Lady* HALIBUT was a *non-pareil*, for as often as *Sir* HUMPHREY'S notions and conduct squared with her own likings and ideas, she never failed to act in accordance with him. If, at any time, the *rib* had a different notion from the *body*, and honourable personages were placed in the situation of pigs in a string, pulling different ways, it was the fault of their *stars* that did not sufficiently *enlighten* them, for my *Lady* was "positive certain" it could not be her fault. On the present occasion there was the most perfect concordance of taste; and like real epicures, who, after laying a foundation by tasting of a dozen light dishes, usually conclude their dinner with a *roast*, our affectionate couple despatched the steaks in a short time, and made deep incision into the roast beef. The satisfaction excited by this *native* and congenial fare was increased to perfect good humour by the subsequent *entrées* of wild and tame fowl, fat Normandy capons, red partridges, snipes, &c. in the dissection of which *Sir* HUMPHREY and his lady showed they could ply by no means an inferior fork.

This being the last course, and the jaws of part of the company being relieved from the labour of mastication, tongues began to resume their vocation again. *Mr.* BUTTON, who had no notion how some stomachs are agitated by certain ideas, could not refrain expressing his surprise that he had seen no *frogs* at table. "For my own part," said he, "I was told the French people lived upon them almost entirely, and mixed them in all their dishes. I thought I had caught one of them in that little *snipe-pie* which stood beside me. I am told that a *frog* when dressed is very like a *snipe*."

This observation, though not intended for the ear of *Lady* HALIBUT, was distinctly heard by her. Ridiculous as was the ill-timed remark of BUTTON, it *furnished* to the *rib* of *Sir* HUMPHREY such an appalling idea of the nature of the food she was imbibing, that her fork was instantly arrested, the mutilated snipe on her plate immediately took the shape of a four-legged nightingale, a dreadful apparition stared her in the face, her stomach began to experience the nature of an insurrection, and she started up as if in the agonies of suffocation. *Sir* HUMPHREY, seeing his better half in this situation, was also instantly on his feet. Unfortunate impulse of sympathy! in which a due regard for the safety of others was neglected to be included. The good *Knight*, in imitation of the French fashion of endeavouring to preserve the bodily decorations unblemished, had tucked the table-cloth under his chin with such care as made it adhere to him in spite of the sudden movement he had thus made. A dreadful and instantaneous ruin was the consequence, in the confusion of which, and the mischiefs occasioned thereby, even poor *Lady* HALIBUT'S situation was forgotten. Self-preservation dictated a simultaneous movement on the part of the company near. Sad was the havoc occasioned among the dishes. The table was instantly swimming with a mixture of all sorts of liquids, hot and cold; but the current of misfortune did not stop there. The contents of the plates and depositories of sauces and gravies were in some instances lavished on the garments and persons of the guests, who could now have dispensed with such fare. *Miss* VOLATILE having omitted to *fly* in time from the scene of disaster had her robe of virgin innocence very liberally sprinkled by a shower of gravy, which gave to her countenance an unusually sedate appearance; while the Frenchman, who had been so polite in his attentions to our luckless pair, was so whelmed in a chaos of calamities by the overturning of his

favourite devil, dish and all, with its contents upon him, and by the clumsy efforts of BUTTON to avoid the ruin he had made, that he was laid prostrate on the floor, where he lay struggling with the "foul fiend" and the still more sinful BUTTON, whom he had unconsciously dragged down with him.

"*Diable!*" exclaimed he, with much concern and anger in his countenance, when he at length got upon his legs, striving to make himself understood by the unlucky *furnisher*, "*Monsieur* BUTTON, dis be owing all to your want of *politesse*; you put de insult of de gravy and de sauce upon me, *Monsieur* BUTTON. You have fait injure à un Chevalier de Saint Louis. *Monsieur* BUTTON, I shall demand de satisfaction of one gentilhomme in *le Bois de Boulogne*."

Seeing the consequences of the error he had committed, and the danger which threatened his person from the resentment of the *Chevalier of St. Louis*, BUTTON assumed a look of extreme penitence and humiliation; he declared that he had not the least intention, in any thing he had said or done, of offending the feelings or tastes of any one; and that as he was but a poor *simple tailor*, come over, under the name of a *furnisher*, to attend to matters in the way of his business, he hoped the *Chevalier* would not insist on his meeting him in the woods of Boulogne, a tailor, he allowed, being no fit opponent for a gentleman.

"*Un tailleur! Sacre!*" exclaimed the indignant *Chevalier*, "by the Cross of St. Louis, dat is un grand discovery. For one of de order superb to practise de combat *avec un tailleur* would be one grand disgrace—one spectacle for all

de world to smile. But," added he, significantly, looking at his soiled clothes, " *Monsieur* BUTTON, you no put de injure of de soup and de gravy on me for *noting*. Dis habit must *go under de renovation*. *Je* insist on de renovation or de exchange;—eh! *Monsieur* BUTTON, vat you say?"

Better qualified to handle a needle or a " bare bodkin" than a sword or pistol, BUTTON quivered in every limb at the thought of a duel. So easy an alternative as that of renovating the appearance of the *Chevalier's* habit, or even providing him with a new one, conveyed instant relief to the heart of the tailor. He vowed that the order of St. Louis should not suffer from his negligence. " Depend on it, *Chevalier*," said he, " as sure as my name is BUTTON, you shall find I can *dress you* in that way. Though I cannot take the *shine* out of you with a *sword*, I can *give it to you* with a *needle*. You shall see how well I can *suit* your *order*. Though I am but a *furnisher* of apparel, I will make a *grand* cross knight of you, or you may *cross* me any way you please, or hang poor BUTTON by the *neck*, if you catch him in any of your *woods* or cut-throat *shamps* and alleys."

Thus were differences adjusted between these oddly-matched opponents. But where was the *blanchisseuse* that could restore the bespattered robe of *Miss* EVELINE VOLATILE to its virgin purity? In vain, the " fair EVELINE " laboured to efface the spots which gave to her dress the uncoveted variety of the ermine. In vain, like Lady Macbeth, she would have exclaimed, had decorum allowed her, " Out, damned spot!" Spite of all her endeavours to appear *spotless* in the eyes of the world, many an unseemly mark remained on the robe of " fair EVELINE," with the

pertinacity of a blemish on the reputation of an unfortunate maiden. The person who sat next to her compassionated her case by breaking out into the following impromptu:—

"The sun's bright ray
Will most likely next day
From the face of the gay world banish each frown;
But there's no one I know,
That can restore the snow,
The bright snowy whiteness of EVELINE's gown."

A *blue stocking*, (not Lady M.) in remarking on the pickle into which poor *Miss* VOLATILE had thus been thrown, could not refrain adding likewise her extemporaneous poetical mite on the occasion. We will say nothing of the genius it displays, but it unquestionably unfolds a little of the *meekness* and amiability of the blue stocking character.

"When lovely woman, Miss or Molly,
With clowns or tailors stoops to dine,
And finds too late, to crown her folly,
They chance to soil her robes so fine,

"The only way to teach them manners,
A due respect to ladies' clothes,
And give to such rude muslin stainers
Repentance, is to pull their nose."

The hint to be revenged on BUTTON'S *napper* was not, however, acted upon by the injured party; and, so long as his person remained unassaulted, BUTTON could exclaim, "Let the galled jade wince, my withers (*i.e.* his nose and ears) are unwrung."

But of inferior actors enough. Let us not lose sight of

the principal personages in the drama by attention to minor performers. On inquiring into the case of *Lady* HALIBUT, it was speedily ascertained that neither the leg of a frog nor the wing of a snipe had made a lodgement in her *Ladyship's* thorax. The apprehension of her making a sudden exit from this *inferior* world, in consequence of so ignoble an interruption to her respiration, was, therefore, dissipated in every sympathetic mind. The only injury she appeared to have sustained was the *shock* given to her *delicacy* by the *vulgar* remark of BUTTON, and a little damage done to the load of silks and Mechlin lace which she carried upon her, by reason of the overflow of gravy; for which *marks* of *Sir* HUMPHREY'S love and kindness she very affectionately rated the worthy *Knight* in the hearing of all the company, as soon as she regained the faculty of speech, which was not long in coming to her relief. She observed that she "had never witnessed any thing so *wulgar* before as the conduct of *some* gentlemen, and protesting that had she known such things were likely to happen in the polite city of Paris, or any where but at a tailor's or a city-feast, she would not have ventured to sit down at a *hot-table* in her life. She was *very* certain, from what she had heard DICK say often, that they did not do so at *Wery's* or the *Palay* Royal." LYDIA and DICK, being exempted from the confusion and danger, had endeavoured to render the necessary assistance to her *Ladyship* on the first symptoms of her horrific disorder, and now administered a conciliating dose of flattery and congratulation on her happy escape from worse disaster.

An assurance being given by the *Maîtresse d'Hôtel* that the art of the *blanchisseuse* would speedily efface every mark of this memorable misfortune from the garments of the sufferers, and the ladies' dresses having been *re-arranged*, good-humour was restored, and a smile tried again to sit on the

countenances of the fair, as the gentlemen urged them to forget *past impressions*, and attend to present *desert*. This is as much as to say that one feast is not deemed sufficient in France. The table again held out fresh attractions, in renovated bloom, for the *dessert*, with all its delicious fruits, and wines, and luxuries, had made its appearance.

We are unwilling to be prolix in our narrative, but who would not dwell upon such *sweet* subjects? Who would not "linger with a fond delay" amidst the fruits of the vine, and the tempting products of the most fertile zones? Who does not *relish* even in idea the corruscations of the sparkling Champagne, the palatable smack of the *Hermitage*, or the flavour of the *vin du Rhin*. As soon as the cork flies from the impatient Champagne, wit sallies forth; *bons mots* rise like sky-rockets from all quarters; care, business, and misfortune are banished from the mind; the stupid become brilliant, the taciturn eloquent; and every one has a joke to crack, or a story to tell, although he should have borrowed the whole contents of his budget from some neighbour he has met in the course of the day.

With these agreeable addenda to the substantial fare came a variety of *liqueurs* and *liqueur-wines*, from which every taste might select that which was deemed most worthy of terminating the repast. No vulgar *max*, or drink only fit for *porters*, was to be seen here; they were the *real waters of life*, not of *disease* and *death*, with which our party now moistened their solids. In a short time the ladies retired, accompanied by such as preferred coffee, cards, and scandal to the charms of the bottle; and those who relished the society of good topers and the glass were left at liberty to pour down the inviting liquors in such portions as they chose, and to indulge in such sallies of fancy as pleased

them best. *Sir* HUMPHREY, abandoning the effervescent spirit of Champagne, as too much resembling soda-water, and being equally prepossessed against the claret, as having neither *soul* nor *body*, in his opinion, now called for his *port*; and having been supplied with his favourite beverage, he got on better terms with BUTTON, who was now tossing off the brandy, and the *bons vivans* set in seriously for an evening's regale *à-la-Bacchus*.

CHAP. V.

DICK'S *Visit to the Billiard-Room—A Hero in Distress—An* honourable *Way of raising the Wind—A Cross of the Legion of Honour versus a* Cross-Buttock, *or a Frenchman's Opinion of Boxing—Peep into the Comic Opera—Inducements to visit* PARIS, *or, "a travelling we will go"*—SAM'S *Appearance in a* novel *Character.*

LEAVING *Sir* HUMPHREY and his associates to their enjoyments, DICK stept for a short time into the Billiard-room. Here he found the tables far from deserted. Play was not the object of the persons assembled, according to the understanding they wish to impress, it was merely for an hour's amusement between other engagements, and DICK was very cordially invited to take a share in the diversion. He was desirous of remaining for the present a looker-on, but was ultimately induced to take a place at the table. He was successful beyond his expectations. This he did not attribute to his own skill or dexterity, but to the practice of certain *amateurs* of play, who, thinking they have caught a stranger, allow him to become confident of his powers by petty triumphs until he is encouraged to run greater hazards. Our traveller had resolved not to be entrapped in this way. He was no *gudgeon*, though a new comer. At the hour he had fixed to rejoin the ladies, he made a motion to withdraw. Gloom and disappointment instantly clouded the counte-

nances of the losers. One of these, a French officer, had been placed by unlucky chance, or his own cupidity, so low in the gradations of Fortune's wheel that, following the winner to the door, he very politely gave him to understand he must either purchase a Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he took from his breast, the only thing valuable left about him, and which he had received from the Emperor's own hand on the field of battle, or accompany him to the *Champs d'Elysée*, to try his skill at sword-play; that is, to make a melancholy beginning of his "LIFE IN PARIS," or assist a hero of Marengo to terminate his glorious miseries with honour.

DICK was by no means a person who could be induced to a compliance of this kind by a threat of personal danger. He was "not to be commanded;" and his first impulse was a fiery feeling of resentment and defiance. The motive, however, which dictated this dernier resort of the poor hero of Marengo was sufficiently evident, and compassion took the place of anger. DICK looked at his decoration, and inquired what value he put upon it. "It is the ensign of glory," said he, pressing it to his breast, "and had nearly cost me my life. I have been unfortunate. Life and glory are now of little value to me."—"But the price?" said DICK. "Only five Napoleons," replied the Frenchman. Though aware that one of these badges of glory might be purchased in the *Palais Royal* for as many dollars, DICK, with more generosity than prudence, gave the needy officer the money, and having received his empty decoration, instantly informed him that he had no objection to comply with the other part of the proposition, namely, to give him battle to boot, in any shape or place he thought proper to name. As an Englishman he was bound to maintain the honour of his country, and as possessor of a cross of the

Legion of Honour he felt himself heroic enough to resist menace and chastise insolence.

" Et maintenant, Monsieur," said he, " je suis extrêmement à votre service comme vous voudrez, tirer un peu à l'épée ou vous regaler d'un petit combat à coups de poing, ce qu'on appelle chez nous boxer."* Here DICK suited the action to the word, by throwing himself into a pugilistic attitude and inviting *Monsieur* of the Legion of Honour to try the use of his *morleys, à-la-Belcher*.

Nothing could be more laughable than the horror-struck countenance which the Frenchman assumed on seeing himself defied in this manner by a gentleman of DICK'S elegant appearance.

" Pardon, Monseigneur," exclaimed he, with uplifted hands, " vous avez trop de bonté pour moi; je ne desire nullement tirer avec un Monsieur qui m'a temoigné tant d'honnêteté; et boxer, *mort de ma vie!* vous n'y songez pas! ce seroit infame; sauf la présence de Monsieur, c'est là ce qu'on appelle chez nous une *polissonnerie Anglaise!*"†

This singular scene could not take place without exciting

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* " And now, Sir, I am quite at your service in whatever manner you choose, either for a thrust with the sword or a little *set-to* with the *fists*, which we call boxing."

† " Excuse me, Sir, you are too *polite*: I have not the slightest desire to draw my sword against a gentleman who has shown me so much civility; and, as for *boxing*, my God! you cannot think of it—it would be *infamous*. With all due deference, it is what we Frenchmen call an *English blackguardism*."

some attention: DICK having exhibited *pluck* and presence of mind on this emergency had the unanimous approbation of his countrymen, who pronounced him a "first-rate *slanger of his morleys*," a "*prime trump*," a "*regular out-and-outer*." As for the Frenchman, he felt perfectly nonplussed by the *sang froid* as well as the generosity of his opponent. He therefore slunk out of the room with as much *grace* as he could after declining the combat, while a burst of laughter from the company he had left added not a little to his humiliation.

On his return to the ladies DICK found them making up parties for the evening. He whispered to LYDIA that she had better leave cards and scandal to old maids, and prevail on *Lady* HALIBUT to visit some one or other of the theatres. With this grateful proposition the gay-hearted fair one immediately complied. She longed vastly to see and to be seen, and a French theatre must be the place for a fashionable display. *Lady* HALIBUT, now that she was in bloom, and in a dress worth seeing, (for ladies do not like to dress for nothing,) had no greater disposition than her daughter to waste her beauty in the shade; she therefore manifested no repugnance to the proposal; she had long wished to see the *Grand Opera*, and she now thought that she could make a figure there with the rest of the nobility. DICK had not quite such a high opinion of his aunt's *tonishness* as this; he entertained the notion that they had better avoid the Grand Opera for a little, lest some *grand* mistake should take place. The *Opéra Comique* presented an agreeable substitute, which was much more likely to accord with her *Ladyship's* taste, and DICK thought it no very unjustifiable deception to pass off the one for the other. He observed that a new piece was to make its appearance that night, from which much amusement was expected, ac-

cording to an *affiche* which he had seen. "A fish," cried her *Ladyship*, in surprise; "do the *fishes* speak in this country? I want to see no sights of that kind, however amusing they may be." Her nephew replied, that, though she had mistaken his meaning, they must expect to behold some *strange fishes* wherever they went. But an *affiche* was a *posting bill* making some announcement to the public. On the present occasion, nothing could be more inviting than the bill of fare to which he alluded, except, perhaps, some of the *annonces* on the English side of the water, where we find the Managers blowing the trumpet to Tom Thumb, and swelling their frogs to such a degree that the poor creatures burst before their strength is tried. The good lady acknowledged that she knew nothing of such matters, but hoped that she should see and hear something that she could comprehend. She was surprised that people should talk in a language that others did not understand. If they would but speak plain English she might make a shift to get at their meaning.

With this hint to DICK and the French nation, *Lady* HALIBUT descended to the carriage that was in waiting, and our *Spark* having given the hint to LYDIA to be *mum*, they entered the fiacre and drove to the FYDEAU. Having taken their seats in the *premier loge*, and cast their eyes about them in expectation of being dazzled by the splendour of the place, it was not long before *Lady* HALIBUT and her daughter began to express their disappointment. The *Théâtre Fydeau*, or *Opéra Comique*, is the temple of the lighter muses, and a favourite resort of the Parisians. It is capable of containing above 2000 persons, and is not without its decorations; but there is nothing of the pomp of the great Opera about it, and, as there is no light but from the stage, the spectators are frequently *in the dark* as to

what is passing around them. There was no chandelier emulating the splendour of the solar rays, no friendly gas-lamp at hand to show off the dresses of the ladies, and suffocate those who were nearest it. *Lady* HALIBUT looked in vain for any such auxiliary to female charms, and asked whether they were to be compelled to sit all night as in a coal-hole. There was also a sad paucity of beaux in the boxes, the gentlemen preferring the *parterre* (the pit) and the orchestra to the more remote parts of the house. LYDIA thought this was exceedingly ungallant, and inconsistent with the character of Frenchmen; but the dramatic amateurs in France like to make use of their *ears* as well as their *eyes*, and both have often a better chance of being *gratified near the stage* than, perhaps, in any other part of a French theatre.

The performances commenced with a *petite Comédie*, in which characters of various nations were attempted to be represented, and their manners satirized. A motley crowd of ridiculous personages were thus introduced, who, by their blunders and grotesque appearance, afforded great amusement to the audience. The scene was laid in Paris, to which all other capitals were, of course, made to yield the palm of attraction, and Frenchmen, *sans peur, sans reproche*, strutted the heroes of the piece. One of the vocalists, borrowing from our school of popular music, sung the praise of his favourite city in the following strains.

If Life to view should be your wish,
And pockets overflow,
To catch a sight
Of true delight
To Paris you must go, must go, must go,
To Paris you must go.

If fashions gay can please your eye,
Or beauty's roseate glow,
The very place
Gay scenes to trace
Is Paris, all must know.
So to Paris you must go, must go, &c.

The Thuilleries your sight will please,
The Palais Royal too,
Where, as you move,
With looks of love,
The pretty girls you view,
So to Paris all must go, must go, &c.

There's WILDFIRE DICK and *Captain* FLASH,
And SAM, sly rogue, and Co.
And *Miss* and *Ma'am*,
Mi Lor G—D D—MN,
All there, and Heaven knows who.
So a travelling we will go, will go, &c.

If *tasteful* scenes can give a treat,
See Dishes in a row,
Of savoury fare
A plenteous share,
And sparkling Champagne flow.
So to Paris we will go, will go, &c.

If music's voice delight your ear,
Or you may like a show
Of charms that glance
Amid the dance,
The Opera's all the go.
To the Opera you must go, must go, &c.

Along the Course with spur and horse,
As gay as *Rotten-Row*,
There's jolly lads
Who keep their *prads*,
All prancing to and fro.
So a prancing we will go, will go, &c.

If you can handle cards or dice,
Or shake your elbows well,
Come, do not fear
The words you hear,
We'll show you, Sir, to *hell*.
And to *hell*, Sir, you may go, may go, &c.

If scenes of sport the Fancy court,
Duck Lane is now come here,
We'll show you fight
With wolves that bite,
Bull-dogs that bait the bear.
So to Paris you may go, may go, &c.

In short, if eating, drinking, dancing,
High life please, or low,
To rove awhile
In bang-up style,
To Paris you must go.
So a travelling we will go, will go, will go,
So a travelling we will go.

Among the personages whom these attractions had drawn to the French capital appeared some specimens of character from the English side of the water. In particular, one of the representatives of John Bull and his lady, afforded much amusement to the Parisians. This happy couple seemed exact personifications of *Sir* HUMPHREY and his faithful spouse. The fair one was no better than a *poissarde* in the dress of a lady of fashion, and *Jean Bull* himself was so ignorant of the French language as to make his wants known by signs. For liquor he made a ludicrous imitation of drinking, and, if he wanted a beefsteak he signified his desire by making the sign of the horns on his forehead, and pointing to his hinder quarters. *Lady* HALIBUT saw no jest in this absurd ridicule; nay, she was highly offended at this freedom taken with her country, and, moreover, had pe-

netration sufficient to suspect that the insult was levelled at individuals not far distant from the scene of the satire. This appeared peculiarly unpolite and ungrateful on the part of the people among whom the strangers so ridiculed had come to spend their money; and the good lady declared that if such was the manner in which they behaved at the Grand Opera, she should never again think of honouring it with her presence. "As for the place itself," said she, "I wonder how it ever got the name it bears, for I see nothing *great* or *grand* about it. To be sure the singing is *very* pretty; I wish BRAHAM, or AMBROGHETTI, or *Madame* CATALANI would treat us with that sweet air, '*A travelling we will go*;' they are travelled folks, and must have learnt it here at the Grand Opera: but then as to the actors and this here play of theirs, I would as soon see Punch's Opera, or the performers at *Bartlemy* fair." DICK enjoyed the chagrin of his aunt, and LYDIA would have had no objection to the deception had her eyes been gratified by a sufficient number of admirers around her; but as this flattering source of female happiness was not supplied in such abundance as to answer her expectation, the *beauties* of the stage being too potent rivals even for her attractions, she soon got tired of the theatre, and DICK had to squire the ladies home long before the fashionable hour for going abroad arrived.

Lady HALIBUT was conscious that it was exceedingly vulgar in a person of her quality not to be more *tonish* in her love of fashionable assemblies. To appear not to relish the Opera, to have no taste or admiration for the dancing, not to acknowledge the beauty and splendour of the ballet, and to be so devoid of sensibility as not to affect to expire in raptures at the divine music, which is the principal charm of the Opera, would have been to prove that one

was a Hottentot altogether, and that ORPHEUS himself could have made no impression on such an obdurate breast. *Lady* HALIBUT disliked as much to be accused of want of taste as to hear that she had once been ranked among the number of honest women; she, therefore took care to announce that she had been to the Grand Opera, and heard a song about "*Life in Paris,*" which pleased her very nearly as much as "*The Beauty, or a begging we will go;*" but she could not conceal her disappointment when she was asked how she liked the other parts of the performance. "Were not the *figurantes* elegant beyond expression? did not the dancers execute their parts with inimitable grace and agility? Was it not delicious to sit in the balcony and witness their performances till one's self grows giddy with the whirl? What do you think of the *pirouettes* and *entre chats?* Has not NOURRIT a pair of very clever legs? Does not GRASSARI touchingly express the sentiments of his character by his muscular motions? And are not *Madames* BIGOTTINI, and sweet FANNY BIAS deservedly the fashion?" To these interrogatories *Lady* HALIBUT knew not what to reply; she thought some people must be fools, but she could not consent to sacrifice truth altogether, and to be reckoned one of the number, however tasteless she might appear to be. "I know not what may be the fashion here," replied her *Ladyship;* "but such fashions as I have witnessed to night I never wish to see again; they seem fitter for Whitechapel than the resorts of the nobility. *Figurantes,* indeed! I never saw such ragamuffins on the stage before!" "Do you mean the actors or the dancers?" "I *means* the whole kit of them. *Pirouettes* and periwigs! Capers and fiddlesticks! I think the world is gone mad to admire a man with *horns,* and publicly approve of indecency." "*Lady* HALIBUT is pleased to be satirical. Ah! my dear *Lady* HALIBUT, you forget that it is the fashion

now-a-days to approve of nothing else. Did you not remark that, my *Lady*, by the fulness of the house?" "I saw nothing but a beggarly account of empty boxes," added her *Ladyship*; "and I dare say LYDIA here will testify to the truth of what I say." "Wonderful! no persons of quality in the balcony? you must have been in the theatre too early." "I saw no balcony in the house, unless you mean a narrow gallery, where we sat like crows in the mist, unable to perceive any of the fine sights you are talking of."

"Why, where have you been, *Lady* HALIBUT?—You surely have not been stewed upin the upper gallery. Or have you been at the *Opéra Comique* instead of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, or Grand Opera?" Here the secret was out. It instantly struck *Lady* HALIBUT that her nephew had been playing his tricks with her, and she looked about for the unfaithful guide to give him a lecture on his imposition; but DICK had not awaited the developement of his comedy; he had proceeded upon another scent. Looking into the dining-room, he perceived *Sir* HUMPHREY and his party still engaged in emptying bottle after bottle. The good knight was beginning to feel himself in the sun-beams of Bacchus's brightest luminary, and BUTTON was alternately uproarious and sunk in the *Tartarus* of his own cabbage. DICK had no disposition to mingle in their orgies. He slyly affixed the following extemporary verses to the *Baronet's* back as a canzonet for those who chose to sing it, and withdrew, unperceived by the maudlin eyes of the topers.

Sir HUMPHREY's at his bottle yet,
At the Table d'Hôte you'll find him;
His darling port's before him set,
And his elbow chair's behind him.

" Soups and frogs" cried the gallant knight,
" However Mounseers admire ye;
Let me have good roast beef in sight,
And blackstrap to inspire me.

" In France I dine, but I hate her frogs,
With the soups in which they mingle, and
There's nothing so nicely my fancy jogs
As the glorious fare of England.
Blest Port! thou'rt still a Briton's pride,
A zest to all that's savoury;
With me thy votary still abide,
The pluck and pulse of bravery."

" Come fill up your glasses higher and higher,"
Cries BUTTON, the tailor, gaily;
" I'll give you a jolly knight of the shire,
Who loves to fill his belly.
A health to *Sir* HUMPHREY, and port to his mind,
Roast beef and many a dainty;"
" I thank you, friend BUTTON, you're vastly kind;
And may you have *cabbage* in plenty."

Having furnished this little morceau for the amusement of others, DICK was now meditating some entertainment for himself. It was yet too early for a youth of his spirit to retire to rest, and he had no disposition to give the sisterhood of *frowsies* more of his company than was absolutely incumbent upon him. As he was revolving in his mind to what temple of pleasure to direct his steps, his faithful valet, SAM SHARP, appeared, with a significant grin on his countenance, and presented to his master a letter, which he said had been left by a pretty girl, with instructions for its immediate delivery. Surprised at his own good luck in thus early attracting the attention of the Parisian damsels, our hero received the billet-doux with great satisfaction. It was addressed, " *A Monsieur Monsieur* WILDFIRE

DICK," and contained, in an odd mixture of French and English, the following invitation. " A young lady of fashion and quality, qui entre dans la monde, avec un agréable personne, and has the accomplishments to please ou satisfaire de gentilhommes de tate et de fortune, being n'est pas engagé à present, invites the regard of *Monsieur* WILDFIRE (ou *Monsieur Feu Volage*), having been particularly captivated by the *gentil* appearance of that elegant *sauvage, ou jeune homme folatre*. Enquire pour *Mademoiselle* LAFOND, *une jeune demoiselle*, chez *Madame* ENTRETENU, le premier étage de maison No. —, *Galerie Vitrée, Palais Royal*."

" Very well said, my modest *debutante*," exclaimed the object of *Miss* LAFOND'S solicitation; " this kind invitation comes quite *à propos*, for I am as much disengaged as yourself. If your accomplishments are such as you represent them, I think you may afford me a little bit of amusement. I like frankness in all matters, particularly in love. Off or on, at once, saves much trouble and palaver. I long to try how the French women manage their amours. Ma jeune demoiselle, I am at your service."

In this impartial history we have not professed to set before the world the picture of one of those " faultless monsters" whom some puritanical writers love to represent, but whom the world never saw in *propriâ persona;* neither shall our pages in any degree voluntarily contribute to the diffusion of vicious propensities, by recording examples of licentious conduct. Far be it from us to follow the steps of the libertine to the haunts of impurity, for the purpose of indulging in demoralizing descriptions; but truth demands that, in the delineation of REAL LIFE, frailties should not be concealed; and who will deny that youth is not immaculate? Every incident in human conduct, when traced to

its origin, and faithfully narrated, is a lesson in favour of Virtue. At present, however, it is proper we should allow a veil to cover the proceedings of our adventurer in the field of love, darkness being the robe in which the votaries of that deity delight to shroud themselves. Nevertheless, let not the reader become peevish on this account—he shall be made acquainted with all that is proper for him to know, in due time; for though transgressions may be hid for a season, their consequences will appear and rise up in punishment against the unthinking offenders.

Our hero pocketed the amorous billet, and telling SAM he should dispense with his further attendance for the night, set out alone for that emporium of pleasure, the *Palais Royal.*

SAM'S countenance showed that he had a just suspicion of the nature of the business on which his master had gone; but, far from feeling it any part of his duty to interfere in such matters, he secretly rejoiced at the liberty it gave him to make merry at his master's expense with the rest of the servants, and to pursue his own love affairs among the chambermaids and *soubrettes* of the inn.

At length this eventful day was terminated by the arrival of the hour for shutting the grand Saloon, and when the sound of "*Tems de s'aller coucher*" rings in every part of the house, *Sir* HUMPHREY and his bottle companions had been nodding to one another in a happy state of insensibility for some time. They were now carried to their respective apartments by the servants and waiters, to recover at leisure from the effects of inebriety on the pillow; and the card parties having also broken up, the tongue of scandal found repose in the lulling oblivion of sleep. The fond pairs

whom the day had separated, now met with renewed affection in the narrow but happy compass of the down or truckle bed; all were asleep but the maid that was thinking on her lover, and the gallant who was waiting with impatience for the moment when he could creep, unperceived, to the arms of his mistress. In short, every one had apparently retired to repose, and were enjoying the sweets of rest, when SAM SHARP, who had, in the course of the evening, been essaying the heart of a *jolie grisette*, as he imagined not without success, and had learnt in what part of the house her bed-room was placed, issued from his *chambre à coucher*, to explore his way to the resting-place of the fair NANETTE. The attic apartments being generally occupied by the servants, and at a distance from the more frequented parts of the buildings, the valet passed along the dark passages of the upper regions without much fear of discovery. Indeed, our second-rate *Tarquin* anticipated no obstacle to his happiness, provided he should find himself right in his geography of the house. SAM, though a *rainbow*, was naturally no coward, and bore the *livery* of bravery in his face, in consequence of his *services* at the *scratch*. Love moreover, it is known, makes all men brave; but one of the causes of SAM'S confidence upon the present occasion was unluckily a secret to himself—he was tipsy; and persons who are fuddled seldom have the clearest intellects. He counted the doors on the right and on the left, and when he thought he had reached the happy *number*, he paused to listen, in order to ascertain whether NANETTE was asleep. Cruel NANETTE! she had evidently forgotten him and all the hints he had given her of his intended visit. She was locked in another's arms, the downy arms of *Morpheus*. He heard the sounds of somnolescence—it could be no other than the dear *soubrette* pressing alone her *angel bed* (un lit d'ange). He resolved to awaken the gentle snorer—

he tapped softly at the door. The lovely slumberer remained insensible to the signal. He rapped again, and whispered the name of his charmer through the key-hole. Still he was unsuccessful in breaking the spell of sleep. Again he assailed the ears of the unconscious *fille de chambre* with "*Eveillez, ma petite dormeuse,*" and an attempt to open the door. This effort was more effectual. The snoring was discontinued, and he could distinctly hear the inmate of the apartment rise to attend his summons. SAM now gave himself up to rapturous anticipations. NANETTE was awakened to love, and about to admit him to all its pleasures. In a few minutes the door was opened, and the impatient valet rushed into what he conceived to be the arms of his fair *soubrette*. Never was mortal more confounded than was poor SAM on finding himself not encircled in the melting embrace of the lovely NANETTE, but apparently enclosed by the hug of a bear. This bristly and ferocious monster, into whose gripe the amorous Valet had precipitated himself, soon convinced SAM of his error, by grasping his throat so unmercifully that instant strangulation appeared almost inevitable. At the same time his formidable foe vociferated in his ears, in a strong German accent, "Eh, *che* t'attrape donc. Filou que tu es! au secours! au secours! bonnes *chens; ch*'ai pesoin de votre aide; voici quelqu'un qui *feut* me *foler*."* It was in vain the lover of NANETTE attempted to employ his organ of utterance in his vindication. In vain he essayed to mutter, "I am no thief or robber." The ferocious German, who had inserted his thumbs in the unfortunate Valet's *blow-pipe*, seemed in

* "Ah! have I caught you then, you scoundrel of a thief? Help! help, good people! I am in want of your assistance. Here is a fellow who wishes to rob me." The words in *italic* characters are spelled according to the German manner of pronouncing French.

no need of assistance to put a final stop to the functions of SAM'S *bellows*.

Writhing and wriggling in his powerful hold, until he obtained a little ease in his position, SAM at length found an opportunity of planting such a blow in the German's *bread-basket*, as instantly compelled him to forego his gripe and measure his length on the floor. The enraged and disappointed Valet would have willingly stopped to follow up his conquest, by inflicting a severe punishment on his fallen foe, but it was time to make a precipitate retreat. The German now roared louder than before, "Tief, murther, assassin, voleur, voleur, secours, secours, pour l'amour de Dieu." Indeed, it was now not without reason that he implored assistance, for his head, pitching with violence against the corner of a press bedstead, received a contusion which rendered it unnecessary on the part of the victor to endeavour to soften the *knowledge-box* of his enemy.

Forgetting what apprehensions might aggravate the longing condition of NANETTE, SAM now turned to make his escape; but in retreating his steps received some *marks* of attention, which convinced him the inhabitants of the neighbouring chambers were *awake* to his movements. As he passed along, a *pot de chambre* from every door saluted him with its contents, until he had run the gauntlet of at least a dozen, and was covered over with *glory* to such a degree as completely to disguise him from the knowledge of even his own master, who, entering at the time, was led to conceive the house was beset by fifty robbers and as many ravishers, from the bustle and alarm created by his Valet's love expedition. The females were shrieking rape and ravishment in all quarters, while more figures were gliding from one chamber to another than the woe-begone spectre of SAM SHARP.

Lady HALIBUT made her appearance in her chemise, eager to know the extent of *her danger*, and BUTTON, unrelieved from the bewildering effects of the wine he had imbibed, trembling with dismay, was peeping, like a satyr from his enclosure, to learn the cause of the uproar.

DICK, ignorant as he was, seemed the only one who had the power of speech. He would himself have inquired the cause of the alarm, but there was none who could give him a satisfactory answer. Judging there were no real grounds for apprehension, and that he had found an excellent opportunity of unkennelling the sly foxes that were lurking under cover, and of obtaining a glance of those timid beauties which "unadorned are adorned the most," he replied to the question of the alarmed BUTTON, that he thought the house was either on fire or in the possession of a band of robbers. "Fire! robbers!" instantly exclaimed the terrified *finisher*, bursting from his apartment into the passage, and running to and fro in a frantic condition, with no other covering than his shift and night-cap, "Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me? what shall I do to be saved from being murdered or burnt alive? O! miserable tailor that I am! what had I to do in this cursed country?" As our wicked spark anticipated, the reynards who had found lurking room in the bed chambers of the *unsuspecting soubrettes*, were obliged to abandon their hiding-places at the sound of BUTTON'S terrifying view-halloo of "fire and robbers;" and the timid hares, the grisettes, and *filles de chambres*, who had been trembling with the fears of discovery, now giving way to a more powerful impulse, came forward in all the loveliness of unsophisticated nature.

The porter's lamp, which DICK had borrowed, was now very serviceable, in giving him a view of the beauties by

whom he was surrounded. When he had satiated his eyes with the contemplation of these attractions, and changed the amorous transports of the lurchers into the chilling sensations of an ague fit, our sportive youth at length administered the consoling quietus to his auditory, by assuring them that no danger appeared to be in view; and this on closer examination being found to be the case, our hero and the company, who had been thus unseasonably disturbed, retired to their respective chambers.

Night's ebon pinions now each couch o'erspread,
And Slumber's powers their kindly influence shed;
Each wakened fair one and detected swain
In Fancy's dream by sleep was blessed again.
Nor yet has mighty Love his power resigned,
But still his empire sways each captive mind;
Before DICK'S amorous and insatiate gaze,
Beauty unveiled in witching vision plays;
While SAM resumes in sleep his loved employ,
And grasps the hand of some fair *fille de joie*
Unscared by German monster, rude and dread,
Or *pot de chambre* levelled at his head
Nymphs to their waking wishes still a prey,
In fancied ecstacies dissolve away;
While their gall'd gallants dream their miseries o'er,
Swear out their love in sleep, and *lie*, and snore.

CHAP. VI.

A Pledge redeemed—DICK'S *Adventure with the fair Inamorata*—*The Palais Royal in its Glory*—*The Adventure continued*—*A Lady of Pleasure's Saloon*—*How they manage their Love Affairs in France*—*The Sequel of the* Adventure—*Sir* HUMPHREY *in a curious Predicament, or, the pretty Female Barber* dressed *in her Turn*—*Re-appearance of Captain* O'SHUFFLETON *and Squire* JENKINS *on the Scene*—*An Appointment to Dinner*—*An Entertainment at* VERY'S—*More delicate Dishes for the Gourmands*—*Wine works Wonders*—*The Issue of the Regale*—*Street Amusements, à-la-Londres*—*Keeping St. Patrick's Day in Paris*—*An ugly Finish to a very pretty Bit of Sport*—*A Prison not quite such a pleasant Thing, after all.*

WE shall commence this chapter by fulfilling the assurance we gave the reader in the preceding one, that no adventure worthy of relation in which any of the characters who figure in this faithful history have been concerned, shall pass undetailed, either by our own impartial pen or by the authentic hand of the parties themselves.

Next morning, when repose and leisure had enabled our hero to collect his scattered thoughts, and to hold a colloquy with absent friends by means of epistolary correspondence,

he employed himself for a short time in penning the following letter.

"*To* BILL RATTLE, *Esq.*

"DEAR BILL,—I fulfil my promise of writing to you from Paris; and shall begin my hasty epistle by expressing my heartfelt joy to learn that you are now out of the reach of the *sharp-shooters*, and no longer in danger of being obliged to take shelter in *Abbot's preserve*. Here we are at last, just entering with buoyant spirits on the stream of pleasure. My bark already drives gaily; will give you a specimen. The ladies here who are partial to the company of the gentlemen (and what lady is not in her heart?) have a very obliging way of informing strangers where they (the *dear* creatures) are to be found, and when they are at leisure to see company. They are enabled to make these *useful communications* by a very agreeable species of *espionage* carried on between the waiters of the hotels, and the residences of the fair incognitas. Almost every gentleman therefore who arrives in Paris, and appears to have money to spend, soon receives an invitation from one or other of the Paphian goddesses. It was my lot not to be forgotten in the practice of this custom, which so conveniently abridges ceremony, and sometimes supplies a very necessary piece of information. Every one has heard of the famous Palais Royal. It is the centre of luxury, and the empire of pleasure. In consequence of an invitation from one of the goddesses of this fascinating place, I repaired at a *fashionable hour* to the emporium of delight. This was my first visit to the most frequented of all resorts, the enclosure of luxuries, the meeting point of rogues and swindlers, the abode of festivity and licentiousness. It was the high change of dissipation when I entered on this scene of gaiety, that is, it was about the time when it is said the night is at odds with morning. The light of day seemed

superfluous in this region of artificial splendour. Indeed, the brilliancy and allurements of this palace of pleasure both astonished and delighted me. The well lighted piazzas and arcades were still thronged with crowds of perambulators, and the number of fine women strolling about in long rows, with their bosoms uncovered, drawing their thin dress lightly round them, that nothing of their shape might be lost, trained to excite the passions, to 'troll the tongue and roll the eye,' was truly astonishing. Lucky it was for me, perhaps, that I had an engagement upon my hands with a beauty whose charms I had not seen, otherwise there is no saying upon what sort of chase I might have entered, for all sorts of *game* is very abundant in the *Palais Royal*. You, my dear fellow, who have never been on this side of the water, can have no idea of the nature of this place, or of the resolution necessary to resist temptation where every door solicits you to enter with a promise of advantage or enjoyment. Yet this is the very spot suitable for a *certain* class of persons. Here the libertine and debauchée may run the whole course of their career in a very short time. On the first floor, a tavern affords the means of raising the spirits to any requisite pitch. On the second, are gaming rooms where an adventurer may readily get eased of his money. He needs only ascend another flight to a pawnbroker's, where the spendthrift may replenish his purse by leaving valuable pledges; or, if other passions prompt him, as he listens to the song of the syrens in the *entresols*, he may take up his abode at the top with an impure, or penetrate into the saloon of some more fortunate trader in love, where health and fortune are not more secure. Leaving these with *pockets to let*, and many a curse on his own folly, he may descend to the shop on the ground floor, where daggers and pistols are very conveniently sold at reduced prices. Here the 'good easy man' may put an end to all his troubles, by blowing out his

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Dick Wildfire & Squire Jenkins seeing "Real Life" in the Galleries of the Palais Royal.

brains, without further ceremony, after enjoying all the pleasures of Life under one roof. But to the story of my fair inviter.

"With some difficulty, arising from my inexperience, and not from any want of notoriety on the part of the lady who keeps the establishment, I at length discovered the abode of my *jeune demoiselle*. The first person to whom I was introduced was the worthy *Madame* ENTRETENU, a personage whom we would denominate in England the "Mother of the maids." She was evidently a practised beldame; but had all the art and address of her country to cover the inequity of her profession. She really had the impudence to assume airs of quality and innocence, until she found I was too well *up to her slum* to swallow the cant of hypocrisy like a greenhorn. Finding I came to claim acquaintance with *Miss* LAFOND, and that too much ceremony might be unprofitable, she threw open the saloon door and desired me to enter, saying, '*Entre, Monsieur Feu Volage; voila ma debutante*, pointing to *Mademoiselle* LAFOND, who was sitting in the midst of a company of males and females, that were sipping coffee, and endeavouring to be witty and graceful, apparently with as much propriety of demeanour in this Parisian brothel, as some of the assemblies in the fashionable world manifest, who have the character of being better regulated. The *ladies* were all of the most *captivating* order, and well displayed for the purpose of the occasion; but *Miss* LAFOND was evidently the attraction of the evening. She was really a pretty girl,—French every inch; but so lively and charming in her *naiveté*, which did not seem assumed, that there was no resisting her fascination. Your teeth would have watered at the sight of her. Still more would you have envied me the triumph I enjoyed when she hailed me with her most inviting smile

and the appellation of her *elegant savage*. I was soon discovered to be *Miss* LAFOND'S *fancy man*, and, as such, had the hate and envy of the *petit-maîtres*, who were calculating the extent of their purses for this marketable commodity.

" The French have certainly gone very far in destroying the distinctions between vice and virtue *in appearance*. No one, who was not previously aware of the character of the establishment into which I had thus penetrated, could have imagined, at first sight, that the society consisted of a sisterhood of courtezans, whose favours were offered for money, and their followers, a set of thoughtless rakes, like myself, or sharpers and swindlers, probably pursuing a like precarious occupation.

" One of these gay *Lotharios*, who had been paying his devoirs to my *demoiselle*, and was seated beside her when I entered, seeing the superior favour with which I was received by the *debutante* and the lady of the mansion, got up with apparent dissatisfaction, and took himself off with a fling, darting at me, as he withdrew, a look that was no doubt intended to be very *heroic*. He seemed like a person who was losing his mistress, and had a right to grumble; so I allowed him the privilege of looking as much displeased as he chose, especially as he was prudent enough to conceal his disappointment by a speedy retreat. I thought nothing of him, and had I been disposed to be ruffled, the gaiety of my French companion would have soon banished all serious reflections from my mind.

" A dance gave a new feature of sprightliness to our *conversazione*. You have witnessed some specimens of waltzing at the *fashionable resorts* in the *West*, (*Lady* DIE'S

and *Mother* ——'s, for instance;) but, by all that ever met the eye of an admirer of *sportive agility*, you never, my dear BILL, beheld any thing to equal the captivating movements of my light-heeled enslaver, and her equally light-hearted companions. From their accomplishments in this way I judged that they had some time or other figured on the stage of the opera, and this opinion was afterwards confirmed by my *debutante* herself, who confessed that from an intimation having been given that their *pirouettes* and *leg-al displays* would in future be dispensed with on the boards of the theatre, they had been obliged to adopt a more *illegal* way of obtaining a livelihood; and this was what my pretty *debutante* very properly denominated, 'entering on the world.'

"'But the finish,' you cry, 'of this very *modest* adventure.' Aye, 'there lies the *rub*.' That very modesty, which even rakes respect, will not permit me to say more than that I purchased repentance, for an hour's folly, at the price of every guinea I had in my pocket, and the risk of my life on my return from this seminary of female mercenaries. (Memorandum here, in respect to bargains in love. All pecuniary matters are arranged with the *Lady Abbess*, who carefully gives you to know that she pays a large sum to government for her licence, and that she has consequently the special protection of the 'powers that be' for her calling and her *protégés*. The *debutantes* themselves are, therefore, the most *innocent creatures* alive; at least they affect to be so, but the extortion is not the less.)

"As I was about to issue from the precincts of the *Palais Royal*, the spark whom I had displaced from the side of *Ma'amselle* LAFOND, started forth from the corner of one of the arcades, and informed me that he had been very

patiently waiting my appearance, and that I must give him satisfaction for daring to make pretensions to a lady whom he had under his protection. I, of course, laughed at this address. I asked him whether he was the bully of the brothel, and whether his satisfaction was to consist of money, or a more honourable compensation for the loss of a favour which was sold to any one who could pay for it. This incensed the turned-off gallant still more. I must needs fight him instantly. He was armed, but I had no sword. He had been aware of this, and provided for my wants. He drew forth a pair of rapiers from under a cloak, and presented me with one of them. We adjourned to a lamp at a short distance, and under this friendly light we seriously entered on a match at sword-play. After parrying a few thrusts, I administered a slight bleeding to my rash opponent, who, finding this was the only sort of satisfaction he was likely to get, dropped his sword, and very coolly inquired how much money I had paid to the old beldame for *Miss* LAFOND'S company. I referred him for this information to the witch herself, and restoring him his rapier, advised him to give up the romantic enterprise he seemed to have undertaken, of fighting every one whom *Miss* LAFOND might invite to her residence, for, assuredly, if this was his intention, he might come to find it a Herculean task to get over so many opponents.

"Leaving this chapfallen guardian of chastity, with a *sympathizing* resolution of giving him no further uneasiness on the score of his innocent lamb, I found my way back to MEURICE'S, just in time to witness a scene which I shall describe to you some day when we meet. Meantime, I am, dear RATTLE,

"Your's always,

"RICHARD WILDFIRE."

Whilst DICK was engaged in this epistle, the company at the inn had shaken off the fetters of sleep, and awakened to the bustle of a new day. *Lady* HALIBUT had been stirring about like an active housewife, impatient for the breakfast long before the coffee was ready, and even *Sir* HUMPHREY had been induced, by repeated admonitions from his rib, to quit the couch, and enter on the laborious business of dressing for an appearance in public.

We have already observed, that females frequently perform the office of barbers and hair-dressers to gentlemen in Paris. This is a custom full of pleasure and convenience, for what can be more agreeable than to be arrayed by the hand of a pretty woman? Those who are alive to the charms and the thrilling touch of beauty will allow none others than these pretty shavers to lay hands upon their chin, or to adjust their wig. *Sir* HUMPHREY had no notion of this luxury, and was most agreeably surprised when, on requesting to have the assistance of Barbarossa, a smart damsel bounced into his bed-chamber, and produced the apparatus for giving

> The sweetest polish to the chin,
> That e'er without the thoughts of sin,
> To patient chops on earth was given,
> Enamoured of such soothing heaven.

Sir HUMPHREY was flesh and blood; he could not help staring at the pretty shaver as she proceeded to give him a touch of her art. The profession of dressing, of course, induces these captivating friseurs to exhibit in their own persons considerable neatness and elegance. The beauty, who presented herself on the present occasion, was extremely engaging in her appearance. She was, in fact, such a pretty mischief-making instrument as Satan sometimes employs to

create dissention between man and wife. *Sir* HUMPHREY was not without some fears and trepidations lest the pure mind of his unsuspecting partner should be shocked by the sight of the female *tonseur*, but he could not muster resolution sufficient to deny himself the enjoyment of being trimmed by the little smiling chattering *barbiere*. He put himself in a posture of the most patient submission, and, as he could not speak a word of French, announced by signs that he was ready to receive the attack of the fair minister of Cupid and the graces.

She accordingly commenced her gentle task by disposing of the knight's sapient *tete* in a manner most suitable for the operation. As her person came in contact with the baronet's knee, and she laid her hand upon his chin, *Sir* HUMPHREY felt and looked like a man bewitched; never was barber's hand so soft—never was so much beauty within the compass of his arms. He surveyed the captivating shaver with ineffable delight. It was happiness to be the object of so much care—it was rapture to be taken by the nose, and smoothed and soothed, and turned about by one of the most tempting creatures in the world. He vowed that he had experienced the delicate touch of the most accomplished friseur that the city of London could boast,—he had sat with

pleasure under the decorative hands of MONEY and HIPPOLITE, of Fleet-Street; but not even the truly Parisian touch of these celebrated *artists*, or any of their rivals, could surpass the art manifested by the pretty *peruquiere* who now operated upon him.

The conveniences of the place, too, for an amorous declaration ran greatly in *Sir* HUMPHREY'S mind, as he looked around and contemplated the privacy of the chamber and the charms of the obedient polisher of chins and whiskers. He began to be very uneasy even under the gentlest of all touches.* Mademoiselle's tweezer was instantly arrested — she hoped that *Mi Lor Anglois* felt perfectly comfortable, *sans peine*, and did not require *aisement*. *Sir* HUMPHREY thought differently. She resumed her labour with the expression of another hope that she did not hurt him, and that *Mi Lor* would freely tell her if she was not giving him satisfaction. At length she made a full stop, and looking him in the face, exclaimed, "*Voila, Mi Lor*, you be de ver pattern of de nobil gentilhomme, *parfait debonnaire*;—can I do any thing more for you?" added she, with great *naïveté*. "Yes, Madam, you can if you please," cried the knight in an ecstasy, starting from his seat, and cleaning his chin, "I will give you five guineas—"

* The situation of *Sir* HUMPHREY on this occasion reminds me of the predicament of a certain northern magistrate, who was similarly circumstanced with a female barber in the Cowgate of Edinburgh. He endured the pleasing torture of the mistress of hairs for some time. At length he put her aside with his hand, saying, "Gae awa, woman, gae awa, ye *confeese* me," and very resolutely walked out of the shop with his beard only half cropped.

At that instant *Lady* HALIBUT burst into the room like a "beautiful embodied storm;" her countenance was enflamed with rage; she had evidently been listening at the door, and caught the Baronet's last words. She was certain there was some wicked purpose in view. What was that young woman wanting in a gentleman's apartment at this hour of the day? What had her husband to do with such French trollops in his bed-room? *Sir* HUMPHREY, covered with confusion, and trembling for the safety of the pretty shaver, assured his enraged rib that the young woman was only a harmless hair-dresser that had been sent to him, and appealed to her shaving utensils and the smoothness of his own chin for the truth of his assertions. *Lady* HALIBUT treated all this as mere artifice and pretence for effecting another purpose. She called the pretty friseur a cunning French slut, and desired her to take herself off without loss of time, or she herself would *bundle* her down stairs, and send her *rattle-traps* rather rudely after her. There was no disputing this command from authority. *Sir* HUMPHREY'S charmer saw how the storm raged, and packing up her instruments of business, made her retreat as gracefully as she could, while the tongue of *Lady* HALIBUT gave vent to her jealousy and anger in a torrent of abuse on the faithlessness of the knight and the depravity of French manners.

A vulgar tempest 'twere to a Typhoon
To match a common fury with her rage—
She was not one of those who, in faint tune,
Murmur their griefs like bird in thraldom's cage,—
She had a tongue, and all beneath the moon
Would not convince her (Heaven such wrath assuage!)
That tongues were not expressly given to rail—
Made to denounce the follies of the frail.

A storm it raged—but not like passing blast
That spends its anger and is heard no more;
Words are but wind, but when hard words will last
I'd rather be upon a desert shore;
And so *Sir* HUMPHREY wish'd, with look aghast,
Wondering when this dread tempest should be o'er,
Or when this Gonneril of old "kill, kill," Lear's,
Would strive to show her softer sex in tears.

He waited long for the soft sentiment
Moistening the crimson of his lady's cheek;
What sometimes flows through breasts by passion rent,
Like water through an unexpected leak;
He looked in vain for any such event.—
'Tis true that *Lady* HALIBUT was weak,
But now she knew she had a cause most strong,
As all wives have who think they suffer wrong.

'Twas "plague and shame on all such sinful doings,
And on all shaving trulls that flounce in lace;
If she comes here again I'll match her sewings,
And likewise try to spoil her painted face;
Let men who needs must have their sports and wooings,
Look to their wives and proper time and place,—
For he has very little need to roam
Who always finds enough to do at home.

DICK had just finished his epistle to the Levanter when this squall began. It was some time before he could discover the cause. Issuing forth to see if any thing serious had happened, he caught a glance of the pretty shaver making her escape from the fury of *Lady* HALIBUT, who bestowed upon her all the epithets of opprobrium which her ample catalogue of terms of reproach could supply. DICK could then perceive how the land lay, and burst into a hearty laugh at the imputed *liveliness* of the Knight, and the outrageous jealousy of his Lady. He commended, in his heart, the Baronet's taste, and only regretted that he

himself had not been so fortunate as to have enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* with so pretty a dispenser of the graces.

At this moment *Captain* O'Shuffleton made his appearance, and after he and our mirth-loving spark had amused themselves sufficiently with the amorous propensity of the detected knight, and the purgatory in which this unfortunate *exposé* had placed him, the *Captain* produced the watch of which his friend had been robbed on the preceding day in the Garden of the Tuilleries. The *Captain's* information had set the police on the search for the depredator: "Talk of your *knowing ones* as you please," said O'Shuffleton, "but by all the powers of intelligence there are none so *knowing* as the French police. They are the boys for ferreting out a thief or a ruffian. I never saw fellows have a better scent after their game, except it may be the noses of the Kilkenny Excisemen, when they catch the smell of a whiskey-smuggler." The *Captain* was right; for scarcely any thing can happen in Paris without being instantly known to the police. If a person moves from one house to another, this all-intelligent body are made acquainted with it in less than twenty-four hours. It is a power which has more eyes than Argus, and more hands than Briarius to put its intentions into execution. An agent of this *deeply*-organized system laid his hands, without much difficulty, on the purloiner of the watch, as he was regaling himself in one of the wine-houses, which gentlemen of his fraternity are accustomed to frequent. He was felicitating himself on the value of the prize which he had obtained. He was aware he had *boned* it from an Englishman, and therefore calculated the more confidently on his safety, conceiving the *Anglois* was not *up* to the mode of recovering these things in France. Cunning as roguery is, it however often deceives itself, and this drawer of pockets speedily found

he had been hugging himself in a vain delusion. He was instantly conveyed to prison, and the watch delivered to the applicant against him. Our hero was well pleased to be thus put once more in possession of his gold repeater, and tendered his thanks to the *Captain* for the trouble he had taken in this affair. The honest Hibernian wished to know if DICK was disposed to take any further steps against the thief? "It is enough for me," replied the other, "that I *slogger the onions* and the *ticker* once more, as the rascals say,—let the poor devil lie in quietness in his dungeon. I suppose he will have difficulty enough to get out of that place, although no one whatever appears against him."

These words were scarcely uttered when *Mr.* JENKINS, was announced, and in bounced the *Squire* booted and spurred, and galligaskined as if for Newmarket. "Ah, my jolly boy," cried he, slapping the hand of DICK with his hard *daddle*, "have I found you? how are you? and how is LYDIA? and how is the old Cock and his torment?" DICK and the *Captain* smiled at this *happy hit* of JENKINS, and well would the *Squire* have also chuckled and gloried had he been aware how appropriately he had characterized the present situation of the ancient pair; but it was unnecessary to answer his string of questions, for he went on with his usual rapidity, and disregard of forms and ceremonies. "I hope you are now ready for a caper on horseback. I have picked up a *prad* for you, for I suppose you have not had time to do it yourself. A tolerable bit of blood, I assure you. Examined him myself, sure and sound, and no *musician*, though they are all fiddlers here. Besides, he is a bargain, belonged to one of the *done-up fraternity*, went for a rattle of the dice, dog cheap at *fifty*. Depend on it, my dear fellow, he will be no disgrace to you, so let us settle a ride before dinner. Remember you dine with

me to day at VERY'S—no denial. I excused you yesterday on account of the ladies,—that plea won't hold any longer. Come, no *sham Abrahams* among old acquaintance. What say you, Sir, (to the *Captain,)* will you join us? I think I have had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"*Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, *Mr.* JENKINS," said DICK, introducing the *Captain* to the knowledge of the *Squire*. "I hope you will pardon this delay in a necessary ceremony, which was only prevented by your own harangue, for the sooner that good fellows know each other the better."

"O, curse ceremony," retorted JENKINS, "you know I hate it,—it is all a cheat, and I dislike it the more because we are in a land of cheats and ceremonies. *Captain,* your hand, I am your friend, because you are not a Frenchman. But is the dinner settled? *Captain,* I hope you have no other engagement." The officer acknowledged he had not; and DICK, finding there was no being off, professed his readiness to be of the party. This gave the *Squire* evident satisfaction, and VERY'S, in the *Palais Royal,* was fixed upon as the scene of the entertainment.

The fondness of JENKINS for his equestrian exercise was again bursting forth in the renewal of the subject of the ride and the nag, when his expectation of an immediate caper on his high horse along with our spark in the *Champs d'Elysée* received a check, by the arrival of a message from LYDIA to DICK. That beautiful young lady had learnt something of the fashionable discord now unhappily prevailing between the worthy pair to whom she owed her birth, and now sought some means of allaying the ill-humour into which *Lady* HALIBUT had been thrown by her suspicions of *Sir* HUMPHREY'S infidelity. It occurred to her that the

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Dick Jenkins, The Captain, Lady Halibut & Sydia, enjoying a Lounge in the Italian Boulevard.

best way to dissipate her Ladyship's chagrin would be to take her abroad, and amuse her with some of the sights of Paris. LYDIA, therefore, wished to know whether her cousin could honour them with his company for this purpose, and whether he was disposed to visit any of the public places of pastime, or had other engagements on hand?

. DICK'S attachment to his fair cousin was not grafted merely on the tie of consanguinity. It was of the strongest as well as of the tenderest kind, and had both beauty and merit to sanction it. The slightest wish of LYDIA was, therefore, ever most readily complied with by our youth; although, like most youths of spirit and fortune, he was prone to aberrate where the heart had little concern. He instantly replied that he was ready to attend the ladies to any place they wished to see, and that he had no doubt *Squire* JENKINS and *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON would do his aunt the honour of being of the party.

LYDIA'S wish, and this gallant reply, he imparted to the gentlemen thus mentioned. The *Captain,* who was a *Lady's man,* and knew that LYDIA was a *prize,* warmly expressed the pleasure he should feel in being permitted to act as a *cicisbeo* on this occasion; but the *Squire* thought of his horses, and put on a most rueful grin in finding himself committed to attend upon and to bear the gossip of women for an hour or two. Let no man, however, grin before his time of putting on the collar. The *Squire's* hour of affliction was not yet arrived, but the moment was fast approaching when he should have ampler ground for dissatisfaction.

DICK'S reply to LYDIA'S message had the proper effect. That young lady lost no time in communicating to her mother her cousin's desire to be favoured with the honour

of her company to a walk in the Boulevards, along with *Squire* JENKINS and *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, and she thought that the sooner they set out upon their excursion of pleasure the better, for there was so much to see, and she understood the Boulevards went so round and round that it would take them a long time before they saw all the shows and all the company who are to be seen there on a fine day.

Lady HALIBUT knew she had no great degree of pleasure to expect at home; she had taken care to make that too hot even for herself. Under these circumstances it was not, of course, very difficult for LYDIA, who knew the way to flatter her, to induce the displeased lady to seek for contentment abroad. Her Ladyship's countenance lost a good deal of its angry appearance on finding the gentlemen so polite. She agreed to LYDIA'S proposal of going to see something of the world, although the specimen she had lately witnessed of French manners was one of the sights she did not wish again to encounter.

In the mean time, the disappointed and disgraced *Sir* HUMPHREY, happy to get out of the reach of his wife's reproachful tongue, and determined to make amends to one appetite for the disappointment of another, had proceeded to examine the cook's larder, from whence he had selected a comfortable luncheon; and, with his friend BUTTON, who was as lank as a weasel, and much disposed to make up for the last night's variegated troubles, the Knight sat down to fill his paunch in the good old fashion of his country.

When the ladies had arrayed themselves for an appearance in public, they descended to meet the gentlemen, when DICK introduced to them the *Captain* and the *Squire*.

The gallantry and discernment of the Hibernian were soon displayed in attaching himself to the young lady, who found herself placed between DICK (who wished to have an eye over the *Captain* in this instance) and O'SHUFFLETON, to whom this seemed a *golden* opportunity for laying the foundation of an acquaintance which he thought might be improved to some advantage. The *Squire*—alas for the unfortunate *Squire!* his lot was exactly what he hated and dreaded; he was *saddled* with the care of *Lady* HALIBUT, an *important* charge, and worthy of a *Squire's* protection. To be announced to her *Ladyship* under the title of wealth was enough to procure her immediate good opinion and regard. She, therefore, clung to JENKINS as her *Squire*, and it could be instantly perceived that she would not for slight reasons give up her hold of the "country gentleman." JENKINS saw the troubles prepared for him, in having to escort a dowager of this stamp, and wished he could immediately ride off a dozen miles from her; "a horse, a horse, a kingdom for a horse," to escape from such a torment; but good manners prevented him from showing to the lady the dislike he had to the honour of her company. He thought on *Sir* HUMPHREY, and was persuaded that he must be the most miserable of men to be tied for life to a woman whom *he* was certain he could not bear for an hour. Yet was not *Sir* HUMPHREY in this pitiable situation; he took the "good the gods provided for him," and rubbed on with his Xantippe the best way he could, as many others have wisely done in similar situations. JENKINS, thanking Heaven *he* was not married to her, and hoping soon to get rid of his burden, made a virtue of necessity; and the party having arranged to proceed to the Italian Boulevards, he very gallantly gave his arm to her Ladyship, and they took their way, through the Place de Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix, to the gayest of the walks in the vicinity of Paris.

The view of this superb square had an elevating effect on the spirits of *Lady* HALIBUT. She fancied, as she looked on the splendid edifices that compose it, she was once more roving amidst the haunts of fashion and grandeur at the West End of the British Metropolis. The triumphal column of bronze, which decorates this part of Paris, is an object of great curiosity and beauty. The *Squire* observed, that they did not want *brass* who erected it, for, " like a tall bully," it lifts its head and tells some rhodomontading stories; these relate to the campaigns of the French army in Germany. This column, sacred to the vanity of the French soldiery, but which has not been allowed to preserve its original intention, is formed from the melting of the cannon taken at the battle of Austerlitz.

Passing this pride of the Parisians into the fine street of the *Rue de la Paix*, our party found themselves in a few minutes more in the midst of the gay crowds, the amusements, and under the shade of the *Boulevard des Italiens*, the most favourite resort of loungers of both sexes, and of mountebanks and shows of all kinds.*

* The city of Paris is entirely surrounded, except where the water enters and leaves it, by a broad road, with two side walks, planted with trees, and by a wall about ten feet high, which is 12,000 toises in length. The French post league is 2000 toises, so that the circumference of Paris, without the walls and the barriers, is six leagues, or about fifteen English miles. These circular roads, which pass like belts round the city, are called Boulevards. The one section is on the outside of the walls, and the other is in the interior. The denomination of exterior Boulevard distinguishes those Boulevards to the north and south from the interior, or old Boulevards, which extend from the bridge of the *Jardin du Roi*, almost to that of Louis XVI. The Boulevards of Paris may, therefore, be distinguished into three parts; the Boulevard to the north, which is the newest of them all, and is outside the barriers; the Boule-

Nothing can be more entertaining than a walk on a fine day along the Boulevards of Paris. New objects are constantly striking the eye of the stranger who traverses them. They are often very pleasantly shaded with trees and bordered with very elegant houses. The number of shops and stalls on both sides make the scene resemble a perpetual fair. What inviting attractions are displayed in the shops! where many imaginary as well as real wants can be supplied. What amusement in the vast variety of print and booksellers' stalls! How delicious and enticing the *cafés*, with their coffee, liquors, and ices! Here the gastronomic finds excellent *restaurateurs*, and cold or hot breakfasts, composed of every delicacy, at all hours of the day. Here the loungers of both sexes throw themselves carelessly on several chairs, and rest or regale themselves as they

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vard on the south of the river, but within the walls; and the old Boulevard, which may now be considered to be in the interior of the town.

The old Boulevards describe the ancient boundaries of Paris to the north, and where they were its defence and ramparts for many centuries. Boulevard means a bulwark, a rampart; though another *unde derivatur* has been given to the appellation: for, as these banks or Boulevards were originally covered with turfs, people used to go on them to play at bowls; and hence, says the legend, arises the name Boulevard, from "bouler sur le verd," to bowl on the green; and the modern Boulevards have been so called, because they are planted with trees like the old ones. When Louis XIV. had made so many conquests to the north of France, and the genius of Vauban had formed a triple line of fortresses for the defence of the capital, the ramparts of Paris became useless. They were destroyed, and a broad paved road was formed in the centre for carriages, and side walks for persons on foot. The street called *Rue Basse du Rempart*, below the Boulevards, on the north side, still indicates what it once was. The length of these Boulevards, from one extremity to the other, is 3500 toises.

please. Around, every sort of amusement solicits attention; while, ever and anon, on the main road, between the scenes of pleasure, a most motley display of carriages and cavalry is seen passing.

Higgling, jiggling,
Higgledy, piggledy,
Galloping galloways,
Rat-tailed dreary rips!

These were the objects that engaged the attention of *Squire* JENKINS much more than the remarks, and those were many and *new* of their kind, which were made by his wonder-struck charge, at all the strange things and oddities that now burst on her astonished view. LYDIA was no less surprised and delighted with the novelties which at every step presented themselves to her notice, and with the view of the gay and fashionable groups of promenaders whom they met in their walk.

In an appropriate situation the party sat down to rest, and to enjoy the prospect of happy faces around them. Day and night are the same to the Parisians. These walks are as much the scene of promenading and amusement in the evening as during the day, being generally well illuminated, and the inhabitants of Paris living chiefly out of doors, any thing being deemed preferable to "sitting squat at home like Pagod in a niche." There the party could behold a merry andrew, or mountebank performing his tricks to his admiring auditory, like "Katerfelto, with his hair on end at his own wonders, wondering for his bread." This candidate for attention was not unsuccessfully rivalled by two female ballad singers, who were splitting the ears of the groundlings by their united shrill pipes crying their

wares. Here a fellow was selling English pears, which he styled Englishmen, announcing the sale in these words: "*Trois Anglois pour un sous,*" and "*a un liard l'Anglois,*" (three Englishmen for a penny, and one Englishman for a farthing). Here a *Marchand d'eau sucrée* was vending his

inoffensive beverage to his customers; and there a soldier, in the uniform of the guards, was hanging enamoured over a fair *Limonadiere,* suggesting the following appropriate comparison:

The lover's state's like lemonade,
Sweet and sour are both inlaid;
If his mistress do but smile,
A heaven of sweets is in his heart;
If her brows but frown awhile,
A hell of bitters they impart.
Love in his heart doth either pour
Or every sweet or every sour.

Nothing pleased *Lady* HALIBUT so much as the dancing-dogs, which she saw quadrilling in many quarters as they passed along; but her Ladyship was quite unconscious that

she and her cavalier the *Squire* were themselves regarded by the staring populace as among the strangest and most curious sights of the fair.

Having satisfied themselves with this part of the Boulevards, but not with the pantomimes and puppet-shows, which assemble and are seen to greatest perfection in the *Boulevard du Temple*, *Lady* HALIBUT and her daughter urged the party to stray on to that resort of the bulk of the common people; the dancing-dogs were so pretty, and rope-vaulting so delightful an amusement. Besides, her *Ladyship* very prudently considered that she saw all these things for nothing, or just as many *sous* as she chose to give; and this was what she called joining pleasure with economy.

All the various scenes of amusement that man can devise, or fancy display, assail the senses in this diversified spot, and the crowds that throng it are immense, especially on a Sunday evening, when it resembles a complete fair. There is a character of simplicity and harmlessness in these scenes of festivity, which is very agreeable. They afford entertaining specimens of LIFE IN PARIS, and of the temper and character of the French people.

As our party approached, flower-girls, musicians, tumblers, men with white mice, and venders of liqueurs of all kinds, fruits, and sweetmeats, pressed around them, eager to attract attention by their wares and exertions to amuse. Groups of this kind alternately succeeded one another, and appeared grateful for the few *sous* bestowed upon them.

As they advanced the scene became still more lively, the

features of which might be described in the usual Babel-like catalogue:

Showmen bawling, tumblers sprawling,
Trumpets blowing, swings going,
Booths and stalls, cups and balls,
Rope-dancing, ponies prancing,
Slack wire, eating fire,
Lose and winning, monkeys grinning,
Dancing dogs, wooden-clogs,
Learned pigs, rum rigs,
White mice, cards and dice,
Tumble in, just begin,
Funning clowns, ups and downs,
In and out, round about,
"What a throng!" "walk along,"
Mountebanks playing pranks,
Fiddlers scraping, boobies gaping,
Players ranting, nought a wanting
To fill up this comical scene O!

Nothing would satisfy *Lady* HALIBUT here but entering one of the booths to see a dance of puppies, it was said, habited *à-l'Anglaise*. The patience of JENKINS was fast wearing out under the torture of her Ladyship's whims, and he was just thinking how he should contrive to shorten rather than to prolong the little pleasure he thus had in her company, when an odd circumstance appropriately afforded the longed-for relief.

A sudden hubbub seemed to have arisen in the neighbourhood of one of the shows, which threatened further disturbance, as two combatants, armed with staves, were seen issuing from the crowd who surrounded them, laying about them most lustily with their weapons, as if for self-preservation. The ladies screamed, and knew not where to fly for

shelter. JENKINS, in this extremity, acted the part of a firm champion to his affrighted charge; and the *Captain* and DICK exerted themselves to protect LYDIA with success. But what was the astonishment of the party when, on a nearer approach, they discovered the formidable combatants to be no other than *Sir* HUMPHREY HALIBUT and his Squire, BUTTON the tailor, marching in style of military defiance amongst their assailants, like *Hudibras* and *Ralpho*, at the combat of the Bear and Fiddle. *Sir* HUMPHREY was loudly pronouncing all the Mounseers to be rogues and swindlers, and the irritated friends were making their way, with wrath and disappointment depicted in their countenances, as fast as they could from the scene of bustle and imposition. The Baronet, whilst he wielded his stick round his head, took care to proclaim his quality at the same time, by exclaiming, "Ye scoundrels, would you insult and cheat an English nobleman! don't you know that I am an M.P. a knight of the shire, and quorum to boot! Stand off, ye varlets, or I'll crack your French crowns for you." BUTTON seconded this address by assuring the multitude, who understood not one word of what he or the Baronet said, that a renewal of the war between the nations must follow this insulting and grinning at two English gentlemen. But, notwithstanding this display of valour, and BUTTON'S solemn assurances, it might have fared very ill with the besieged couple had not their friends recognised them and stepped forward to their relief. A little money, well applied amongst the discontented of the mob, soon restored tranquillity, and "*Vive Jean Bull*" drowned every hostile cry against the temerity of the enraged Baronet.

But how shall we describe the meeting between *Sir* HUMPHREY, his faithful wife, and affectionate daughter, under such menacing circumstances? *Lady* HALIBUT had

forgotten the fair barber, and now rushed into the arms of her spouse with all the tenderness of a Penelope for her miraculously preserved Ulysses. The Knight threw down his stick to receive her, and exclaimed, "My dear wife, you here too! to succour and support me in the midst of my enemies! The Lord be praised! I am still alive! BUTTON here can tell how we have been obliged to fight our way through triple ranks of imposing Frenchmen; but I think we have done for some of the Mounseers' sculls, have we not, BUTTON?" The tailor did not need this encouragement to begin a vapouring story. Suffice it, we briefly state, that the Knight and his companion, after their luncheon, feeling disposed to walk abroad, had, like many others, strayed into that part of the Boulevards where they were found. Entering a place of amusement, their ignorance of the French language and the coins had brought on a dilemma; for, in tendering the money to pay, the Knight had presented a handful of silver, from which the charging party was to take the proper price; but the cupidity of the latter being unable to resist this opportunity of an overcharge, he took a sum which even our strangers guessed to be a gross imposition, and *Sir* HUMPHREY could not refrain from pronouncing the party thus imposing upon him a swindler and a robber. He demanded the restitution of the overcharge, but that was refused, and hence the uproar and disturbance we have above narrated.

This result to their amusement induced *Lady* HALIBUT to change her mind in regard to the dancing-dogs habited *à-l'Anglaise*. The puppies might now dance in any habit they chose; she and her husband had now seen enough of such sights. *Squire* JENKINS gladly surrendered the guardianship of the fair to her lawful spouse, and tipped DICK the wink to fall in with the humour of the reconciled

pair to go home. DICK understood the hint, and, as the Baronet and his rib vowed to part no more, he advised them to return to the inn to avoid mischances. Having once more found the protection of *Mr.* MEURICE'S walls, and LYDIA satisfied she had accomplished, with the assistance of circumstances, her object of making peace between two persons so dear to her, resolved to keep them company for the present, DICK, the *Squire*, and the *Captain*, were now left at perfect liberty to pursue the bent of their minds.

As time admitted, they accordingly resolved on having a ride before dinner in the *Champs d'Elysée*, the *Squire* being of opinion that it would operate as an excellent *whetter* on their appetite, and thereby give them a relish for the good fare they were to enjoy. JENKINS'S choice of a steed for our hero pleased DICK very well, and the *Captain* having hired a Rosinante, the *Squire* and the party mounted their respective nags, and set out for the course.

On their arrival at the scene of equestrian display, they found it crowded with cavaliers, all apparently on excellent terms with themselves, though the majority were not precisely of that class, which would have formed the "life, grace, and ornament" of a tournament in the days of ancient chivalry. *Squire* JENKINS, however limited might be his other talents, was no novice in the article of horse-flesh; on the contrary, he was a critic of the first water, and his connoisseurship was deferred to by all those of his acquaintance who were *down* to the sum of his merits. Indeed, his knowingness on this head was of the most genuine description; he was awake to all the rhetoric of *chaffing*, and the various manœuvres of dealers; "he regarded not the voice of the *chaunter*, though he *chaunted* never so wisely; he found

the knowing *Squire* insensible to his tune as the deaf adder. He could distinguish a *musician* at sight, and knew by the first *boxing of his trotters* when a *roarer* had been *fluffed* for the purpose of sale. To make a *plant* upon him was altogether out of the question, there was not a single *spot of green* about him to fix it upon.

Gifted with such superior qualifications, it will readily be believed that JENKINS found in the exhibition before him an admirable opportunity of displaying them for the amusement of his companions. "These Mounseers," he exclaimed, "are very fond of showing off, and are no great shakes after all. Look at their spring stirrups, and their legs stretched out as if they were on the rack, or being shampooed, as my poor friend JEM NORTH was in India. A pretty start to be sure! this comes of their puppyism and fancy of riding like soldiers. How I should like to set two or three ha-has and five-barred gates in their way. I'll pound it, if the horses went over it all, it must be without their riders, and I would be loth to answer for their prads. Only look at them; that showy half-bit of blood has the *spring-halt;* the officer with the mustachios is riding a *spavined* article; and the French dandy to my right has a prad with its *cat's meat* touched. If the whole lot were to be put up at TATTERSALL'S, they would not fetch enough to pay the auction duty and commission."

"But the *fillies*, JENKINS," cried DICK, "you seem to have taken no notice of them; don't you think they would make a prime little stud?"—"Fairish as to that matter," replied the *Squire;* "but none of them ride with the pluck and spirit of *Lady* BOUNCE, my neighbour: and, as for those that are in the confounded cabriolets, as they call them,

the fellows that drive them handle the *ribands* like so many dead and alive hackney coachmen."

These criticisms and the ride were at length terminated by the warning of time and healthful stomachs that the period was arrived when they should take their places at the well-stored board of M. VERY. Here, then, our party having reached the Palais Royal sat down to ply the knife and fork on the choicest viands that Paris could produce. The correct and finely-executed delineation of the superb dining apartment in this celebrated restaurateur's, given in the Plate, will furnish, perhaps, a better idea of the nature of such places than any description into which we might enter. We must, however, observe that the restauraunt to which our heroes had resorted on the present occasion is the very fane of luxury. It is, of course, one of the most expensive; but whoever wishes to see or enjoy Life in Paris, the principal part of which consists in good eating and drinking, should, if they can afford it, dine at least once at VERY'S. The reader will perceive by the plate how society is mixed in the eating-houses and coffee-houses of Paris. In England, men alone are seen in these places, and a silent and suspicious sulkiness generally characterizes their demeanour to each other. In Paris, women frequent the restaurateur's almost as much as the men, and go to the *café* to take what refreshments they want. All is a mixture of gay countenances, and people converse without reserve. The accommodations of these houses are well adapted for social parties. You enter a very spacious saloon (sometimes communicating with several others) elegantly furnished and adorned with pier glasses and columns. Small tables for two or three persons are placed so near to each other, that, if you choose, you may talk to your neighbour, and yet are

Dick, The Captain, and Squire Jenkins, Dining at Very's in the Palais Royal.

so far distant that you may avoid entering into conversation. Smart waiters, with aprons as white as snow, with a knife, fork, or spoon, stuck in their girdle to denote their occupation, run about by dozens to receive commands. As soon as one of them perceives that you are disposed to sit down, he presents a bill of fare, which sometimes contains a list of *five hundred dishes*, with the price of each proportion annexed, so that, should a person not understand French, he may remain silent, and merely point with his finger (as many a John Bull is obliged to do) what he would have. The waiter instantly flies, with "*Oui, oui, Monsieur*," and usually brings it in less than two minutes. Whether a stranger eat much or little, choose dear or cheap dishes, drink choice or common wines, he will be served with equal alacrity, and with looks equally pleasing. But the greatest beauty and attraction of the place is generally the bar-maid or *limonnadiere*, who presides like a priestess or a divinity over the spacious scene. She has an elevated seat, in a kind of enclosure, surrounded by flower vases and dishes full of fruit, creams, and preserves. The *limonnadiere* is a person indispensably necessary for every coffee-house and restaurateur. As soon as a person enters she takes out a slip of paper for him, every thing he calls for is reported to her by the waiter, and instantly noted down. It is easy to imagine how often she is obliged to go from one bill to another, owing to the great number of customers, but a mistake seldom happens. When the bill is demanded, she has nothing to do but to sum it up, and thus every person, at the end of his repast, receives a written account which he can compare with the printed bill of fare. The *limonnadiere* is almost invariably a pretty girl, and to her every comer and goer makes a respectful obeisance. These particulars may appear tedious to those who would rather have the *realities* than the description; but, reader,

this is a faithful picture of a very pleasing part of "LIFE IN PARIS."

> They err who think, or gravely tell ye,
> The French have naught to fill their belly,
> Or that a Frenchman, like John Bull,
> Does not delight to stuff it full.
> In France, where'er you turn your feet,
> Life's sole great business is to eat,
> And find the lucky spot where best
> The *cuisinier* can please the taste.

DICK, and even JENKINS and the *Captain*, could not help casting a sheep's eye at the pretty *limonnadiere*, as she now and then made herself visible, like a Flora or Pomona, amidst her blushing sweets; but the table presented a powerful rivalry even to the force of her charms. We should again lay ourselves open to the charge of prolixity, were we to enumerate the various delicacies that composed the feast.—"*Venite ad me omnes qui stomacho laberatis et ego restaurabs vos*," are words of Scripture. The preparer of the banquet might, on this occasion, have adopted the parody of an ingenious cook, and have said, "Come to me, all ye whose stomachs are faint, and I will restore ye." Let us briefly say, that what with soups, and fricassees, and fricandeaux, rognons and ragouts, tame and wild fowl, omelettes, oysters, fish, roast beef, and *mutton* in all shapes, with plenty of claret and Champagne, our jolly bucks enjoyed a feast that would have pleased *Heliogabalus*, — nay, that even *Sir* WILLIAM CURTIS himself would have relished with epicurean luxury. It is true that a fricassee of the thighs of frogs (a rare and expensive dish) and the liver of a goose that had been basted alive until the poor animal had burst to supply this article of luxury, for the inhuman tastes

of the gourmands, made their appearance, but they were rejected with feelings of abhorrence by our less sophisticated countrymen. JENKINS denounced this sort of fare in strong terms, and declared that he would not give a slice of good English plum pudding for half a hundred such *nice* dishes, or all the *flummery* on the table. The *Squire* here instantly burst forth into the praise of his native fare, by reciting the following effusion, in contrast to the dishes before him, and which impassioned production he avowed had been the proud *fruit* of an earlier day :—

" British plum pudding! kitchen born,
Do thou inspire my lay ;
Let no vain fear of sneering scorn
Chase the bright thought away.
Forget'st thou when I first survey'd
Thy tempting form by Betty made,
With elbows swimming in the batter;
With what discerning art and skill
She mix'd the ingredients to her will
That form'd thy heterogeneous matter?

" From thy salubrious food allur'd
By gluttonous desire of tasting,
(Oh, had such craving but been cur'd
By one Lent-week's religious fasting!)
Full many a dainty composition
Reduc'd to cookery's laws,
Experienc'd the inquisition
Of my devouring jaws.

" Rabbits well stew'd, and pigeons broil'd,
The varied sauce, the rich ragout,
Crimp'd cod, fried eels, young chickens boil'd,
And nameless somethings ever new.
In short the et cetera is too long,
'Twould tire my valet's ever babbling tongue.

" At length a painful indigestion,
Which put me in corporeal terror,
On its arrival brought reflexion,
And soon convinc'd me of my error.
Injur'd plum pudding! at thy shrine
I, prostrate, bow the bended leg,
Confess thy potency divine,
And humbly thy forgiveness beg.

" Oh, come, in pudding-cloth attir'd,
Roast beef attendant at thy side,
From odious gluttony retired,
Each epicurean gaping laid aside;
So frequent shall thy form be seen,
Bedeck'd with plums and raisins sable,
Of ev'ry dainty thou the queen,
Presiding at the English table,
While foreign nations own Britannia's pudding
Has all that's healthy, all that's sweet and good in!"

The *Squire* testified by this attachment to old English cheer that he had no great relish for *soups maigres*, or any thing that did not meet his taste in a palpable form. He had, however, a good opinion of the French wines, and kept the table well supplied with Champagne and claret, wherewith to moisten their solid fare. Often did the exhilirating ebullitions of the Champagne burst their cerements and ascend in sparkling coruscations, and as often was it drained by our happy topers in mutual good wishes and toasts to all the fair they knew. The Monsieurs looked on with astonishment at the eagerness with which this company of English *bons vivans* exhibited the spirit of their nation, and emptied bottle after bottle of the most potent and intoxicating liquors.

The result of this devotion to the jolly god might be easily foreseen, for the *Squire's* eyes soon began to reel.

The *Captain* acknowledged the influence of the inspiring stream, by spouting heroics; and DICK saw the charms of the ladies who added to the gaiety of the scene, in a new light, highly favourable to the attractions of the damsels. He would fain have paid his addresses to the beautiful limonnadiere; but she was in a sacred enclosure, and appeared a bird beyond his reach. As he looked towards the pretty bar-maid, he could not, however, help exclaiming,

> "Blessed as a sand-boy, sure, is he,
> The chattering fop who sits by thee;
> Hears thy sweet voice, and tastes thy cheer,
> My pretty fair Limonnadière."

As the fumes of the wine operated on the pericraniums of our noble sparks, the *Squire* roared out, in what he thought a musical cadence,

> "Here are we met three merry boys,
> Three merry boys I trow are we,
> As ever tasted Bacchus' joys,
> Or kicked up jolly rig or spree."

And the *Captain*, recollecting it was St. Patrick's day on which they were thus met to enjoy their festivity, proposed a bumper in honour of the tutelary Saint of his country. This was drank with great animation, and as an appropriate celebration of this glorious occasion, DICK proposed that they should terminate their convivial meeting, by showing the Parisians a little sport in the style of Donnybrook-fair. This proposition met the hearty concurrence of the Hibernian, and was not disrelished by the *Squire*, who seemed to have a grudge to indulge against all and every thing that bore the name of French.

Having discharged the bill, and sallied forth, the *Captain* undertook to procure them shillelahs, which he lost no time

in doing, and thus armed, the party made a sortie into the street, more in the style of Mohawks than gentlemen of discretion and propriety. In their onset, they were not overcareful upon whom the weight of their shillelahs fell, and the peaceable street-walkers, including even the *fair star-gazers* of the night, retired in dismay from so unceremonious a salutation.

The streets being thus cleared, and no object presenting itself as worthy of an attack, except the lamp which was suspended across the street by a rope, as is the custom in Paris, it was suggested that the immediate demolition of the friendly *reverbère* should be the object of their ambition. How to accomplish this *high* enterprise was the question. The mode of reaching the lamp, for the purpose of trimming it, is by a middle cord attached to a pulley fixed at the side of the street, either to the wall or to a post, and the persons residing nearest to it are charged with the care of the glim. JENKINS'S keen scent for sport soon discovered that some one of the foolish virgins charged with the office of superintendence, had on that occasion neglected to secure the cord of her lamp. He was, consequently, thereby enabled to bring the lantern within the reach of his companions' cudgels, who soon made the glimmerer look queer, and astounded the natives, who rose from their beds to witness this daring and desperate game at shuttlecock with a luminary. DICK was in high glee at the ruin of the unfortunate lantern, the *Squire* chuckled at the frolic,

> "And the *Irishman* all in his glory was there,
> With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

"Give it another blow," cried the Hibernian, "for the sake of St. Patrick."—"Done!" exclaimed DICK; "and

Drawn and Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank.

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Dick and his Companions Smashing the Glims or A Spree by Lamp-light

here goes one for George of Old England ;" and away went the dangling glimmerer like a shot star in the dark immensity of space.

The police, however, were not inattentive to these proceedings. A party of the guardians of the peace, who had observed our Mohawks sally forth, ripe for fun, followed close upon their heels, with their dark lanterns under their cloaks, and seeing the mischief in which the sparks were engaged, instantly rushed in and took them into custody, in spite of their shillelahs and all their efforts at resistance. The delinquents were conveyed before a commissary of police, where, from their character and the nature of the act, their offence was held of so serious a nature as to cause the whole three companions to be sent to a place of confinement, where our heroes had time to reflect on the rashness and wantonness of their conduct.

CHAP. VII.

*Narrative of the Consequences of the Spree continued—the Depôt of the Prefecture of Police—Behaviour of the Squire and his Companions there—Party separated and sent to different Prisons—La Force—Life in a Prison—the Conciergerie—the Abbaye—*Sam Sharp's *Activity—Our Hero meets with an* honourable *Acquaintance in* Quod—*Reappearance of Miss* Lafond *in a new Situation—The Captives liberated—A Peep into a Gaming-House.*

The prison to which our "bucks of the town" had been conducted, was nothing more than the Depôt of the Prefecture of Police, a place of temporary detention, where persons arrested by the police for any offence are confined until it is decided whether they are to be sent to close confinement and trial, or set at liberty. Here the *dousers of the glim* might have been compelled to remain a few hours, to pay for the damage they had done, and been allowed to depart with an admonition against the repetition of such folly; but submission suited not the high spirit of this Corinthian trio, "flown with insolence and wine." The *Squire* was still outrageous at this infringement on the liberty of an Englishman. He threw his purse on the table, and desired the keeper of the depôt, or *officier de quart*, to charge for all the old lanterns and farthing rushlights in the street. "What!" exclaimed he, "would you dare to confine in this

dirty hole a free-born Englishman, who has a hundred thousand pounds at command? I know you to be a pack of beggarly French scoundrels, who want to make a job of us, so take your money and be content; but you shan't crow over NED JENKINS any otherwise." DICK and the *Captain* also demanded, in no very humble terms, to be treated as gentlemen, the votary of St. Patrick hinting, that as a military man he was entitled to be treated with respect. The proud defiance of JENKINS operated nothing in his favour; even the view of his well stored purse, wonderful to say, produced no meliorating effect on the countenances of the judge, or superintendent, and the keeper of the depôt. Still less did the sound of a "military man" from the *Captain* seem to please the ears of these functionaries. "Ah, ha," they exclaimed, "*un officier de militaire.* We will dispose of you, gentlemen, as becomes your respective ranks and demands to be dealt with. Then, to the astonishment of our party, the superintendent instantly gave directions that the *Squire*, who was the most vociferous and refractory, should be conveyed to the prison of the *Conciergerie*, that our hero, DICK, should be lodged in *La Force*, and that the *Captain* should be honoured with an abode in the military prison of the *Abbaye*, St. Germain.

This threatening proceeding was by no means what our frolicsome youths anticipated. The *Squire* stormed and foamed at the mouth like a bedlamite on hearing this decision, but his vituperative eloquence proved of no avail. The friends were separated, and marched off on their respective destinations, each now wishing in his heart the police and the broken lantern at the devil. They knew that it is easier to find the way into a French dungeon than out of it, but reflection generally comes too late.

We must attend the captives individually. *Life in a Prison,* in any place, is seldom very agreeable; but the course of our narrative, following the steps of our erratic heroes, lies amidst all sort of scenes, and it is our duty, as faithful historians, to endeavour to portray them.

As DICK entered the dark and formidable edifice destined to receive him, and heard the massy iron gates close after him, barring all return to "day-light and liberty," he thought upon LYDIA, *Lady* HALIBUT, and *Sir* HUMPHREY, and the situation in which they would be placed by the intelligence of his arrest and confinement in a place destined for criminals. Hope and his buoyancy of spirit did not, however, forsake him, and he resolved to bear this turn of fortune with patience. This prison is divided into several departments, separated by eight courts, surrounded by galleries, the most airy of which is situated in the centre, and placed between two courts planted with trees. These are for the prisoners who can afford to go to some expense for the accommodation, and here our hero desired to be allowed to take up his quarters as long as he should be compelled to inhabit the place. He did not much relish mixing with his neighbours in this *suspicious* region, but he could not refrain from observing, how "life" is spent in a prison. Even here gaiety could be seen indulging in sports of all descriptions, vanities, and extravagance, buoying up the mind against the heaviest of calamities; and even here roguery was practising its gambling tricks with as little remorse as when flushed with success in the sunshine of freedom and security.

In the mean while the *Squire* was hurried off grumbling and swearing to the Conciergerie. Nothing could possibly appear more oppressive to JENKINS, or inconsistent with the

laws of justice and propriety, than thus arbitrarily plunging into prison a man who possessed a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. Rather than that the Frenchmen should have had to say they had given him a sight of the interior of their Bastiles, or deprived him of a ride in the open air, he would have consented to lose the St. Ledger, though entered for the race, or have given up the best hunter in his stud. But even *he* was compelled to bow to destiny. As he was borne off by the *gens-d'armes* and the police, he exclaimed to his companions,

" Adieu awhile, I will not leave you long!"

And then, as the fiacre drove off towards the *Palais de Justice*, stretching his hand out at the window,

His maudlin brains still in a wildering mist,
" Adieu!" he cried, and waved his mutton fist.

At length his conductors stopt at the entrance to a sombre pile, which though a Court of Justice had all the dismaying appearance of the Bastile. The prison of the Conciergerie is as famous for its antiquity as for its frightful destination. Those who are accused of crimes are confined here to be judged by the Court of Criminal Justice, and to wait for the sentence of freedom or confinement, of life or death. The entrance to this dismal abode is by a low and narrow door, over which might be placed this inscription of Dante.

Lasciate ogni operarcha voi che entrate.

A sombre vestibule, leading to the *greffe*, to the female prison, the lodgings of the jailer, and to the infirmary, is terminated by a long dark gallery, which is lighted by lamps

at mid-day, as well as the vestibule and all the wickets. Traversing the gallery by the light of these lamps, the indignant and horror-struck *Squire* with his silent and gloomy guides first arrived at the *parlour*, (no scene of comfort such as that name suggests, but) a space composed of iron rails, separated by an interval of five feet, through which the prisoners are sometimes permitted to have communication for a few minutes with their relatives or friends. Outside the *parlour* is an enormous railing or enclosure, forming the entrance to a green, where the prisoners are allowed to walk, and to which staircases open, which lead to their rooms. These are occupied by persons whose means permit them to *prendre la pistole*, that is to pay soundly for their accommodation. Money, it thus appears, is all powerful even in a prison. The *Squire* was speedily given to understand that he might be admitted to the privileges of this place, on making a proper application of the contents of the purse which he had exhibited at the Depôt; and surly as JENKINS still continued, he had no other alternative than to pay the price of this indulgence, and to wait for a more favourable turn in his fate.

The *Captain* was provided with an equally safe lodging, corresponding with his rank as a soldier. The prison of the Abbaye is of course chiefly appropriated to such military men in the French service as are accused of misdemeanours; but as persons of all nations have been in that service, as the French government are peculiarly jealous of the military, and as *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON had reasons for not immediately specifying to what service he belonged, he found his way, as others have done, into the *honourable* prison of the Abbaye. This place will ever be remembered for the horrors committed there in the month of September, 1792. The principal dungeon is terrific; it is thirty feet

under ground, dreadfully damp, and so low in the roof that a middle-sized man could not stand erect in it. A person could not stay in it more than twenty-four hours without the risk of his life. When the day fixed for judging a prisoner is come, he is conducted to the Council of War, or the Military Commission, appointed to try him. If condemned to the galleys, or to death, the prisoner returns to the Abbaye, from which, in the former case, he is sent among the galley-slaves at Bicetre, and in the latter, shot within twenty-four hours on the plain of Grenelle. The prisoners are however less rigorously treated here than elsewhere; they can see their friends more easily, and they have the amusement, if it be one, of seeing, through their grated windows, the passengers in the streets.

Our chevalier of industry did not wish to part with his military character, and therefore courageously submitted to the discipline of this *abode of glory*, but he was not a little puzzled how to proceed, in order to effect an *honourable* enlargement. He did not relish the idea of being made a mark to shoot at on the plain of Grenelle; perhaps there was no good ground for any such apprehension; but the gallant *Captain* knew best the particulars of his own history; and he had as little desire to take a spell for the remainder of his life at the oars in the galleys, a sentence not unlikely to follow the detection of imposition. Yet he comforted himself that the immediate charge against him, though aggravated by a breach of the peace, was not of a nature to threaten such serious consequences, and he had good reason to believe that his friends DICK and the *Squire* would muster sufficient interest to get him and themselves out of this ugly scrape. The thought of writing to his acquaintance *Monsieur le* PREMIER, *Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi, de Service, aux Thuilleries*, on whose good offices he had before

boastingly reckoned; but the *premier gentilhomme*, he remembered, was a courtier, and might be more disposed to sell tickets to the palace than to help him out of the prison of the Abbaye. He at length rested his expectations solely on his companions in disaster, who, he was sure, would soon emerge from the cloud that covered them,—and in this hope he was not mistaken.

So quickly had the proceedings taken place which terminated in immuring our dashing *heroes* within the walls of the most formidable prisons in the French metropolis, that even their own servants were ignorant of what had become of them. The truth is, although we have not deemed the circumstance worthy of mention until now, that SAM SHARP and the *Squire's valet de place* BAPTISTE, or, as his master used to call him, BAB, and sometimes BABBLE, from his propensity to talk, being a Gascon, having seen their masters fairly set in for a match at the bottle, had adjourned to a *Caveau*, under the *Café*, where, in humble imitation of their betters, they tipped off the French wine like lords, and forgot every thing but present enjoyment. The claret was so cheap and so good, and BABBLE'S stories of his own adventurous gallantry were so long, that when these worthy attendants thought they heard their names called, and rose to obey the summons, they found they had masters to seek, the noble sons of jollity having sallied forth on their street-clearing enterprise. SAM knew his master's temper too well to suppose that he would go *straight* home after such an addition to his usual spirits. Men are too apt to zig-zag a little upon such occasions, and to take, like *Toby*, rather a *serpentine* course, nay, even sometimes to lose the knowledge of their course altogether. Yet this was not all the mischief SAM dreaded; he knew that DICK had other foibles, and that the love of a spree was one amongst the num-

ber. To go home without being able to afford any tidings of his master, should he be missing, would have been to make his own inattention known. He therefore, accompanied by BABBLE, set about tracing the course of the heroes of the night. It was not long before SAM discovered that the shillelahs had been at work on the unfortunate glimmerer, and that the party who had done this *deed of darkness* were no other than DICK and his friends, whose destination he also learnt by the help of some francs at the Depôt of Police.

This was not very pleasant information to the trembling menials; the prison of La Force had an ugly sound; and SAM SHARP thought how *Sir* HUMPHREY and *Lady* HALIBUT would *look upon him* when he should tell them that their nephew was locked up in a prison for criminals. BAPTISTE assumed a countenance of the most rueful dismay on finding that his master had been sent to the Conciergerie. "Malheure! Malheure!" he exclaimed, "je never see de good *Squire* more." Then recollecting that, though he had lost his master, he had not been made a sharer in his misfortunes, he added very emphatically, "*à quelque chose malheur est bon*," (it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.) "That is as much as to say," replied SAM, "that if you have lost your master you have your liberty; but I do not wish to lose my master in that way, so shall go and see what *Sir* HUMPHREY can do to get him out of that cursed dungeon the French have put him into, and all for breaking a lamp too that was a disgrace to the street."

For a menial to seek to penetrate the prison of La Force, SAM knew would have been useless. He therefore returned home to deliver the disagreeable tidings he had received to *Sir* HUMPHREY. One night, however, must elapse before

the captives could be liberated. All were asleep at the inn when SAM arrived. The knight had indulged in an extra bottle, (no unusual practice with him,) in consequence of his triumph over his enemies, the insulting imposters at the fair; he and BUTTON had "fought all their battles o'er again," and "routed their foes" fifty times over. At length sleep had imposed silence on their garrulous tongues. *Lady* HALIBUT had been reconciled to her aberrating spouse.—Unlike the fashionable votaries of Hymen, one couch contained the happy pair, and it was morning before SAM SHARP had an opportunity of imparting his "story of woe." At length the Baronet got up, and the Valet stood before him with a face that

"Bespoke the nature of a tragic volume."

"Why, what is the matter, SAM?" inquired the Knight; "you look as if you were in trouble; what have the Mounseers been doing to you now? Art sick, man? or hast swallowed a frog for breakfast?" Nothing could be so serio_comical as the melancholy turn in SAM'S nose, as he tried to reply to these interrogatories. "Trouble enough to somebody," he muttered, "though it's not my lot this time. *Measter's grabbed* by the police, and clapt up in prison." "Who? what! DICK in prison, say you? Why, what the devil has happened now? Has he been breaking Frenchmen's heads like me, committing treason, or deflowering holy virgins, if there be any such in the country?" was the Baronet's earnest inquiry. "I fear, SAM, you and he have been about no good—these midnight caterwaulings of yours are sure to get you into some scrape one time or other." SAM assured the Knight it was for no heinous offence, not even for making love to a *pretty shaver*, that his nephew had been incarcerated in jail.—"It was only for breaking a

lantern, please your honour." "A *barber's* lantern?" inquired the Knight. "No;" rejoined SAM, "for that would be a *barberous deed,* truly; but for *dousing* one of those ugly *glims* that threaten to knock a passenger on the head as he walks along the street." "What? put a gentleman in prison for breaking a lamp when he is able and willing to pay for it!—this is the very land of tyranny and imposition. But I will see who dare detain my nephew in prison for such a paltry offence. Hallo! there, BUTTON! are you awake?—Here's more rascally work of the Mounseers!"

Sir HUMPHREY immediately began to bestir himself for the relief of his nephew. A council was instantly held, consisting of himself, *Mr.* BUTTON, *Lady* HALIBUT, and the astonished and fear-struck LYDIA, whose apprehensions for DICK were of the most tender kind. *Lady* HALIBUT, on hearing of the fate of the companions, burst forth into a strong denunciation of the treatment which people receive in France who go to spend their money there. She never heard of such ingratitude and cruelty in her life. "They must be poor wretches," said she, "when they would put a man in prison for a farthing candle! Then, there is that nice gentleman, the *Squire,* who was so polite and attentive to me in the Bullywarks,—worth a hundred thousand pounds, LYDIA,—it is a sin and a shame to put such a gentleman in prison for only assisting to break a lantern."

Sir HUMPHREY and his mentor, BUTTON, having cogitated for some time on the measure most proper to be taken; and, having received the more experienced advice of the landlord, it was resolved by the party to apply directly, in behalf of the prisoners, to the British Ambas-

sador, and for this purpose the whole council set out, in person, for the *Rue St. Honore.*

They were received at the hotel of the Embassy with the utmost politeness and urbanity. "Aye," said *Lady* HALIBUT, as a gold-laced lackey strutted very ceremoniously before her to show them the way into the presence of his Excellency, "this is like having to do with English nobility. *We* (tossing her head) put on no such airs as the French gentry think proper to assume, though some of us could buy all the property of a score of them." On being admitted to speak, *Sir* HUMPHREY began an address, which had been prepared by BUTTON for the occasion. "May it please your Excellency," said he, "my name is Sir Humphrey Halibut, of Scaly Park, near Spratsborough, I'm an M.P. and Quorum;—this is my wife, Lady Halibut, as worthy a woman as ever cooked a dish of cod-fish, though I say it in her hearing; and this is my niece, Lydia Seraphina Molly, come to France to gain accomplishments, (God knows what they are to be, for, as my wife says, we're likely to be finely accomplished here by the Parley-vous,) and this is my good friend Mr. Button, the tailor." "Most humbly at your Excellency's service;" interjaculated BUTTON, bowing to the very ground. "But the immediate cause of your visit hither, Sir Humphrey," said his Excellency, mildly smiling at the Baronet's harangue. "I was just coming to that when Button stopped me. You must know, please your Excellency, that, although I'm a Baronet, an M.P. and Quorum to boot, the varlets of the police have committed my nephew, Dick Wildfire, and two gentlemen of property and respectability, to prison for breaking a dirty lantern, hung over the street, with a farthing candle in it. I wish I had the impudent vagabonds before me at the

Sessions, or the House of Parliament, I should then show them what *committing* is."

"I understand you," replied the Minister; "your friends have been committing a breach of the peace, for the act you mention is no less, and might be attended with serious consequences to the public; good order must be preserved in society, and the customs of nations, though differing from each other, should be respected. You must apply at the Prefecture of Police: if the gentlemen have been guilty of no farther outrage, their enlargement may be speedily effected; and, on the faith of this, I will give you a note to the Prefect, who, I am persuaded, will act justly in the matter."

This condescension in so great a functionary greatly delighted all our party. *Sir* HUMPHREY attributed it to his rank, title, and address; BUTTON, exulting that he had made himself known to the Ambassador, thought there was no small portion of the merit of success due to him; and *Lady* HALIBUT felt a flattering assurance that her dignified and prepossessing appearance was the real cause of the Ambassador's politeness and attention; LYDIA was overjoyed to think that they should again soon see her cousin at liberty; and in this expectation they proceeded to the Prefecture of Police.

Arriving there, and presenting their credentials, to their great satisfaction, the Ambassador's anticipation was verified. It being found, on inquiry, that there was no other charge against the prisoners than the breaking of the lamp, and the damage they might have done to the well-fortified sculls of the police-men who took them into custody, for all of which *Sir* HUMPHREY offered to pay, although he was certain the

Frenchmen deserved more than they had received, the Minister of Police gave an order for the immediate liberation of the captives; and with this DICK'S friends instantly repaired to his place of confinement.

Whilst these exertions were making in his behalf our hero was

> "Revolving in his altered mind
> The various turns of fate below,"
> And now he paced the spot confin'd
> With hasty step—now trudged it slow:
> Now thought on JENKINS, hapless squire,
> The Captain's lot, and LYDIA fair,
> *Sir* HUMPHREY, aunts, and dungeons dire,
> And cursed the lamp that placed him there.

As he was perambulating the narrow precincts of the court of the prison, he was accosted by a person who appeared a fellow-captive, but who seemed not aware that the person he addressed was in a similar situation. This fellow-lodger in the *hotel of patience* made himself known to our hero, by informing him that he was the individual who had taken the liberty of borrowing, for a time, his watch in the Garden of the Thuilleries, for which he had been honoured with an abode in *La Force;* and that, as *Monsieur Anglois* had got his property again, he hoped he would have more generosity than to persevere in the prosecution of an unfortunate prisoner. DICK felt some surprise as well as uneasy sensations at finding himself in such company; but, if any wonder was excited to discover an acknowledged thief in such a situation, he experienced much more astonishment on seeing a lady enter the prison, and, before he could reply to the supplicant for his mercy, rush forward into the court and precipitate herself into the arms of the

watch-stealer. A glance at the features of this affectionate and enamoured fair revealed to the astonished DICK the countenance of *Miss* LAFOND, the *debutante* of the *Palais Royal*, who, it appears, from her late entrance into the world, had made rapid progress in forming acquaintances among all ranks. It was not long before she recognized our hero; but not daring to claim acquaintance in such a situation, she contrived to bring a blush up into her cheek, and, with an air of assumed modesty, but with a look, the meaning of which DICK could perfectly comprehend, the *debutante* and her thieving friend retired together, the *accomplished demoiselle* honouring the pick-pocket with the appellation of "brother," to indicate the purity of their connexion.

At this instant a halloo, that sounded through the prison, announced the appearance of *Sir* HUMPHREY and his party in search of the lost captive. The Baronet and his friends had made their way, by the help of the Prefect's order and a liberal application of the *oil of palm*, into the interior of the gloomy abode. They were now in the *parlour*, which *Lady* HALIBUT and the trembling LYDIA thought the most uncomfortable place of the name they had ever been in. The eyes of friendship soon spied out the objects of regard: we need not say how well pleased they were to meet: the prodigal son of old was not received with more sincere affection by his relenting kindred than was our liberated captive by his exulting relatives—even BUTTON felt a disposition to *cut* capers on the occasion, had the limits of the *parlour* permitted, but it was not nearly so commodious for this purpose as that of the *goose and gridiron*, where the *finisher*, when at home, was in the HABIT of damping the *coats* of his stomach with plenteous libations of gin *twist*.

"Come along, my boy!" cried the Knight, "out of this den of thieves and ruffians; we've made the Mounseers lower their flag, you'll hear no more of their *paltry lantern*, I'll warrant. Zounds, boy! though thou beest a little wild, we would have *fished* thee out of the Seine, had they been disposed to make a red salmon of thee, had it been merely to vex the *Parley-vous*."

Having bade adieu to the gloomy walls of *La Force*, they next drove to the Conciergerie, to impart the glad tidings of deliverance to the *Squire*. They passed, with no very pleasing impressions, through the long dark gallery, where DICK had a salutary instance of the utility of a *lamp*, and at length reached the dismal abode of the *Squire*. Indignation was still visible in his countenance, and he was employed in giving vent to his feelings by penning a letter of remonstrance to the French government. It ran in this manner:—

"Though the blood-hounds of the Police have *bagged* me for the present in this badger's hole, for dousing a pitiful glimmer, this is to inform you, from Watkin Ap-Jenkins, of Tallyho-Hall, Esquire, that he defies the whole pack of half-starved beagles, and that he hopes to break cover speedily, in spite of all the efforts of a frog-fed race to detain him. This is further to let you know that I am worth a *plum*, and, if law be your *game*, I will spend the last farthing of it in bringing the rapscallions who have laid their claws upon me to justice and in maintaining the rights of an Englishman to do as he pleases. I am Watkin Ap-Jenkins, of Tallyho-Hall, Esquire, Merionethshire."

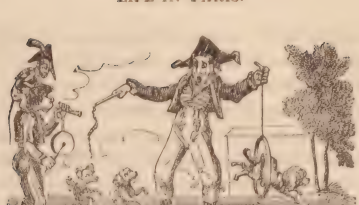
The appearance of his friends roused the proprietor of Tallyho-Hall from his reverie of proud defiance. He looked

somewhat surprised to see DICK at liberty, and congratulated him on having got out of the clutches of the body-snatchers; but conceiving that this was only a visit of condolence to himself, who was doomed to experience the peculiar vengeance of the French government, he relapsed into his tirades against tyranny and oppression, and showed his visitors the letter he meant to send to the Ministry. "I will convince them," exclaimed he, "that a man of my family and fortune is not to be clapped up into their d—d bilboes with impunity. Then, strutting to the end of his apartment, he began to sing,

"Of noble race was SHENKIN."

Sir HUMPHREY was, however, impatient to announce his triumph over the incarcerators of his friends; he, therefore, rapt out "Well done SHENKIN! I love thy spirit, my lad, but as for that *there* letter, you may keep it for another occasion, seeing as how we have brought you your liberty. We have already shown the *Parley-vous* what we can do; so come, let us get out of this dungeon as fast as we can." "Bless me! what a place to put a gentleman into," exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, as she looked around with affright, "I am sure it is full of ghosts and dead men's bones; *Mr.* JENKINS, it was a shame to put a man of your property into such a place, but never mind, you are now free, and we may yet have a pleasant *rural* walk together, in the *Bully-warks*, to see the dancing dogs, and take a *hairing* among the fashionable *Vorld*."

The idea of the *canine figurantes* that *Lady* HALIBUT had witnessed in the Boulevards ran so much in her ladyship's mind, that the four-footed waltzers seemed to be again dancing before her in the very manner our artist has represented.



" Confound the dogs and puppies altogether," cried *Sir* HUMPHREY, who thought on his adventure in the fair; " what have we to do with dancing animals at present? Come along, *Squire*, let us see which of the puppies will now dare to detain us here."

The *Squire* had no real desire to prolong his stay in the *Conciergerie*, so left its uninviting precincts without regret, but it was with much reluctance that he gave up the intention of sending his letter to the *Minister of Police*.

They now bent their way to the *Abbayé*, where, having procured admittance, they found *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, " the gallant and gay," ruminating on commissions of war, courts-martial, condemnations to the galleys, and shootings on the plain of Grenelle. These nowise comfortable musings were changed into very different sentiments and feelings on once more seeing his friends at liberty, a presage of his own freedom. DICK and JENKINS shook him most cordially by the hand, and asked him how he liked the lodging that St. Patrick had provided for him. " Arrah! and by my *shoul*," said the Hibernian, " his Saintship seems to have been a little partial in his kindness,

but St. Patrick was not a military man." "Hang St. Patrick," cried *Sir* HUMPHREY, "he's not more to be trusted than the *Parley-vous*. There's no partiality with us; here's your discharge from this ugly guard-house. Now all's free and clear, let us go home and have a luncheon, and drink a bumper to the health of the Ambassador, and confusion to all those who would imprison an Englishman in a French dungeon: what do you say to that, *Captain?* Won't that do, *Mr.* JENKINS? and what says *Tabby* and BUTTON?"

The liberated captives, whose stomachs had not been over daintily regaled in their unenviable quarters, it may well be believed, made no objection to this proposal, and *Tabby*, by which name the *Knight* familiarly designated his wife, added a very gracious invitation to the *Squire* and his friends to partake of the Baronet's hospitality.

The friends being thus reunited, and Mr. Meurice's fare being now not the least inviting of considerations, returned to the *Hotel de Londres*, where they made ample amends, over a *dejeune à la fourchette*, for the abstinence they had undergone.

Good living is a good thing. This was *Sir* HUMPHREY'S opinion, and it is that of many a one beside our worthy baronet. We have striven to please the men of *taste* by dilating on some of the nice things with which people in France cram their gullets morning, noon, and night, but we do not mean to dwell always on such subjects, however delectable they may be. We shall suppose the meridian meal concluded, at least by our impatient youths of the *ton*, and a proper number of *good wishes* expressed by JENKINS and *Sir* HUMPHREY for those whom they considered their enemies and oppressors. This being finished, the *Squire* was all eagerness to mount his *prad*, and show his supe-

riority in equestrian display over the French riders in the *Champs de Elysée* or the gay vicinity of the woods of Boulogne. No other occupation requiring the immediate attention of DICK and the *Captain*, they mounted their nags and accompanied the *Squire* in his ride.

The next question was how the evening was to be spent. The *Captain*, who had an eye to business, here saw an opportunity of introducing a topic which he thought must now have some interest with young WILDFIRE. He asked his companions if they had yet gratified their curiosity by a peep into a gaming-house. The *Squire* had enjoyed this satisfaction, and swore that he had paid soundly for his view of the tables, but DICK had to acknowledge his inexperience in regard to such places. A French *hell (barring* the dungeons he had just escaped from) was what he had a great desire to see, as his knowledge of "Life in Paris" would be incomplete without an acquaintance with the most frequented and remarkable resorts of men of spirit and enterprise in that capital: he, therefore, expressed his willingness to visit some of the temples of Fortune, and it was settled that he should accompany the *Captain*, in the course of the evening, to the *Palais Royal*, for this purpose. JENKINS was yet in doubt whether he should be of the party. The *Squire* had, in reality, other objects in view, some of which were of so dissimilar a nature as scarcely to permit credit being given to the assertion that he who could admire one should be the follower of the other. The beauty of *Miss* LYDIA had lessened the dislike the *Squire* had expressed for the society of women; he had made up his mind to show off his consequence before her and *Lady* HALIBUT, to whom he knew his presence was welcome; and, moreover, he had standing engagements at the Tennis-Court, and the Exhibition of Bull Baiting, places of *polite* and *gratifying* amusement, which we shall have to notice hereafter.

After dinner, while the *Squire* was entertaining the *Knight* and the ladies with an account of his estate of Tallyho-hall, his horses, and dogs, DICK gave the wink to the *Captain*, and forth the two friends sallied to the *Palais Royal*.

As they passed along the Stone Gallery to the gaming-house, the words "*Café de Mille Colonnes*," illuminated by a lamp, caught the eyes of our hero. "I have heard much of this far-famed *café* and its beautiful mistress," said DICK; "let us pay our respects to the fair *Limonadiere* before we enter the honourable company of the sharpers." "Agreed," replied the *Captain*, "but take care of your heart as well as your money." It was a mean-looking entrance, but the blaze of beauty within made amends for the uninviting approach. Seated on her throne, that

"Far outshone
The wealth of Ormus or of Ind,"

the fair *Limonadiere* met their view as they entered, surrounded by her customers and admirers. The lady was certainly not undeserving of the name of a beauty; she was richly dressed, and was surrounded by every thing that was attractive and delicious; the decorations of the place were also of the most superb kind. Having satisfied themselves with a view of the wonders of the *café* of *cafés*, and swallowed their costly anniseed-water, they left this boasted scene of beauty for one of a very different character.

A few minutes brought them to No. 154, which the *Captain* recommended as the most splendid *hell* in Paris It was in this house that the late *Marshal* BLUCHER won and lost many heavy sums. It is superbly fitted up, every stimulus to the passions is provided, and there are apartments, with commodious sofas, which are humourously called rooms for the *wounded*.

While we are entering on this subject we must notice the prevalence of that most dangerous of all vices, gaming, in Paris. Gaming tables are to be found every where; and it is no wonder that this destructive contagion has spread its baneful effects so widely, since the abominable practice is sanctioned by government. At the gaming-houses, in the *Palais Royal*, *gens-d'armes* are regularly in attendance, to preserve order. After having ascended a staircase you are introduced into an anti-chamber, where several hundred hats, sticks, and great-coats, carefully ticketed, are arranged, under the care of two or three men, who generally receive one or two sous from each owner, but have no right to demand any thing. From the anti-chamber you enter into various large and splendidly-lighted rooms, all equally well furnished and attended, and containing a vast crowd of persons seated, and engaged in gaming. On both sides of the *Palais Royal* these houses abound. The tables are licensed by the police, pay to it *six millions* of francs annually, and are under its immediate inspection.

Formerly these houses were obscure and mysterious—now they are splendid and public; their satellites were once despised, even by gamblers—now they rival in brilliant dress and insolence of manners the most happy of the fleeting attendants on the wheel of Fortune. Authorized by government, they consider themselves as a dependance of the state, and hold a kind of display of power, arranged like some regular office: they have their inspectors, under-inspectors, and other officers in subaltern stations, known by the names of *tailleurs, croupiérs, bout de table, messieurs de la chambre, &c. &c.*

But the entrance of our heroes upon such a scene requires a new Chapter.

Dick and The Captain paying their Respects to the Fair Limonadière, in the Café de Mille Colonnes.

CHAP. VIII.

The Scene in a GAMBLING-HOUSE *continued*—DICK *is introduced to a* noble *Character*—*A Game at* Rouge et Noir—*How to bring your Adversaries to a* Point, *and perform a* Coup de Main—*Throwing Dice productive of* THROES *of another Kind*—*The Danger of playing with* loaded *Instruments*—*A Game at Sword-Play*—*The Victim of Gambling, a Story from "Real Life."*

OUR adventurers passed the *gens-d'armes*, and, having surrendered their hats and canes, entered the principal saloon of fortune, where were met around the tables the anxious practisers of a ruinous traffic. Several hundreds of these wretches were at once assembled in this region of extravagant madness and dissipation.

DICK was no stranger to the interior of a Gaming-House; all the features of the most notorious of these places were familiar to his mind; but amidst all the scenes of extravagance, cupidity, and modes of getting ruined, which the British Metropolis had presented to his eyes, (and such scenes are not few in number in London, "the fairest capital in all the world,") he had witnessed no sight to equal the appearance of a French *hell*. The view was picturesque in the extreme. Pandemonium could not present a more striking set of objects. In the countenances

of those surrounding the tables might be read all the worst passions that agitate the soul, and that actuate mankind. Avarice, envy, rage, triumph, disappointment, and despair, were visible, and every alteration of fortune was productive of some act, or developed some trait of character which showed the unamiable nature of the gamblers' minds. In the language of one of our descriptive poets,

'Twas a sight for the pencil of Hogarth, I tell ye,
Or that devil-painting fiend of the nightmare, Fuseli,
Or CRUICKSHANK, whose magical touch can convey
Much more than my pen or the Muses can say;
Yes, happiest of artists! to whose pleasing toil
We owe "LIFE's" best sketches, and many a smile,
'Twas a sight for thy pencil to seize, and impart
With the mirth-waking spirit and power of thy art.
Arranged round the table, where shining *rouleaux*
Of louis and dollars appeared in gay rows,
The gamesters were standing and wielding their *hoes*,
With which, as they watched fickle fortune's strange track,
They placed each his stake on the *red* or the *black*.
Here were those who were squandering their thousands away,
With the madness of fools who but live for a day,
And there, where Dame Fortune had scattered her blanks,
Were victims who scarcely could muster their francs.
Then to witness their looks, the distraction and gloom,
That spread horror on every face in the room,
And to hear the deep curses, the groans of the soul,
That burst from the bosom in spite of controul,
Would have shocked every one but a gambler, or those
Who murder man's peace, and delight in his woes,
And who, since from the regions celestial they fell,
Rejoice that on earth they can still find a HELL.*

* Young, in his "Love of Fame," has also thus admirably depicted the motley appearance and varied feelings of an assemblage of gamblers:

Dick Wildfire, introduced by Captain O'Shuffleton to a Rouge et Noir Table in the Palais Royal.

Among the motley group, whom the hopes of gain had thus drawn together, our heroes now took their places. The *Captain* here found many acquaintances, and, from his knowledge of the frequenters of the tables, was able to give his friend some useful information in regard to the characters of many of the assembly. The history of these desperadoes and their dupes would fill volumes, and furnish more instructive lessons of morality than the most pious fancy could indite. But we cannot enter into all these useful and entertaining details at present. "I find we are here among *respectable* society," said DICK; "I see the tables are not badly furnished with the *possibles*. I suppose these *rouleaux*, which lie near the bankers, are all of gold."—"*Louis*," replied the *Captain*, "they play for nothing less than louis in this apartment; but there are tables in different rooms, for the convenience of those who cannot or do not choose to risk so much. The *bankers* here deal in nothing but gold. The stakes are tempting, you perceive; are you disposed to sport your *blunt* a little?" DICK said he did not much like entering the lists with professed gamesters, or persons he did not know; still less was he prepossessed with the desire of playing for money alone; but, as he was in the midst of

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See where that gang of fools and plunderers stand,
The scandal and the ruin of the land,
While each in turn rears high th' enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board he knocks;
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke
From this small cavern a mixed tempest flies;
Fear, rage, convulsions, tears, oaths, blasphemies;
See the eyes start, cheeks glow, and muscles swell,
Like the mad maids in the Cumæan cell:
Such are the sports which here the guests employ,
And such their scenes of social life and joy.

the temple of Fortune, he should certainly try the game for a stake or two. In the meanwhile, he would wait an opportunity of joining in the play in the manner that suited the present prudent bent of his mind.

At this instant, the *Captain*, seeming to recognize the faces of some acquaintances in a distant group, left DICK for a few minutes to the company of those around him, and passed to another part of the room.

Whilst our visiter was solitarily lounging about, and making his observations on the players and the place, he was accosted by various persons with invitations to enter into a game, and by several others, who, though not disposed, or it was more likely *not able*, to play themselves, very obligingly offered to give such instructions to the stranger, as they conceived our hero to be, as would insure his success, were he inclined to try his fortune at the table. Of these philanthropic advisers there are many who haunt the gambling-rooms. They soon discover a stranger, and are not long in endeavouring to profit by his inexperience. They are generally persons who have been ruined by play, who follow this traffic, and are "up to every thing." Novices are not unfrequently incited to hazard their money by the advice and representations of these *friendly* Mentors. As *they* perfectly understand *their game*, though their *protégés* may not be equally experienced, should the latter lose, the Mentors vanish; but if by good chance or dexterity success should follow, the kind instructors come forward, congratulate the lucky player on his triumph, insinuate that it was by following their advice fortune smiled upon him, and crave a share in the winnings, under the name of a *lend*, or debt of honour, which sum, if the borrower succeeds, is sure to remain an *honourable* pledge to all eternity. Many of these

watchful prompters have no other way of living. Others play for a trifle, and correct the strokes of adversity by appropriating to themselves a large winning stake whenever chance, in a moment of confusion, may throw such a windfall in their way.

Our *stranger*, however, was not so *raw* as to fall readily into the nets of these *flat-catchers*. He replied to their obliging offers as the "merry monarch of licentious memory" did to the propositions of some of his courtiers,—

> "Charles the Second, having no need,
> Thanks you as much as if he did."

Whilst DICK was parrying off these cosmopolitan philanthropists, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON returned, accompanied by one of his friends, whom he introduced to our hero as the *Marquis* of MOUSTACHALINA, a Sicilian nobleman, as he had been given to understand, of the first consequence and character in his own country, and who also enjoyed the favour of the French court.

Notwithstanding the eulogium passed by the *Captain* on his noble friend, and the high degree of favour with which he was regarded at court, his personal appearance was not the most prepossessing. His figure was what a mathematical pedant would term a longitudinal pyramid, scraggy, and raw-boned; his complexion was of a gingerbread hue, his hair straight, coarse, and very black, appearing to have long regarded a comb as a superfluity. A huge aquiline nose, and a pair of ferret-like eyes, adorned his countenance, and his large mustachios, which overshadowed his lips like a furze bush, gave to his aspect an air of uncommon ferocity. His costume, likewise, did not exactly correspond with the

expectations that might have been formed from the *Captain's* description of his rank and station in society. The garb which he wore had, indeed, a very *seedy* appearance, and whatever *honours* might attach to it were evidently of a *veteran* kind. His address, however, made some amends for the want of a splendid attire; he was plausible and polite in the extreme, and his manners, on the whole, together with the attentions he paid to our hero, seemed, in some measure, to justify the account which O'Shuffleton had given of him.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the favourable points that offered as a counterpoise to the more repulsive features of the *Marquis*, Dick thought he could perceive in this vaunted honour of Sicilian nobility something of a very *sharper*-like air. Still he was unwilling to evince his distrust of the *Captain's* representations, or to appear desirous of avoiding the society of one whom the latter had designated as his particular friend.

The parties were, therefore, soon upon good terms. "I understand," said the *Marquis*, "that you gentlemen of England are not so fond of play as they are here in France. For my own part I detest the society of professed gamblers; though I sometimes look into such places as this to observe what is passing; yet, although, I condemn the avidity with which some persons follow the pursuit of play, I can see no harm in occasionally amusing one's self with a game."—Dick replied, "that, had the *Marquis* mixed in the fashionable assemblies at the West end of the British Metropolis, or taken a peep into the hells of Pall Mall, he might have, perhaps, been led to form a different opinion of the English gentry, in regard to their taste for play."—"Indeed," exclaimed the *Marquis*, with apparent surprise, "I thought

the people of your country were all too much engaged in counting-houses, horse-races, and field-sports, to find leisure for cards, or practice any other game but *betting*. Does *Monsieur* WILDFIRE ever amuse himself with a game of any kind?" added the noble MOUSTACHALINA, "if you are disposed to pass time a little in that way, here, you see, are the means of entertainment."

This was, of course, meant as a kind of challenge to the table; and, as it might have looked like timidity to decline partaking in the amusement, our hero replied, that he had sometimes ventured on a game at *Rouge et Noir** for a trifle,

* As some of our readers may be so little acquainted with the fashionable vice of *play*, as not to understand the modern game of *Rouge et Noir*, we shall here subjoin a brief sketch of it. It is so styled, not from the cards, but from the table on which it is played being covered with red and black cloth. Any number of persons may play at this game. They are called *punters*, and may risk their money on which colour they please. The dealer and croupier being situated opposite to each other, the former takes *six* packs of cards, shuffles them, and distributes them in various parcels to the different punters round the table to shuffle and mix. He then removes the end cards into various parts of the three hundred and twelve cards until he meets with a pictured card, which he must place upright at the end. This done, he presents the pack to one of the punters to cut, who places the pictured card where the dealer separates the pack; and that part of the pack beyond the pictured card he places at the end nearest him, leaving the pictured card, by which the punter had cut, at the bottom of the pack. The dealer then takes a certain quantity of cards, about the number of a pack, and, looking at the first card to know its colour, puts it on the table with its face downwards; he then places two cards, the one black, the other red, back to back, conspicuously before the company, which cards are turned as often as the colour changes in each successive event, for the information of the players.

When the punters have staked their money on either of the colours, the dealer says, *Votre jeu est il fait?* "Is your game made?" or, *Votre*

and should have no objections to join in the play for a little and for moderate stakes. "I never play high," said the *Marquis*, "large stakes are not compatible with those of moderate fortunes,—just enough to keep up the interest of the game is, in my opinion, all that is necessary among those who play only for amusement." This seeming moderation in the Sicilian would have lessened suspicion in the mind of one more experienced than our youthful traveller, although the reader has seen he was no novice in the ways of the world. He, therefore, took a station along with the *Marquis* at one of the tables, and they began to handle their hoes like persons not unacquainted with the use of these instruments.

During the conversation which led to this engagement, the *Captain* had received a note, apparently from some acquaintance who had withdrawn from the room, the contents of which required his presence in another place; for, on the receipt of it, he left his friends with seeming reluc-

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jeu est il pret? "Is your game ready?" or, *Le jeu est pret*, "The game is ready." He then deals the first card with its face upwards, saying *noir*, and continues dealing until the cards turned exceed thirty points in number, which he must mention, as *trente-et-un*, &c. As the aces reckon but for one, no cards after thirty can make up forty; the dealer, therefore, does not declare the tens after that number, but merely the units, and always in the French language.

Another parcel is dealt for *rouge* in a similar manner. If the punters' stakes are on the colour that comes to thirty-one, or nearest to it, they win, which is announced by the dealer, who says *rouge gagne*, red wins, or *noir gagne*, black wins.

The bankers at this game cannot refuse any stake, and the punter, having won his first stake, may, as at Pharo, make a *parolet*, and pursue his luck up to a *soixante et la va*, if he please.

tance, and quitted the apartment where DICK and the *Marquis* were now engaged in their amusement.

Those who play with sharpers always win at first. Like the adventurers who commence gamesters, they are always successful at setting out. The devil, men say, gives them this advantage to lead them farther in. Perhaps it is not necessary to have recourse to this invisible minister; those with whom they play have sufficient cunning to lure their victims to the bait.

Be this as it may, our hero seemed in high favour with Fortune on this occasion. Here, however, we must give the reader to understand that the *Marquis* and DICK were not the only players in the game. There were several other punters, acquaintances of the Sicilian, to whom the latter introduced his new English friend, and who affected, like the noble MOUSTACHALINA, to have no other object in joining in the play than to pass time in an amusing manner.

We have been somewhat particular in giving a sketch of the courtly friend of *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, for reasons which will afterwards appear, but we must abstain, lest our narrative should be deemed tedious, from entering into a minute description of all the persons who composed the company into which DICK was now received as a favoured member. Suffice it to say, they were such as are usually to be found surrounding the tables of a gaming-house.

The *Marquis*, who was the dealer, bore his loss with apparent indifference, but the rest of the punters seemed not much to relish the sight of the *rouleaux* accumulating in the possession of the new player. Our hero did not however

beggar the game. People who play for trifles at first often rise to larger sums. As success attended his efforts, DICK was fired with the idea of punishing the gamblers whom fortune had thus thrown in his way. He tried a parolet,* and was successful. *Quince et le va*† followed, and he won *fifteen times* his stake. All the players, except the *Marquis*, beheld this triumph with looks of rueful concern. DICK thought he had now nearly accomplished his object. Most of his adversaries seemed cleared out; some of them could scarcely muster a stake, and DICK, had his mind been of a mercenary kind, must have enjoyed the highest satisfaction in seeing the persons who aimed at stripping him, reduced to their last louis. The *Marquis*, at length, seemed to perceive it was now necessary to make an effort to turn the tide of fortune from its tendency to one particular point. He challenged our hero to larger stakes. DICK instantly named a *Soixante et le va*.‡ It was accepted by the *Sicilian;* DICK punted on the red, his favourite colour, and the *Marquis* on the black; the dealer said, "*Le jeu est pret, Messieurs,*" and then dealt out the cards for the red, until they exceeded thirty points; the same number was then dealt for the black: on examining the parcels it proved

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* Parolet, sometimes called *cocking*, is when a punter, being fortunate, chooses to venture both his stakes and games, which he intimates by bending a corner of his card upwards.

† *Quince et le va* is when the punter, having won a *sept*, &c. bends the third corner of his card, and ventures for fifteen times his stake.

‡ *Soixante et le va* (terms also used at Pharo) is when the player, having obtained a *trente*, ventures all once more, which is signified by making a fifth parolet, either on another card, if he has paroleted on one only before, or by breaking the side of that one which contains four, to pursue his luck in the next deal.

that both colours were thirty-one, (in the language of the game *un refait*,* or a *doublet*,) in which case neither party wins, and the dealer obtained half the stakes punted on both colours, the rest was removed into *prison*.

This was rather a mortifying occurrence to our player, but not an unsatisfactory event to the *Marquis*. The same stakes were again made, and the same process gone through, until the critical moment of announcing the result of the game, when it was found that fortune declared in favour of the Sicilian, his colour being the successful one; in consequence of which, the whole of our hero's winnings, together with his stakes, were borne away from him "at one fell swoop."

Dick could not be ignorant of the possibility of such a result, yet his sanguine mind was not prepared for such a sweeping reverse. Instead of being able to punish his gambling associates, he now saw himself by one event reduced almost to the situation of the persons whom his late success had impoverished. These gains were now transferred

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* The same number of cards being dealt for each colour makes a doublet, or *un refait*, on which the dealer says *après*, after. Neither party wins by a *refait*, except the dealer, who obtains half the stakes punted on both colours. He, however, seldom takes the money, but removes it into the middle line, on which colour the punsters please. This is called the first prison, or *la premier prison*; and, if they win the next event, they draw their whole stake. In case of a second doublet the money is removed into the third line, which is called the second prison, or *la seconde prison*. When this happens, the dealer wins three quarters of the money punted; and, if the punsters win the next event, their stakes are removed to the first prison. The odds against *le refait* being dealt are reckoned 63 to 1.

to the other side of the table, to swell the coffers of the noble Sicilian. It was not, therefore, without satisfaction that he heard several of the company propose to change the cards for dice. Little as he cared in general for money, he felt, on the present occasion, a strong desire to recover some portion of his lost treasure, and to diminish the triumph of MOUSTACHALINA, who had become the depository of almost all the wealth of the company. He, therefore, expressed his willingness to change the game, and, as the *Marquis* likewise readily assented, the dice took the place of the cards.

Chance again seemed disposed to befriend our hero. The dice turned up in his favour at every throw, until he once more saw himself in possession of a considerable portion of the money he had lost at cards. What vicissitudes of fortune a gambler is doomed to experience! The *Marquis* bore his losses with apparent indifference. In the meantime the parties, who had joined in the game at *Rouge et Noir*, employed themselves in betting on the play of the *Marquis* and DICK. Those who took the side of our hero now exulted in their success, and challenged their chop-fallen opponents to larger ventures. Nothing is so likely to banish prudent resolutions as good fortune; one success suggests the possibility of another; and such is the power of the infatuating passion of gaming in vitiating the mind, that he who played at first for mere amusement now does it from a far different motive. Our adventurer, seeing himself again in favour with Fortune, resolved to hazard another decisive attempt. He challenged the *Marquis* to a high stake, and made large bets with the rest of the company. The prospect was now such as the avaricious mind would have panted to have seen instantly realized in its favour; a golden harvest seemed already displayed on the

table. Ardent spirits delight in extremes—it was *aut Cæsar, aut nullus.* DICK took the box, and seeming to say, "'Tis but a fortune I can win or lose," shook it with all the fury of a desperate gambler. He then threw the dice on the table. The numbers luckily were high, and several of the company seemed to despair of the *Marquis* beating them. "It is barely on the dice to effect it," said some.—"It will be next to a miracle," exclaimed others;—"if he save his bacon—mine is sacrificed I fear."—"I wish I were certain the *Marquis* would match that throw," was the observation of one: "beating seems a forlorn hope."—"Fool that I was," said another, "to stake so much on the turn of a die, when the tide of fortune seems running so strong in a contrary direction."

A moment decided their doubts. The Sicilian took the box; fate seemed to depend upon the throw. In spite of his habitual calmness, it was evident that MOUSTACHALINA was sensible of the importance of the event. An unusual feeling gave animation to his eyes; and, following the example of our hero, in shaking the magical bones, (for though no *throat preformer* "we did mark how he did *shake,*") he made them sound "like a *rattling* peal of thunder." In fact, we may say, of both the players—

> "While each in turn rears high th' enchanted box,
> Which loud as thunder on the board he knocks."

> In tempting heaps, before them spread, behold
> The envied prize of all destructive gold;
> For this what will not venturous man essay?
> For this he treads grim Danger's darkest way;
> For this forgoes kind heaven's approving smile,
> And rivals e'en the demons in their toil.
> Forgot each virtuous throb to honour dear,
> Domestic joys, and soft affection's tear;

For this the gambler risks the fatal throw
That dooms him to irrevocable woe;
And stamps upon his brow the mark of shame,
Graved in the lines of grief, a gamester's name.

But, "brief let us be." Down came the dice on the table from the hand of the *Marquis*.

"A miracle," cried the parties who had before spoken so desparing of their ventures, "a miracle of good luck, the *Marquis* has won;" and pleasure was perceptible in every countenance, that was so lately clouded with the gloom of uncertainty.

As for DICK, although not much affected in general by any thing that occurred, and so happily constitutioned, that he resembled, in some degree, the person of whom Sir Richard Blackmore has thus sublimely written:—

"Were the whole universe to go to wreck,
He unconcerned could hear the mighty *crack*."

Still the hero of our narrative could not regard the result of this adventure with indifference. So many chances appeared

against his opponent, that he had almost made sure of winning. In an instant this expectation was destroyed, and he again found himself in the situation of one who has been dreaming of being in possession of vast hoards of wealth, but from whom the voice of

> "Fell Chanticleer has reft away
> His fancied bliss, and brought subtantial ill."

Ere he could determine on his next step, an event happened which called the attention of the players to another object. An individual, who had lost his all at one of the tables, and retired to the *hospital for the wounded,* in the hope of *borrowing* from the glass what no one else would *lend,* the means of burying in forgetfulness the consciousness of his ruin, had been so little successful in his applications to Bacchus for this purpose, (for even the wine-drinking god has a cruel *Jewishness* about him sometimes,) that, having worked himself up to a state of phrenzy, he rushed into the room that had been the scene of his folly and his misfortune. Here he beat his head against the wall, as if he would have dashed out his brains on the spot; then, taking his stand on one of the seats near a window, he thus addressed the parties who had stripped him of his money:—"You see before you a man reduced to ruin and desperation by gaming. I have given you all I possess; I will now set you an example how you should do that which will, probably, be one time as necessary to you as it now is to me." As he spoke the last words he turned about, and at one leap dashed through the window, and precipitated himself into the street.

Considerable bustle and confusion were excited in the room by this circumstance. A number of the loungers ran to the window to look after the desperate mortal who had plunged

as from the Tarpeian rock into the depth below; others more humane rushed into the street, with the view of rendering assistance to the unfortunate victim of rashness and imprudence; whilst those who had stripped him of his money continued their game, as if such acts were matters of common occurrence, merely laughing at the *simple pigeon* for taking such a *flight* with his *wings* so *clipped* as they had been. DICK started up, scarcely conscious of what had occurred, and was about to have hastened into the street, with the most humane intentions, but he was stopped by a person who advised him not to move, as it was useless to endeavour to get out at that moment from the crowd and the precautions taken by the *gens-d'armes* and the officers of the house. This friendly adviser was not one of the instructors who are so ready to offer their services in teaching the inexperienced the art of play,—he was an Englishman, and one of that profession which is, perhaps, the least acquainted with the arts of circumvention and deception; he was a naval officer, one who had acquired almost the whole of his lore in Neptune's school; and, though in the land of *politesse* and ceremony, had made as little endeavour to polish his speech and manners as *Squire* JENKINS himself. How he came to be in the society of the land sharks we shall afterwards explain. "Avast running your vessel into a storm," said he to our hero, "there are enough to pick up the *gull* without you. Mayhap you don't remember BEN BLOCK of *Chepstow*, but I have not lost the log-book of my memory so far as to forget my schoolfellow DICK WILDFIRE!"—"Can it be possible," cried DICK, in surprise, grasping the hand of the seaman, "BEN BLOCK alive and here!"—"Why, yes, d' see," replied the latter, "here I am, after weathering some rough gales since we sailed together on fresh water; but, hark ye friend, do you engage an enemy whose guns are loaded without having any shot in your own

locker?"—"I do not comprehend you," replied DICK, "explain yourself."—"What," exclaimed his naval friend, "not see the enemy's device, though he bears down with a weight enough to sink you. Don't you see that these scoundrels are sailing under false colours. That lantern-jawed *Don Whiskerando*, who calls himself a Sicilian nobleman, and appears chief of the gang, is no more a *Marquis* than I am. You may discover the pirate from the weight of his metal,—examine the dice, and if you do not find them pretty well loaded with lead, I don't know a shark from a gudgeon." —"Now," said DICK, "I understand you. I have allowed myself to be duped by a set of sharpers. I must probe this matter a little farther."

At this instant, a crowd of the philanthropic Mentors, taking the opportunity of the bustle and disorder occasioned by the unfortunate desperado, "rushed like a torrent from the hills, sweeping the" stakes from the table, and overturning every thing in their way. Even the noble *Marquis* MOUSTACHALINA, whose quality might have been expected to protect him, and who was, as Milton says,

"Tall as the mast of some great Amiral,"

spite of his precautions and his nobility, borne down and overthrown by the pressure; but, well knowing there was not much mercy or politeness in the feet of the plunderers who had made this irruption into the precincts of the more fortunate part of the society, he crept under the table for shelter, wisely considering that it was better to risk a part of his plunder than to hazard the sacrifice of his life. As he had not had time to secure the whole of his gains, no inconsiderable portion fell to the share of the marauders we have mentioned; but what was of more con-

sequence as the means of discovering roguery, and proving the truth of *Lieutenant* BLOCK'S assertion, the dice with which the *Marquis* had won the last stakes were also overthrown in the confusion, and DICK, perceiving this, picked them up, and took them into his possession, with the resolution of ascertaining whether they were charged in the manner his friend had hinted.

For this purpose he and the *Lieutenant* withdrew into one of the rooms set apart for the reception of the *wounded*. Here they broke the mischievous bones, (the *Lieutenant* wishing they were the almost-equally *bare bones* of the cheat who used them,) and found them loaded with lead as honest BLOCK had insinuated. DICK was inflamed with rage at this discovery. He felt more ashamed at being made to appear a *Jonny Raw* in the eyes of his acquaintances than at the loss of his money. "I thought," said the *Lieutenant*, "you were more of an old *crow* than to allow yourself to be *pigeoned* or *gulled* in this manner." Such observations as these were not much adapted to allay the ire swelling in the breast of our deceived and fleeced adventurer. "Impudent imposter," he exclaimed, "he shall not practice these tricks on me with impunity."—"Why, what do you mean to do with the lubber," asked the tar, "he is too much of a *blackleg* to deserve the treatment of a gentleman.—A rope's end or a cat-o'nine-tails would suit him better."—"I shall instantly return to the saloon and chastise him in the midst of the company."—"Well resolved, my boy, I like to see the false colours brought down. 'No tricks upon travellers.' I'll stand by you, messmate, as long as I can crack a biscuit or board an enemy, or my name is not BEN BLOCK."

As no sticks or weapons of annoyance or destruction are

allowed to be taken into the rooms appropriated to gaming, or which the gamblers frequent, the visiters being deprived of all these as soon as they enter; our enraged hero had considerable difficulty in finding a cane for his work of justice. He, however, after some search, discovered one in the corner of the *hospital*, which we may suppose belonged to one of the waiters. Not caring much whose property it was, DICK took this instrument in his hand, and before he was perceived, or his intention guessed, he was within reach of MOUSTACHALINA, on whose shoulders he commenced a furious bastinado, which astonished and agitated the whole assembly of sharpers. The detected imposter, feeling the strokes, and seeing from whose hand they came, leaped from his seat, and getting out of the reach of the cane, behind one of the inspectors, and a barrier of chairs which he drew around him, assumed one of his most ferocious looks—his very whiskers "curled with ire," and shrugging up his agonizing shoulders, demanded to know why this outrage was committed upon his person. In reply to this question, DICK exhibited the fallacious dice, and asked him if he knew these nefarious instruments. The lofty favourite of the Court looked for a moment confounded, and almost annihilated at this discovery; but, quickly recovering his assurance, he solemnly protested that he knew nothing of these articles of deception,—that he abhorred unfair play as much as any one,—he claimed to be regarded as a nobleman, and a man of honour, insinuated that none but an English blackguard (*un polisson Anglais*) would have insulted a gentleman as our hero had done to him, and signified that he should require satisfaction for the gross affront put upon him. "Imposter as you are," said DICK, "I am ready to give it you instantly, although one of your stamp, and disgraced as you have been, has but little right to receive the satisfaction of a gentleman."

The friends of the chap-fallen and chastised pretender to nobility now crowded around him, as if to form a guard for their chief, clamouring against the outrageous and unjustifiable manner in which he had been treated. The officers and servants of the house, in a general muster, also interfered between the opponents to prevent further hostilities. In the mean time, *Lieutenant* BLOCK proved a good seconder to his friend, for he prevented some of the worthy associates of the noble *Marquis* getting near to DICK, and taking the cowardly vengeance of plunging into his breast a concealed dagger, which, notwithstanding the regulations we have mentioned, such fellows are never without. BEN likewise published to all around, in plain and honest phrase, what he knew, or had heard of the real character of the pseudo *Marquis*, whom he denounced as a swindler and an imposter, a scoundrel who had escaped from the galleys to which he had been sent for robbing his master when he had the honour of wearing the livery of a Sicilian nobleman whose rank he had assumed. These statements made considerable impression on the company, and the great MOUSTACHALINA, who had borne himself so loftily, and had been considered as the favourite of the Court, was now regarded by many with contempt.

In consequence of the outrage committed upon his person and his *honour*, it was necessary for the vindication of his character and nobility that the injured *Marquis* should make some show of courage and resentment. He therefore continued to bluster, and to express his desire of avenging the insult he had received. DICK proposed to adjourn to any place he chose to name for the purpose of settling the matter, but still the ferocious pyramid of *soi-disant* nobility allowed himself to be detained from instant combat, by the advice and *friendly violence* of the gang of plundering associates who

surrounded him. DICK, seeing no prospect of an immediate opportunity of inflicting a further punishment on this chief of sharpers, in order to leave no impression against himself in respect to his willingness to meet the hero of the table, presented him with his card of address. The return of such a compliment became, consequently, necessary on the part of his antagonist. But it proved that the noble MOUSTACHALINA had no such article of his own to tender. He, however, adopted a magnanimous expedient to supply its want, somewhat in the style of an Irish footman's interchange of friendly tokens, he returned our hero's card as his own, with something marked upon it in the way of letters, which it would have puzzled the decipherer of the writing of the hand on the wall to make out.

When DICK discovered this blunder of the noble *Marquis* he could not help smiling, in spite of his anger and contempt. He half suspected that he must be more nearly related to his friend O'SHUFFLETON than that gentleman was willing to confess. A suspicion also arose in his mind not very favourable to the honour of the *Captain*, namely, that he was not ignorant of MOUSTACHALINA'S imposture, nay, that he might have been privy to the design of stripping him of his money, and that his introduction of the cheat, under the high sounding character he gave of him, was for no other purpose than to effect this plunder. The retirement and continued absence of the *Captain* tended to confirm this suspicion; and the idea of such unworthy conduct produced a resolution in the mind of our hero, only to arrest the villanous career of the pretended *Marquis*, but to call O'SHUFFLETON to account for palming on his friend a sharper under the mask of nobility.

With such feelings of resentment prompting him, DICK

resolved to wait until the Sicilian should leave the precincts of the gambling-house, and afford him an opportunity of putting his courage to the test. In the mean time, with the assistance of the *Lieutenant*, he procured a brace of pistols, and took precautions to prevent his being balked in his intention. "By the Nor' Lights," said honest BLOCK, "if you do not *pepper his hull* you ought to be sent round the fleet yourself. I wish I had the starting of the lousy land-crab."—"But what if he will not fight with pistols?" said DICK:—"Why, then, we'll *cob* the *lubberly swab*, or make him *run the gauntlet*," replied the seaman.

They did not wait long for the object they sought. The detected imposter had found his situation so uncomfortable, after the exposure of his roguery, that he speedily found it necessary to leave the saloon. So chagrined was he at what had occurred, that he even avoided the asylum of the rooms for the wounded; for, alas, what remedy had they for such disasters?

"The wounds of honour never close."

By this time, from the lateness of the hour, there was not much probability of interruption. As the humiliated sharper had stole away from the scene of his disgrace, he was unaccompanied by any of his acquaintances. On issuing from the Palais Royal to pass into the *Rue de Richelieu*, he was met by the apparition of our hero, who, after informing him that he had been waiting to give him the satisfaction he had desired, presented a pistol to the astonished gambler, and bade him take as short a distance as he chose. The light of the street was sufficient to show that the terrific *Marquis* no longer possessed the serenity he had evinced during the vicissitudes of play; his long limbs

shook under his pyramidal form, and his sallow cheeks assumed a still more cadaverous hue. " Gentlemen, do not fight in that murderous manner in France," he at length said in a faultering voice, " these are the weapons of assassins. In the morning I will meet you, when we may decide the point as becomes *noblemen* and men of *honour*." —" No evasion," reiterated DICK, " take the pistol, or, by the god of thieves and ruffians! I will instantly give you a leaden passport to a *deeper hell* than that you have just emerged from."

Thus threatened with a fate which he had little inclination to welcome, and having no alternative, he was under the disagreeable necessity of accepting the profferred weapon. He however manifested no desire to avail himself of that part of our hero's proposition, which gave him the privilege of abridging, as much as he thought proper, the distance between himself and his antagonist.

In fact, nothing could be more unpalatable, in his estimation, than the idea of any unnecessary approximation to the mouth of a loaded pistol, although he was an adept at handling another kind of *loaded* commodity.

" It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe."

The *Lieutenant* now made his appearance, and, as the *Marquis* was without a second, the tar requested to be allowed to act as umpire in the contest. This being acceded

to, the *Lieutenant* measured eight paces, and desired the parties to take their stand at that distance, and fire at a signal which he should give. MOUSTACHALINA was horror-struck at this mode of duelling, where no chance of escaping death appeared. Nevertheless, he mustered courage to take his station, and, DICK, having done the same, the *Lieutenant* gave the signal, and both parties fired at once. The tall fabric of the Sicilian instantly fell to the ground, apparently mortally wounded. Humanity would have induced his opponent and the umpire, notwithstanding their dislike to his conduct, to have stayed and procured some assistance for the fallen enemy, but prudence dictated an instant escape from the spot. They knew the report of the pistols would draw persons thither, and they left MOUSTACHALINA, with less reluctance, to the attentions of such good Samaritans as might think him worthy of their regard.

Our friends now deemed it adviseable to separate. DICK took a hasty farewell of the *Lieutenant*, desiring, at the same time, to have the pleasure of seeing him again, and proceeded toward the *Rue St. Honore*, whilst the brave son of Neptune took his way in the direction of the *Fauxbourg St. Martin*, humming as he went the following description of a vessel in which he had, at one time, been an inmate; namely, the "*Tottemfog*, of prize-ship celebrity."

The scrapers and the caulking tools have now been nicely plied,
And the painters, jolly dogs, have done their duty;
And now she breasts, so smart and gay, the rippling roaring tide,
With masts on end, and rigging blacked—a beauty.

The ports unclosed, her carronades run out on every side,
She looks so like a sturdy fail-me-never,
That, d—n me if I don't, and I'll do it too with pride,
Drink "huzza, the saucy *Tottemfog* for ever."

CHAP. IX.

A solitary Visit to the Pont Neuf—Fishing for Flounders *in the Dark—Dick drags an Odd Fish from the Seine—Story of the Victim of Gambling completed—Generosity of our Hero—An Adventure of Sir* Humphrey *and Lady* Halibut*—Their Danger from a* Polar *Monster—Take Refuge in the Shop of a Decrotteur, where they receive the true* Parisian Polish.

We have shown, in the preceding chapter, some of the fatal consequences of gambling. With fresh vigour, inspired by the moral object of our narrative, we resume, in a new chapter, the interesting detail. The death of a human being by the hand of another is an event of too important a nature to be viewed with indifference, especially by the individual who is so unfortunate, or so demoniacally actuated as to deprive his fellow-creature of life, whatever may have been the demerits of the deceased party. The fall of Moustachalina produced an effect in the mind of Dick that was but little allied to tranquillity. A train of unpleasant thoughts was the result of this adventure, and *thought* was necessary to devise the means of security from the consequence of the *rencontre*. Instead of turning down the *Rue St. Honoré*, or proceeding forwards to the *Rue de Rivoli*, the repentant duellist took his way, unconsciously, along the borders of the Seine, to the *Pont Neuf*, ruminating on the step most advisable for a person to take in his circumstances.

As he paced solitarily along the margin of the river, he observed a person on the parapet of the wall; a dangerous path for a crazy-headed adventurer. As he approached nearer, he perceived the object of his attention lift his hands towards heaven, as if in the act of supplication, and heard him ejaculate in a fervent manner, "Forgive, Almighty Giver of life! the fatal act I am about to commit, and, by thy merciful protection, supply to my wife and famishing children the place of a husband and a father." The unhappy man then instantly plunged into the water, apparently to meet the fate he desired. No assistance seemed to be at hand—no friendly boat was passing, to afford, with the alacrity and humanity of British hearts, the necessary aid. Unlike the busy scene which the surface of the Thames presents—the Thames

> "Majestic king of floods,
> Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
> And labour toils, and echo hears the shouts
> Of hurried sailor as he hearty waves
> His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
> Resigns the spreading canvas to the wind!"

The sight of a boat on the Seine, in the neighbourhood of Paris, is almost a rare occurrence.

> "Though o'er its sluggish waves expanse,
> Majestic towers the pride of France,
> No splendid bark, no navy rides
> Its stream that feels no quickening tides;
> Enough that its unruffled breast
> Receives the images impressed
> Of holy fane, and palace gay,
> And dome all gilt with golden ray;
> And, the frail bridges paddling through,
> Like lonely negro in canoe;
> Some bargeman plies along the shore,
> His faint and solitary oar;

And *blanchisseuse* and *lavandiere*,
Erect their bark's strange fabric near."

DICK saw and knew that no effort was likely to be made to save the drowning man, except what he himself might afford. He, therefore, instantly leaped into the muddy tide, regardless of his own safety, and, in a few minutes, succeeded in drawing the body of the suicide to a part of the edge of the river where the stationary hulks,* in which the *lavandiers* or *blanchisseuses* perform the operation of soiling and destroying clothes, under the name of *washing* them, rendered approach to the bank more accessible. Fortunately it proved that the endeavours of our hero to effect the preservation of the insensible individual, had awakened some of the *lavandiers* or male *blanchisseuse's*, who resided on board the oddly fashioned arks, or ships, which (like some tragedies that are not intended by the authors to be acted, and songs that are not composed with the view of being sung), were built with no view whatever of going to sea, or riding the current of a navigable river.

The *lavandiers*, seeing the perilous situation in which our hero's humanity had placed him, readily gave him their assistance, and the victim of despair was conveyed to a neigh-

* Almost all the washing in Paris is carried on in long vessels, like track-boats, or hoys; a sort of wooden houses, stationed along the borders of the Seine, and, strange to say, the men chiefly perform this office. Their mode of washing, which is beating and rasping, is very destructive to clothes. Many of the poor beaux, who have not so many changes of linen as *Beau Tibbs*, who could even boast of "twa sarks," having perhaps but *one* of these necessary articles, repair to the river during the night to wash their chemise with their own hands, and dry it on a stick or a pole as they return to their aerial dwellings. It may, therefore, with truth be said, that at Paris every man is, or may be "his own washerwoman."

bouring *cabaret*, (cyder, or ale-house,) where means were taken to effect his recovery, luckily with success.

On coming to himself, the unfortunate man looked wildly around him, and exclaimed, "Am I still in a world of villany and woe? Is even the relief of death denied me? Where is my Adelaide? Where are my children?" DICK desired him to calm his thoughts, and not to give way to despair. "You see none but friends around you," said he, "who are willing to do every thing in their power to render you assistance. If your children are in want, tell me your abode, and I will send them the means of relief. As for yourself, if your distress spring from the deprivation of fortune, you ought to know that what has been lost may be won; and, as a man, scorn to give way to weakness and despondency."

> "Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
> Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene;
> Cowards alone desert the fields,—the brave
> Live on, and nobly trust to Heaven to save."

These words had a most reviving and tranquillizing effect on the rescued victim of misfortune. He looked with gratitude and astonishment upon his preserver, and, falling at his feet, exclaimed, "Just God! I thank thee for having frustrated my impious intention. O, Adelaide! and O, my babes! ye bind me still to life, and for you I will yet strive to bear the weight of calamities heaped upon me. Generous stranger! who hast preserved, at the risk of thy own, an existence that had become full of misery and error, accept a wretch's acknowledgements for the prolongation of a life so necessary for the support of others, and to enable a wanderer from the paths of prudence and virtue to atone for his deviations."

DICK informed the distressed man that he need not allow his feelings of gratitude for an act of common humanity to add to the uneasiness of his mind; and having pressed a small reward upon the *lavandiers*, they withdrew, leaving the repentant gambler and his preserver together. On first observing the features and person of the rescued son of Misfortune, our hero thought he had much the appearance of some one whom he had seen before; and, having now an opportunity of more closely surveying him, he recognized in the intended suicide, the unfortunate and desperate individual who had lost his all at play in the gambling-house, and precipitated himself through the window into the street. DICK had a strong curiosity to learn some further particulars of the poor fellow's history, and the more so as the causes of his misfortunes seemed connected with gambling, the fruitful source of vice and calamity.

The grateful object of his sympathy and humanity (a man of prepossessing appearance, in the prime of life, and a Frenchman) seemed to anticipate this wish, of which delicacy forbade the expression.

"Sir," said he, "you see before you a man who had once the fairest prospects in life, but who has been ruined and driven to desperation by giving way to a propensity for play. My name is BERTUEIL; I entered into the world with a considerable fortune, enough to supply the means of happiness to a rational mind, but not sufficient for my ambition and desire of pleasure. I was united in marriage to the loveliest and most amiable of her sex, and 'babes, sweet smiling babes,' crowned our union with felicity. My desires were not, however, satisfied. As my family increased, I beheld the necessity of augmenting my fortune. No means of speedily effecting this presented themselves to me, except

at the gaming-table. The motive for adopting the profession of the gambler was good, but the choice was undeserving of approbation. Unfortunate choice! I have lived to see and repent my folly. If you have ever entertained a similar opinion to mine, when I set out in search of wealth, know, my noble-minded preserver, that there requires more than a good end in view,—the means must be good by which it is pursued, if we would lay a rational claim to success. No man should ever game who has any thing to lose. Those who have nothing, like the beggars, can injure nothing but those on the spoils of whom they raise themselves. These truths, however, could only be revealed by experience.

"I was one of those who must lose, because I had something to be deprived of. I had studied the science of play, and thought myself an adept; but, beside all the knowledge that can be acquired of gaming, another quality is requisite,—prudence is indispensable to success. A command of temper is necessary to give a man the opportunity of using his talents; without it, he who is possessed of the most intimate skill in the art may be foiled, and become a dupe to persons whose capabilities he despised. A knowledge of mankind is also requisite; it is the first of the true gamester's principles. It is this on which he builds his certainty of plundering his intended dupes; he studies their passions; he has none of his own, at least he appears to be actuated by none when the business of plunder is on foot. He will rouse them, and endeavour to put them off their guard by a thousand artifices. With the obstinate he will make a run of ill luck, and provoke them to stake deeper to recover, under circumstances in which it is impossible they can win: with the more timid, he will make success the bait; he will lose two nights together to engage his companion to

stake ten times as much as all he had won on the third, under chances in which it is scarce possible he should do other than lose. These are the arts of the professed gamester; pardon my dwelling upon them—they have proved of fatal consequences to me.

"I am aware," said DICK, "from experience, that such are the artifices practised by sharpers to strip the uninformed of their money; and custom and fashion sanction the robbery. The detected cheat who carries false dice and supernumerary cards in his pocket is, indeed, given up and execrated; but all the rest is only *knowing mankind*, and playing the best of the game."

Monsieur BERTUEIL resumed. "That ever watchful and wily prudence, so indispensable to the profession I had chosen, unfortunately, had not been bestowed upon me. I played for money; but I was above mean artifice and cowardly baseness. I played, and experienced the usual vicissitudes of the gamester's life, fluctuating between affluence and beggary. Notwithstanding the penetration which I flattered myself I possessed, I found, in the long run, that I played to disadvantage. A considerable portion of my fortune was dissipated in the pursuit of more. I grew impatient and mad under my losses. It happened that, under these circumstances, I became acquainted with a person whom, had I known him better, I would have studiously avoided. He was one of the strippers of heirs who disguise themselves and their intentions by assuming an honourable name and character. As he attached himself to me, we played frequently together. He ingratiated himself with me by losing freely. He played at what games and on what conditions I chose; but, from the time the hook was fixed, and success had imparted an additional incentive to

continue the play, the scene began to alter. The loser claimed his right of changing the games: what I had won by skill or indulgence was sacrificed at games of chance. If I won at billiards, I lost at dice; if I was conqueror at tennis, I was sure to be beaten at tossing up, or even and odd. Out of patience at this ill fortune, I returned to the games at which I had won, but my eagerness and want of caution, or the arts of my antagonist, prevented the continuance of success. The plunderer pursued his fortune. He drew me into such unequal conditions that he must be the winner. I continued to play and lose on. I saw my ruin before me, yet could not resolve to desist ere it was completed. It is a kind of fascination that forces men on, when they have fallen into the road of ill, from attempting to quit it. So much involved was I in the mazes of the destructive labyrinth into which I had entered, in the pursuit of wealth, that there appeared no room in my mind for love and natural affection. Even my Adelaide was neglected, and the tenderness of a father for his children banished from my heart. We were playing at *piquet*. At first we played for trifling sums. This was satisfactory to neither. We doubled the stakes; my adversary continued winning. We doubled them again, and I was still unsuccessful. Determined to put an end to uncertainty, I consented with great readiness to double the stakes every time. I knew not what I was doing. In every game I was unfortunate. At length we came to a pause, when my opponent and friend showed me the number of games he had won, and the amount of my debt to him. I had not considered the terrible advances of double stakes after a certain number. He showed me, in short, that I had lost more than all I was possessed of in the world. I could not deny that I had lost the number of games he specified. Death was in my face and in my heart at the thought of this situation. I proposed to continue to play—my friend declined it. 'You have lost,'

said he, ' as much as you can pay—wherefore should I hazard the advantages I have gained, to gratify a person who has nothing to lose? I expect instant payment of your debts to me, either in money or by bonds.'

" The tone and manner of my friend were changed from the moment my ruin was completed. I did not dispute the justice of his claim, but I wished for a mitigation of the misery which a disclosure of my folly and an immediate transfer of my property must occasion to my injured wife and family. ' You have a right,' said I, ' to all I have, —take it, dispose of me as you will, but keep the secret from my dear ADELAIDE; let her suppose I still possess what I make over to you, and let me try by some other means, or in some new world, to repair, by a life of application, the consequences of my folly.' This appeal had no effect on the unsympathizing mind of my friend. He said I was an entire stranger to him, that my family had no claims upon him, and desired I would put an end to this romantic nonsense, and talk like a man of sense about paying my debts of honour.

" I was thunderstruck at this change; my rage was greater than my distress at the inhumanity of a man whom I had esteemed. I spoke to him as the provocation required; as his insolence justified. I ordered pen and ink into the next room. I gave him bonds and security to the ful amount of what I had lost. They comprised the whole of my diminished fortune, including the remains of what my ADELAIDE had brought me, and on which the subsistence of my wife and children depended. The author of my ruin took possession of these acquisitions, and was about to depart. ' Stop, sir,' said I, ' you have one gift more to receive from me: whilst I fulfil my obligations of honour, you

shall find that I also know how to deal with a rascal.' I eagerly turned about to snatch a pistol, with the intent to despatch such a disgrace to human nature, but I had forgot to lock the door of the room in which we were, and the villain seeing this, and guessing my desperate purpose, had withdrawn, and effected his escape from my vengeance."

"The name and conduct of such a scoundrel ought to be published, to warn society from becoming dupes to his nefarious arts," replied DICK, taking advantage of a pause in the narrative.

"His name is MOUSTACHALINA," added *Monsieur* BERTUEIL; "he gives himself out for a Sicilian nobleman, but I have had melancholy proofs of his being an arrant impostor. I thought I beheld the villain last night at his work of deception, but I had no means of punishing him there. I abstained from publishing the injury he had done me by attempting to avenge it, from a belief that it was not yet known, and a dread of the consequences of exposure on the mind of my dear ADELAIDE."

"MOUSTACHALINA!" echoed our listening hero, with surprise; "if he is the destroyer of your happiness, I can give you the satisfaction of knowing that he has not escaped the full measure of his deserts."

"It is, indeed, a satisfaction to learn that justice has been executed, though not by my hand, on so deliberate and cold-blooded a villain. The manner in which this has been accomplished I shall beg you to relate; but I shall first complete my story by adding that, on finding I had been made a beggar by my own folly, I became quite desperate. I had not the courage to disclose to my wife my

real situation; I could not plunge a dagger into her bosom by telling her of the ruin I had brought upon myself and her. Domestic happiness existed not for me. What course remained for me to adopt in order to repair my dreadful losses? I thought of the fickleness of fortune—of my winnings on former occasions—of the chances that might give success to another attempt. With the little money I could muster, after the sweep of every thing valuable made to discharge my debts to MOUSTACHALINA, I repaired, in a state of mind little to be envied, to the gaming-house, where still greater misfortune pursued me. The reproaches of my conscience were increased by my additional folly and misfortune. The consequences of the accumulated horror thus created you have seen. My first attempt to put a period to that life which I had so shamefully misemployed, most miraculously failed; the second your humanity has likewise rendered abortive. The hand of Providence is in this;—I can no longer doubt that some share of happiness is yet reserved for me."

"Cherish that belief," said DICK, "you will not find it fallacious. MOUSTACHALINA'S villany can be proved—your property may yet be recovered. I hope the sharper is not dead for this reason alone." Our hero then informed *Monsieur* BERTUEIL of his own acquaintance with the Sicilian, and its result; offering the unfortunate BERTUEIL what pecuniary assistance was in his power, and his future aid, if necessary, to effect the recovery of his property. BERTUEIL, in return, gratefully proffered his preserver an asylum, in case of proceedings against him for MOUSTACHALINA'S death; and, having exchanged addresses, DICK left the grateful BERTUEIL on his return to his beloved ADELAIDE, and retraced his way to the *Rue St. Honoré*,

consoling himself with the reflection that if he had destroyed one life he had, luckily, been the means of saving another.

We must now carry back the reader to the company of *Sir* HUMPHREY, *Squire* JENKINS, and the ladies, to see in what manner they employed their time.

We have mentioned that the *Squire* had taken a fancy to *show off* before the accomplished LYDIA, and that for this purpose he had determined to honour the HALIBUTS with more of his time and company than he usually took from his horses and dogs to give to the society of the fair sex, or to old gouty gentlemen who were incapable of enjoying his favourite amusements. "Beauty has such resistless power that e'en" the soul of JENKINS was subdued into a pleasing thraldom by the charms and the sprightly wit of LYDIA.

> "Softly sweet in *Lydian* measures,
> "Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures."

To say that in her more attractive society he forgot his beloved horses and dogs would not be consistent with truth. The *Squire* would not have given up these to gratify the finest duchess in the land. His love, however, was made known in true country-gentlemanly style, such as we may suppose was the method of courtship used by the Lords of the Manor in the happy and unsophisticated days of good Queen Bess. He descanted with peculiar delight and eloquence on the beauties and advantages of Tallyho-Hall—a residence fit for the keenest sportsman, and the gentleman who could, like himself, boast a *plum*; he entertained the fair LYDIA with a most minute account of the properties of his racing-stud; told her how his horse *Starling* could clear, with ease, a five-barred gate; how he could whip a hare on

the back of *Starling*; dwelt with all the pleasure of a lover of the sport on the unequalled scent and fleetness of his pack of beagles; and felicitated himself on his choice of an assortment of bull-dogs of the true English breed. He inquired if LYDIA was fond of venturing her pretty person on horseback, and offered to tutor her in the *pursuits* of the chase. LYDIA said she left these pleasures and employments to those who thought dogs and horses the fittest company for gentlemen; she was not ambitious of rivalling the fame of the Amazonians.

"But would you not like to see a combat of bull-dogs, or that most delightful of all amusements, a bull-baiting?" inquired JENKINS. "If you will allow me, I will show you the best thing of the kind they have here, the *Combat des Animaux*; but it is far inferior to Duck-Lane, or the Carnival of Stamford." This offer the fair LYDIA also declined, which made the *Squire* almost despair of the lovely cousin of his friend ever becoming a fit mistress for Tallyho-Hall.

Lady HALIBUT was not so fastidious as her daughter; she admired the *Squire's* account of his own recommendations, and himself for possessing them; she even signified her readiness to accompany the owner of Tallyho-Hall to the den of wild beasts, provided it was reckoned a fashionable resort in France, and provided, likewise, there was any prospect of witnessing a quadrille by the dancing dogs.

Just as the *Squire's* powers of entertainment were beginning to flag, the spirits of the ladies received a most welcome fillip in the arrival of an invitation to the *Countess de Dance-at-court's* ball, a lady of the highest *ton*, to whom our fair ones had brought an introduction, but whom they had not yet

had the honour of seeing. *Lady* HALIBUT'S bosom swelled with pride at the respect thus paid to her by a lady of the *Countess's* quality; and pleasure sparkled in LYDIA'S eyes at the prospect of a ball and figuring amidst the highest and most fashionable circles of Parisian society. *Squire* JENKINS saw that he was in danger of being either forgotten or eclipsed by this prospect of greater attraction, and resolved not to give up his fair country-woman to any French whipper-snapper who might aspire to the felicity of her smiles; he instantly offered himself as a partner to LYDIA, reckoning that he should also have the honour of an invitation, as he was not unknown to the *Countess*. The object of his regard would have excused herself from accepting this gallant offer, had she not been apprehensive of displeasing her mother, who thought the *Squire* one of the best matches in England, and had earnestly advised LYDIA to set her cap at him. She also knew that JENKINS was one of DICK'S particular friends, and, on that account, had claims to civility; but her heart would have been better pleased had DICK been the partner instead of the *Squire*. For these reasons the lovely *Miss* HALIBUT gave a reluctant consent to adopt the fox-hunting owner of Tallyho-Hall as her squire, and the ladies immediately set about making preparations for the approaching display. *Sir* HUMPHREY had kept the *Squire* and his wife company, listening to their sage remarks, until he became as tired and drowsy as a full fed auditory at the speeches of an alderman after dinner. He tried to find amusement in the newspapers, but he derived small entertainment or information from these, being, as he said, "ignorant of the lingo in which they were printed." At length he recollected the amusements to be found in his favourite *port;* he withdrew, and went in search of his obsequious friend BUTTON, to join in the devotions he was about to pay to the divinity of O Porto; but the finisher

was not to be found—he had *finished* his course, not by making his "quietus with a bare bodkin," but by having taken a hasty farewell of the *Hôtel de Londres* and all the good things of the *Table d'Hôte*, without discharging his bill, and set out in the *Dilly* for Calais. *Sir* HUMPHREY, on hearing this, d—d him for a lousy cabbaging tailor, and seeing a French gentleman, whom he had met at the table, still at his wine, sat down beside him without ceremony, and called for his bottle of port. This gentleman's name was *Monsieur* BADANT, a native of Burgundy, and, it soon appeared, a person as fond of the chase, the stud, the kennel, and all kinds of field and animal sports as *Squire* JENKINS himself. He possessed property, and resided in a province remarkable for being the best in France for producing a good breed of horses. France, however, is not very celebrated for the good qualities of the horses that are reared in it. Those most in use by gentlemen come from Flanders. BADANT spoke with raptures of a mare which he had brought with him from Burgundy, and offered to try any one in the country with her. In fact, he went so far as to assert, what a plain spoken horse-dealing poet has said of another favourite courser, namely, that

"Bucephalus to her compared's an *ass!*"

Sir HUMPHREY was unabled to match the Burgundian at this interesting topic. He conceived, however, that JENKINS might do this for him. As the *Squire* was about to withdraw, leaving the ladies to make arrangements for the ball, *Sir* HUMPHREY laid hold of him, and drew him into the room where the Burgundian was descanting on the unrivalled qualities of a favourite hunter. The Frenchman's gasconading on this subject soon excited the risibility of the proprietor of Tallyho-Hall, who asked him if his horse could leap a five-barred-gate, clear a ditch ten feet wide, or scorn to shy

at a spiked enclosure six feet high. The Burgundian, shrugging up his shoulders, as if in horror at the thoughts, said he was not in the habit of trying such dangerous experiments, but he would match his *Cheval de Chasse* at a boar-hunt, for a *hundred louis*, with any English horse in Paris. "Done!" cried the *Squire*; "a match for five hundred if you please; I know but little of your boar-hunts, but I'll match my *Starling* against any horse in France."—"*J'y consent*," exclaimed the Frenchman, "*l'affaire est faite.*" —"Here is the money," said JENKINS; "down with your dust." The Burgundian took some time to understand this. He saw, however, by the production of the money that he was challenged to an immediate deposit. So much cash was not at his immediate command, but he deposited in the hands of *Sir* HUMPHREY, who was to be the stake-holder and umpire, bank securities to the amount of a hundred louis, and it was settled that the match should take place the day after to-morrow, in order to give time for procuring the boar, and making other preparations. *Monsieur* BADANT proposed that the scene of the trial should be in the neighbourhood of the woods of Boulogne; JENKINS thought that the plain at the back of Mont Martre was a better spot, and it was finally agreed that the match should take place there. *Sir* HUMPHREY was so well pleased with the idea of seeing a Frenchman beaten, and the honour of old England maintained in the triumph of its horses, that he vowed, though no sportsman, he would mount a nag and be witness of the sport. The match was pretty well cemented by a copious application of the contents of the bottle, and in this pleasing occupation we shall leave them for the night.

DICK was in no haste to show himself abroad next day. He waited until he should learn something of the fate of MOUSTACHALINA. The time passed in this suspense he

endeavoured to beguile by writing to his friend BILL RATTLE an account of the circumstances which had led to this affair.

With the ladies and *Sir* HUMPHREY all was bustle and preparation. The former in anticipation of the Ball, and the latter to provide for his appearance at the Boar-Hunt. In furtherance of the business of procuring a fit array for the grand occasion, *Lady* HALIBUT found it necessary to propose a visit to the *Rue Vivienne* or the *Rue St. Honoré*, the Bond-Streets of Paris. For this purpose she requested that *Sir* HUMPHREY should accompany them; and the *Baronet*, in obedience to wishes which he scarcely dared to disobey, consented to become their squire. As the forenoon was fine they resolved to walk, that they might have an opportunity of "shopping" as they went. Thus affectionately and gaily disposed, the gallant Knight led the ladies forth; his fat and fashionable rib on one side, and the delicate LYDIA on the other. The *Rue St. Honoré* was the first street they entered upon. It is a street of much bustle and business, and there are many fashionable shops in it, but, like all the streets of Paris, it is extremely dirty, and, in comforts for the pedestrian, is inferior to Thames-Street, in London. In Paris the foot-passenger is often placed in imminent danger, from the want of pavements and the irregular driving of the coachmen.

The Paris *Jehu* has not the slightest regard for the safety or comfort of the foot-passenger,—he gives him little notice, although his horses are close upon him and ready to trample down every one in the way; and, were it not for a few large stones which project from the dirty sides of the houses or walls, and the receding door-ways of the others, the disasters of the street would form a very appalling catalogue.

Sometimes the poor beaux and persons with loads on their backs are very critically and unpleasantly situated, in endeavouring to "fly from the wrath to come," for seeking to shun Scylla they are almost sure to fall into Charybdis, in other words, trying to avoid the *cabriolets, fiacres,* &c. a *fouler* mischief almost inevitably befalls them. We cannot give the reader a better idea of the dangerous situation in which foot-passengers are placed by the unceremonious driving of these vehicles, than by presenting him with the following spirited and accurate representation.

Persons are sometimes obliged to run all the length of the street before they can get out of the way of the carriages; and nothing can be more ludicrous than the sights often exhibited by the flying pedestrians: the French women, as is their custom, lifting their garments very high, and that only on one side; and the poor old gouty-toed beaux grinning in agony from the pain occasioned by the sharp uneven stones with which the streets are paved.

It was not long before our *Knight,* and the fair ones under his protection, experienced the danger and pain resulting

from such inconveniences. He cursed the stones, the paviers, the narrowness and dirtiness of the streets, and the beggarly disposition of those who neglected their duty in providing for the safety and comfort of the community. He bestowed many an imprecation and opprobrious epithet on the unpitying *Jehus*, who forced him and his honourable charge to take to the wall for self-preservation, and failed not to endeavour to make the drivers sensible of his resentment, by crying out, "You rascal! if I had you in England I would teach you better manners than to whip and spur in that way when your betters are so near." "What rude, wulgar dogs these French coachmen are!" added *Lady* HALIBUT. "See how the nasty fellow has spattered all my new dress. I wish we had brought our own *shay* to keep us out of the mud, and save us from these low-bred ill-mannered Frenchmen." "Come along, wife," said *Sir* HUMPHREY, as they entered again on the perilous path, "never mind your gowns and petticoats, you know you brought me here to buy new ones."

With this consolation, the party endeavoured to proceed onward, making occasional deviations into the shops where any thing tempting in fashionable attire met their eyes. As they turned the corner of a street, to proceed into the *Rue de Richelieu*, a *cabriolet* came driving furiously along, and, before any of our honourable pedestrians were aware, the horse, startling, plunged against *Sir* HUMPHREY, and the ladies, instantly losing their hold of him, ran, screaming, to opposite sides of the street. LYDIA, by good fortune, got into the shop of a *spicier*; but her affrighted mother took shelter in a gateway, although a neighbouring fishmonger and oyster-shop offered protection. Her *Ladyship* had, however, now such a horror of these shops, and the society of "such people," that, rather than be seen in

places that reminded her of her husband's old profession, she preferred the protection we have mentioned. As soon as the *cabriolet* had passed, her *Ladyship* and LYDIA ran to the assistance of *Sir* HUMPHREY, who was gathering himself up from a puddle into which he had fallen. Most fortunately for the *Knight*, it was speedily found that he had sustained no material injury, the horse having reared and started aside, after coming slightly in contact with the *Baronet's* shoulder, and upsetting him in the kennel. A crowd of assistants immediately collected about the unfortunate *Knight* and his bespattered *Lady*; but, seeing there was more cause for laughter than compassion, they left *Jean Bull* and his beautiful wife, holding their noses as they withdrew, and grinning like as many monkeys.

Luckily LYDIA had entirely avoided the disastrous consequences of the sudden *rencontre*. Her robes were as unstained as her innocent mind; but the condition of her parents was such as to require the aid of some friendly hands to wipe away the soiling effects of Parisian streets and kennels. The shop of a *decrotteur*, or shoeblack, presented itself for this purpose, with this motto over the door, *A la maniere brillant*, "In a brilliant manner;" and into this curious scene of labour and renovation, the *Baronet* and his lady immediately entered; LYDIA accepting the proffered attentions of the *decrotteur's* wife, who invited her within the sacred precincts of the bar, or spouse's sanctorum, she being in no want of the renovating polish.

The shop of a Parisian shoeblack is a curiosity; it is a sort of saloon, where both *low* and *high* "*Life*" may be seen in as amusing a manner as in any other crowded resort. A double tier of parallel benches, neatly covered with cloth, is placed along the sides of the walls; on the upper seat

the persons sit who are to get their boots or shoes cleaned, and rest their feet upon an iron support, which is fixed on the edge of the second bench, by which the operator can get at them with more convenience. A number of shoeblacks are thus employed at a time. Whilst the customer is receiving the benefit of a measure, which is very often wanted by the pedestrian in the French capital, he enjoys, or may enjoy the perusal of the daily publications; and all for four *sous*. The keeper of the shop, who was dressed like a *petit maître*, with powdered head, and ruffles at his wrists, very humbly and politely welcomed our pair to a seat near his own observatory, until they could mount to the rostrum, which was filled with a long line of beaux, who were borrowing glory from the brush of the laborious *decrotteur*.

> " There, mounted to the true sublime,
> They sat like sage or man of rhyme,
> With *Moniteur*, *Gazette de France*,
> *Journal de Paris*, or romance,
> In hand, each various theme discussing,
> While *monsieur* patiently was brushing;
> They felt the streams of knowledge rush
> From feet to head, and blessed the brush
> That errors web could thus demolish,
> And give their feet a brilliant polish."

Although our affectionate couple were mounted, by the help of the *decrotteurs*, to the upper region, from whence, being accustomed to *high* " Life," and partaking of the *exalted* feelings of the *upper* ranks of society, they *looked down* with contempt on all below them. *Sir* HUMPHREY seemed, by the *lofty* airs he assumed, to have conceived that he was transported to the upper benches of an honourable assembling, of which he was a member: nor were her *Ladyship's* looks in any wise humbled by the plight in which she had

been recently placed; she tossed her head with much disdain at the gibes of the observers; and, as she modestly strove to hide her beautiful ancles from the inquisitive eyes of the sable *garçon*, who was employing his brush upon her feet, she called him a *low, venerable* fellow, desiring him not to *look above his station.*

In this convenient scene of renovation, the good *Knight* and his spouse obtained such other ablution as they seemed to require; but there are some flowers from which it is impossible to take the nauseous odour. They again sallied forth into the street, but the closed nostrils of every one with whom they came in contact, gave token that there still was something of the lingering fragrance about them. Such *airs* would certainly not procure them much respect among the fashionable frequenters of the *Rue Vivienne.* It was, therefore, wisely suggested by LYDIA that they should return to their hotel; and after some deliberation between *Sir* HUMPHREY and her ladyship, pride and wisdom so far prevailed, that they ordered a *fiacre,* and directed the coachman to drive to the *Hôtel de Londres.*

CHAP. X.

Low *" Life in Paris," or a* dive *into a* Caveau — *A Parisian* flash *Song, or " the* Larks *of a French Bousing Ken"— A Battle-Royal—More Peeps into the Gay World by Night —Sketch of* Frescati — *A Female* Gambling-House— *Sports extraordinary—A Boar-Hunt—A very* grave *and wonderful Exploit by Squire* Jenkins—*Unlucky Accidents " by Flood and Field," or would-be Sportsmen in a Pickle*—Tip-top *" Life in Paris ;" a Countess, Belles, Beaux, and a* Ball-Room.

The day passed rather heavily with our hero, until Sam Sharp announced a visit from *Lieutenant* Block. Few circumstances, however disastrous, could produce much effect on the weather-beaten features of Ben ; but on this occasion pleasure was perceptible in his countenance. As he entered, and took the hand of his friend with a slap, he exclaimed, " What cheer, my brave messmate? I have come to bring you news, but, sink me, if I know whether it is good or bad : that cowardly lubber, Moustachalina, is not gone to *Davy's locker*." " Not dead!" reiterated Dick. " Aye," added the *Lieutenant*, " not touched in hull or rigging. The scoundrel avoided your ball by falling down ere it parted from the muzzle of your pistol, and, when we crowded sail for port, the poltroon got up and *sheered off* on his own legs. This I have learnt from one of the police who saw the imposter skulk off from

the scene of action." "I am glad," said DICK, "that my hands are not stained with the blood of the rascal. This may be a fortunate circumstance for poor BERTUEIL."

The *Lieutenant* having communicated this piece of intelligence, which imparted to the mind of our hero its wonted buoyancy, informed DICK that he must about-ship directly, being in chase of a certain object, but promised to repeat his call to-morrow. He, therefore, hastily withdrew, leaving DICK to consider what scene of amusement should next be the object of his observation. As he could now walk abroad without dread, and had no engagement on hand, he determined on having a *lark* among the inferior orders, in other words, to see *Low* "LIFE" among the Parisians. This cannot be witnessed to better effect than in the subterranean coffee-houses, which are called *Caveaux*, or cellars. These scenes of cadger-like enjoyment may be found even in the precincts of the *Palais Royal*.

For this purpose he called SAM SHARP, whose fidelity on a late occasion had not passed without reward, and questioned him on his knowledge of such places. The *knowing Valet* was well acquainted with the situation and mysteries of every *caveau* in Paris. He instantly volunteered to conduct his master to a celebrated diving-scene of this kind, and SAM'S account was so entertaining that DICK resolved on allowing himself to be conducted thither. The *Valet* was proud of his office, and the master and his servant set out on their exploratory expedition.

They soon arrived at the entrance of the inviting cave. Having descended a dirty flight of steps, and traced the subterranean windings to the end, instead of finding a St. Giles's cellar, our visiter was surprised and struck to see

ornaments and embellishments little inferior to the most splendid *cafés*; but the contrast of the mirrors and vases with the shabby furniture and time-varnished walls, was rather striking and amusing. The voice of jollity resounded in this subterranean haunt of Bacchus and Venus; and the following descriptive song, which was sung by a *low* singer, but a good delineator, gave new comers an idea of what sort of entertainment they had to expect.

THE LARKS OF A FRENCH CAVEAU.

Some folks are constantly up,
And others are always down,
But he that would know "LIFE" well,
Must ferret each nook of the town:
So you that to Paris would roam,
And all its mysteries know,
Leave behind you the pleasures of home,
And dive into some *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

For there's the bustle and rout,
The *putain*[1] and the *filou*,[2]
And *parvenus*[3] clean'd out,
Till they're poor as a *puce*[4] or *poux*;[5]
And sharpers are there for *sous*,
Who all *broad-swell* secrets know;
If you've ever so little to lose,
You may flash it in a *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

[1] Mot; i.e. courtezan. [2] Prig, or conveyancer, alias thief.
[3] Mushrooms; green-horns suddenly enriched and *down* to nothing.
[4] Jumper; i.e. flea.
[5] Colonist; i.e. louse; a very characteristic term, if the circumstance be correct that is related of a certain philosopher; viz. that he nursed a pair in his stocking, and found, by calculation, that three weeks would multiply the number to five thousand.

There the *joueurs du violon*,
Their half-string'd fiddles tune;
And *Pauline* and ragged *Manon*
Strike up the ballet soon;
Pauline has a thread-bare *jupe*,[6]
And *Manon* wears the *sabot*,[7]
But they merrily join in the group,
That figure in the *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

There *mendiants*[8] and *mesquins*[9]
Have a precious run of trade;
And the *gueux*[10] and *galopins*[11]
The sneers of the *swells* evade;
And the fair nymphs of the *Halle*[12]
Look on and cry, "*Ah, c'est beau!*"
Each leaning against the wall,
And *lushing* in the *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

For there you may damp your *chaffer*
In fifty different ways;
Eau de vie,[13] and prime *genievre*,[14]
And *rom-ponch à-l'Anglaise*;
Each takes his choice *breuvage*,[15]
Full fast the liquors flow;
And drunkenness roams at large
In the midst of the *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

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[6] Pleasure-baulker, alias petticoat.
[7] Wooden tenpenny cases, or shoes.
[8] Cadgers.
[9] Seedy coves.
[10] Raggamuffins.
[11] Scamps.
[12] Market; nymph of the *Halle*, a Parisian *Billingsgatress*.
[13] Thunder, or brandy.
[14] Lightning, otherwise max.
[15] Lush, or liquor.

And there stands a *gros criard*,[16]
With a young *chanteuse*[17] at hand,
Who pitch up their *sol fal la*
To the all-admiring band;
And such a *charivari!*[18]
Let the amateur, who would go
In search of true harmony,
Seek the *choristers* of the *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

And waltzers too are there
Exciting loud ha has!
Oh look at that am'rous pair,
"*Admirez donc l'extase!*"[19]
Of that *volupté permise*;[20]
No privilege they forego,
For the twirling of legs and knees;
See the *figurantes* in the *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

Seigneurs may drink their wine,
While *eau de vie* is here;
They may have their *spreads* more fine,
But can't match this nether cheer.

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[16] Male ballad-singer. [17] Female of the same class.

[18] Discord, confusion.

[19] This very natural exclamation is so self-explanatory, that we decline translating it.

"The beauties which his art in vain essay'd,
The painter threw discreetly into shade."

[20] "Licensed voluptuousness;" the well known definition of the waltz given by a foreign nobleman.

In the *belles sociétés*,
Elegantes their forms may show,
But the real *jolie dégagée*[21]
Must be sought in the *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

But the liquor begins to act,
Causing many a sad *faux pas*;
And bottles and glasses crack'd,
Begin the grand *fracas*.
The rabble are noisy grown,
And the *gens-d'armes* are not slow;
While tables and chairs are thrown
In tumult around the *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

And see, with their *coups de poings*[22]
The English lads clear their way;
While the French *polissons*[23] all join
Their forces in battle array;
Till the brisk police, from the top,
Pounce down on the crowd below,
And cruelly put a stop
To the larks of the French *Caveau*.
Too loo ral loo, loo ral loo, &c.

The meanest place of entertainment in Paris is seldom without musicians of some sort or other. Seated like *Old Nick*, in *Tam O'Shanter*, not in the dilapidated window of an old church, exulting over its ruins, although the Frenchmen, for a good bribe, would not have much scrupled to have played the part of old *Sooty*, or to add a *second*

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[21] Literally a pretty female in *deshabille*; here to be understood of a draggle-tailed Cyprian.

[22] Compliments from close fists, or bunches of fives.

[23] Blackguards.

fiddle to him at any time; but they were placed, like Timotheus, on elevated benches at the end of the *Salon de Société*. Here, whilst the promiscuous company imbibe such liquor as they can afford, or *foot it* "on the light fantastic *toe*," having no shoes, it may be to render the verse more inapplicable; "to gi'e them music" is the charge of the gentlemen who procure their living by drawing "harmonious sounds from sonorous boards,"* or "beat the calf-skin fiddle," like those who make a *noise* in the world by the help of a pair of drum-sticks, a *long tongue*, a *sounding brass*, or a *tinkling cymbal*. Besides the *chanteurs* and *chansonniers*, who volunteered their portion of melodious noise in this assembly, we have to add the gentlemen who perform such wonders on the catgut and the "sonorous boards."

The rapid narrative of the lyrical production we have just given anticipates, in some degree, our sketch of the *Caveau;* it supplies much of the points we had to treat upon. The company that frequent such places are truly *unique* in their appearance; they are generally very much in the fashion of those happy days when clothes were not thought of, and

> "To love was liberty, and nature law."

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* The subject of music, like that of the banking-business, which has been productive of so much *discord*, affords occasion for many *notes*. We can only spare room for one here. In a case which came before a court of law, the counsel of one of the parties thus began, "My Lud, my client is one of those industrious individuals who earns his livelihood by extracting harmonious sounds from sonorous boards." "I suppose you mean a fiddler, Mr. ———," said the judge. "Precisely, my Lud," was the reply of the *flashy* orator.

With a wise attention to the comforts of even its lowest subjects and the houseless mendicants, who would otherwise be without a shelter, the Government licenses these haunts of the poor and the profligate, and has even instituted similar houses for the purpose; but the police and *gens-d'armes* are charged to keep a watchful eye over such establishments.

Thither resort, when the day's multifarious avocations are over, to indulge in a divine oblivion of their misery, or to triumph in the success of their arts, itinerant ministers of pleasure and venders of every thing that is vendable, of all classes and both sexes, from the boulevards, the bridges, the streets, the theatres, the alleys, and the squares. Discharged servants, drunken coachmen, dog and cat dressers, friers of fritters, (women not of a much more comely appearance than *Hecate's* female friends,) *ladies of the Halle*, or beauties from that *purest* of all *markets* the *Marché des Innocens*,* *dames of the pavé*, hawkers of dying speeches, who are as *deathless* as their orations, veterans with wooden legs, who are covered with nothing but glory, butchers who still retain their *bonnets rouges*, and a medley of characters only to be comprehended through the organs of seeing and hearing, make up the assembly that generally compose the inmates of a *Caveau*. If a stranger should be courageous enough to mix amongst them he is sure to be kept on the

* The fish-market of the Innocents is generally called *La Halle* (the market) by way of pre-eminence. "*Language des Halles*," Billingsgate rhetoric. A church, dedicated to the *Innocents*, was once erected on the site of the present market; hence the name of virgin-like purity that so ill accords with the present tenants of the place, who "seem not inhabitants of the earth and yet are on it;" aye, and drive as profitable a trade too as any *nun* in our calendar.

qui vive by the odd nature, the grotesque appearance, and the motions of the restless group.

The *gaiety*, alias the admirable confusion we have before said, was begun when our visiters entered. They were, consequently, less observed than they might otherwise have been. They did not, however, take their places unremarked, and it was not difficult to discover they were Englishmen. DICK had always a strong inclination for a *spree*, and to partake in the humours of any place he was in. His was a *practical humour* that loved to display itself in actions rather than words. A *femme* of the *Palais Royal*, who at first appeared bespoken by a whiskered beau from the bear-gardens, soon gave very plain indications that she would prefer our hero to her French lover. Regardless of a rival's ire, DICK immediately took the fair one under his protection, and led her, first to the *bar*, to get a glass of French cordials, *i. e.* brandy, then to the dance; but to move in any manner resembling order, or without the most imminent danger to your person, was impracticable. Almost every one that could stir had a waltz of their own to perform; and they were employed in exhibiting *more* than their *agility*. DICK, therefore, soon resigned his sportive partner, and resumed his seat as a spectator. The next person that took up the forsaken *Lais* was a red-bonnetted butcher, who gloried in the *wounds* he had given to the young woman's heart, and she did not at all regard it as *manslaughter* to make desperate havoc on the only vulnerable part of a butcher.

Although the whiskered leader of bears and monkeys, who had previously enjoyed the smiles of the accommodating *figurante* of the *Caveau*, had relinquished her "nothing loath" to the Englishman, thinking he gave him what would

amuse him for some time, yet his choler was raised by the unceremonious and, as he conceived, contemptuous manner in which our hero deprived him of his *fille de joie*. He instantly began to exclaim against the English as having no better breeding than his bears and monkeys. "*Jean Bull!*" grinded he through his teeth, "*Jean Brute! Jean Bête! Tout le monde deteste les Anglois—ce sont une nation de sauvages.*" This very polite speech of the keeper of wild beasts was levelled at our hero, and it did not fail in reaching his ear. The effect, however, was by no means what the bear-leader wished it to produce. He had a notion that, being amongst his own countrymen, who were all pretty much of his own stamp, and a ferocious looking fellow himself, he might insult strangers with impunity. Neither DICK nor SAM had much stomach to sit and tamely hear such opprobrious reflections cast upon themselves and their country. "The dog-leading rascal," cried SAM, seeing his master rising at the same time; "only let me have the taming of him; I'll let him see how an Englishman can rattle his ivory-box, and shake the dust of the bear-garden out of his *swell* toggery." "No, no, SAM," replied his master, "that business belongs to me; you look out for squalls, and prevent unfair play, if you can; I'll teach this impudent *French bruin* a bit of one of the politest of our sciences. So here's at darkening his *day-lights* for the advantage of his *mummer*" (mouth). The vituperative reviler of England's fearless sons knew not that he was pouring forth his futile envy in the hearing of persons well acquainted with the fistic art. He, however, soon saw that it would have been better for him had he studied the "noble science of defence," before he had gone so far in abusing the natives of a country unaccustomed to submit to insult, and well instructed and able to resent it. Seeing what was about to happen, he got up in such haste that he upset a

Dick and his Valet shewing a fight in a Caveau or Low Life in Paris.

poor wooden-legged veteran who had been sitting beside him, and raised serious alarms in the breasts of the females who, trembling for their own safety, beheld, in the motions of the opponents, the forerunners of a fight. *Monsieur*, the leader of dogs, bears, and monkeys, only advanced to show that he would have performed wonderful *feats of arms* if he had been able, and to receive from our angry hero's *bunches of fives* some favours that instantly put his eyes *in mourning* for the rest of his body. DICK went to work like one who knew the impolicy of making a long job of a Frenchman. He, therefore, gave the owner of *les chiens de combat* such a blow on the windpipe as instantly placed him *hors de combat*, and made him fervently wish himself again in his bear-garden. The *row* was now begun, and the battle soon became general. Observing some of the Frenchman's companions endeavouring to assist their unsuccessful associate, SAM *peeled* in a twinkling, and showed fight in such a manner as to *strike* terror into the *bread-baskets* of all who were hardy enough to oppose him. In the mean time his master, being beset with all sorts of weapons, dealt destruction round at every blow; some he floored by the mere wind of his fist, others he sent tottering to the wall, and not a few "howling to the shades below" the tables and chairs which, alas, were not long permitted to afford them protection, for the tables were (over) *turned*, and the chairs were resorted to as weapons of annoyance or defence.

Few of the readers of this narrative have probably beheld a *Caveau in an uproar*; but it may have been the fortune of some of them, haply, (no great advantage either,) to have witnessed a *row* in the *back slums* of St. Giles's, when more ruin than *blue ruin* was to be seen in the very heart of the *Holy Land*.

If they have seen all this and more,
They can conceive the wild uproar
That reigned within the dim *Caveau*,
When Frenchmen fell at every blow
Of Wildfire Dick and Sam his valet;
And, ah! I almost grieve to tell it,
When the bright chandelier, whose glare is
The pride of each gay haunt in Paris,
Struck by a chair, say Rumour's lips,
Suffered a terrible eclipse;
And topers, for their dear lost bottle,
Their very friends essayed to throttle;
Here one, who fell beneath the blows,
Was feeling if he'd lost his nose;
There one, who did not like quadrilling,
Was choking an o'erturned postilion;
And yonder—had you seen the sight,
You would have burst your sides outright,
By laughing at the odd display—
A fiddler, who had ceased his *lay*,
Now *lay* himself upon the floor,
Nor to his *strains* cried one *encore;*
Another, placed in dreadful trial,
Strove to protect his dear bass-viol
As one would do a faithful wife
From consequence of direful strife;
It was his bliss, his life, his all,
The soul of many a dance and ball;
Than lose it, he'd have perish'd rather,
Or like Æneas with his father,
Or minstrel, say *Sir* Walter Scott's,
Travelled as far as Johnny Groats,
Or e'en, placed in the ocean's middle,
Like young *Arion* thrummed his fiddle
To dolphins, porpoises, and seals,
That might delight to show their heels,
In hopes that some kind, honest fish
Would serve him with a savory dish,
And guide him safe to that *Caveau*
Where *Neptune* rules the world below.

But, to drop the poetical strain of the heroic muse, the person who was most critically and dangerously situated in this collision of hostile bodies was the fair *femme de publique*, who, successively abandoned by all her ungrateful lovers, even by the butcher, on whose heart she had made such havoc, at length sought shelter from the tumult within the well-protected precincts of the bar. To this sanctuary she fled with hasty and unmeasured strides over the carcase of many a prostrate victim; but, just as she was about to enter the region of peace and safety, a flaming minister of vengeance, in the shape of the landlady, with a hostile bottle uplifted in her hand, *barred* all further approach to that heaven of tranquillity where *spirits* repose in an *untroubled* state, until the *screw of resurrection* sets them again at liberty to spread themselves abroad and *agitate* the earth. Instances of ingratitude in landladies and landlords are so common as not to require remark; but this was a *striking* one, and, to the fair customer, "the most *unkindest* cut of all." The cowardly butcher now attacked SAM in the rear, but SAM had a Parthian quality in his heels, as well as strength and skill in his arms, which kept his opponents at bay, and enabled him to perform the part of a trusty *Achates*. While DICK was about to give a *quietus* to a *troublesome customer*, who had rallied, and was again endeavouring to come up to the *scratch*, with *nails* that would have qualified him to have taken part in the *Combats des Animaux;* and just as our hero was about to receive a blow from an unmerciful cudgel on his defensive arm, aimed by a by-standing Frenchman who sought to terminate his successful career, the *gens-d'armes*, with fixed bayonets, marched into the *Caveau* and instantly set about taking the disturbers into custody.

DICK had so much the appearance of a gentleman, notwithstanding the contaminating nature of the *fracas* in

him reason to expect. Dancing was just about to commence, and, as he sauntered about, looking at the *live* curiosities of the place, he gave vent to the humour of his mind in humming the following ditty:—

" Though Cupid may boast of his blessings so sweet,
And husbands may vaunt the connubial treat,
One favour of Heaven I only beg—
While I live on this earth may I shake a loose leg.
Derry down, &c.

Though tradesmen may roll in their glittering gold;
For it young fools marry maids who are old;
I envy them not while with *Nan* or with *Peg*,
When fancy inspires me I shake a loose leg.
Derry down, &c.

The miser who squints from behind bags of pelf,
A curse to the world, and a plague to himself;
Bless'd Fortune but give me his chink, *let him* beg,
That, free'd from his chains, he may shake a loose leg.
Derry down, &c.

The bishop so fat and so jolly you see,
Good cheer and good wine give him courage and glee;
That, with *Bet* and with *Poll*, with *Nan* and with *Peg*,
Besides his own wife, he can shake a loose leg.
Derry down, &c.

The curate who preaches from orthodox text,
No wonder he's lean, with poverty vext,
And oft of his indigent flock he must beg—
He wants strength of body to shake a loose leg.
Derry down, &c.

The poor man, allied to beauty's soft charms,
Has brats to weigh down his hard labouring arms,
With no cash in his casket, nor stuff in his keg,
He has not the power to shake a loose leg.
Derry down, &c.

My cask is my fiddle, my fiddler is fun,
I dance on through life while other folks run;
And naught of the gods I ever shall beg,
But the pleasure of shaking at ease a loose leg.
Derry down, &c.

The *Marquis* LAVARFY has twelve hundred *Louis*, or *Napoleons*, for superintending the *Salon*. There is no quarter of Paris where ball-rooms and gaming-houses are not to be found; but at this splendid establishment, which, in some respects, might be compared to our Opera-House, being confined, as much as is perhaps possible, to the higher ranks, fashionable dissipation puts on its gayest and most *authorized* appearance. Here, as an author, who has well described the scene, observes,

"All liveried and laced,
Spruce powdered pleasant fellows wait your call
In wide Saloons, with glass and guilding graced,
Lamps, sofas, statued niches, indeed all
That can indulge the most voluptuous taste,
Where, now and then, they give a splendid ball,
At which you meet, and mighty well it answers,
Nymphs of the buskin, *vestals*, Opera-dancers."

Dancing began; and, certainly, waltzing, quadrilling, flirting, and ogling, were never carried to higher perfection. It has been said that "the French are free with their *Antipodes*:" this is true, and this freedom is never more delightfully felt and exercised than when the advances to friendship come from bright eyes and enchanting beauty, that—

"Kind, and yet resolved to kill,
Flies through the waltz, and floats through the quadrille."

It was fortunate, perhaps, for our youth, who was made

of "flesh and blood the most combustible," that he had been introduced to this festive scene in the mercenary manner he was: of virtue and modesty, although they were doubtless to be found even in this apparently licentious assembly, he thought he could perceive but little. Every female that sported her figure in the dance he could not help regarding as no better than one of the "soft seducers of Calypso's isle." Yet is it truly and finely remarked, that

> "This dome, on night's of festival,
> Can boast a blaze of beauty, bland and bright,
> As ever queened it in a courtly hall,
> Heart-stealing eyes, and necks of swan-like white,
> Round shapes that swell through silken folds, and fall
> Like FLAXMAN's Grecian outlines on the sight;
> Smooth cheeks beneath a cloud of raven curls,
> And lips like moistened coral casing pearls."

We cannot say so much of the French beaux; they were, indeed, the very essence of *politesse* and perfumes; and the tailor, the *blanchisseuse*, and the *artistes de mode*, alias the dressers of hair, had done much to improve their appearance; but, in general, they seemed more *dandies and exquisites* than the manly figures that at once command respect and esteem. None appeared more contemptible in the eyes of our observer than the hoary slaves of beauty, who sat, like skeletons, trying to smile beside young wanton damsels, boasting of exploits in the field of love that they had long ceased to be able to perform, and mumbling vows of love with toothless mouths, while the objects of their admiration and attention were winking over their shoulders to their more youthful cavaliers, and smiling in their sleeves, where that veil was not regarded as a superfluity, at the old dotards who had the vanity to suppose they could yet inspire the softer passions.

A thing, of mere feathers and rouge, who imagined she could pass for a *Titania*, made an attack on the heart of our adventurer, but, though fond of *game*, he was not to be caught by *feathers* alone. One, more calculated to raise a tumult in the youthful veins, caught his eye, and responded to its looks and desires in the person of a buxom *Marchioness*, who was most sedulously attended by a tottering jealous old husband, who appeared to delight in the admiration which his wife obtained, whilst he was every instant suffering the pangs of anxiety lest any one should attempt to gain a moment's attention from the idol of his care. Women's wits are more prompt and fertile in expedients to effect an intrigue than those of men. DICK saw that the besieged fair one had caught the kindred flame, and already found out the means of accomplishing an intercourse.

She complained to her lord that the sight of the dancers, swimming through their endless mazes, gave her a *vertigo*, and intimated a desire to go into the *Salon de jeu*, or gaming saloon. This wish was instantly complied with. The obsequious husband led the languishing beauty into the apartment where "dames of character" sit, with black legs and sharpers, rattling the dice-box, or playing at *Rouge et Noir*, distorting their lovely features with all the passions of gambling, and staking their husbands' estates on the colour of a card, or the turn of a die. DICK followed them into the saloon, and was fortunate enough to obtain a place close by the object of his desires, and even to enter into the game with her. Here he had a better opportunity of observing the charms of his new mistress, who appeared to have as strong a *penchant* for intrigue as himself. She was, indeed, possessed of great personal beauty, and had wit and all the most dangerous qualities of an admired woman of the *ton*. Clever she certainly proved herself to be; for, such was her

dexterity, that she contrived, unobserved by her watchful husband, to convey into the hand of our hero, along with a card, a slip of paper, on which was noted her place of residence, and the hour at which her lord went to the House of Peers, and she to take an airing in the neighbourhood of the woods of Boulogne. This was sufficiently explanatory of the disposition of the lady's mind, and our hero resolved that no want of attention on his part should be the cause of baulking her in her good intentions towards him. This little bit of *game* played with success, the volatile fair one threw down her cards, declaring she was perfectly satisfied with the *trick she had played*, and was in a fair way of getting rid of her vertigo. Glancing a look of parting love on our hero, which he well knew how to return with ardour and intelligence, the *Marchioness* led off her tottering *Cornutus;* and DICK, satisfied at present with *Frescati*, and its pleasant and convenient haunts for assignations, and the encouragement of fashionable vice, left its gay assemblies, and retired to his repose with his imagination filled with the voluptuous beauties of the love-courting *Marchioness.*

We now turn our attention to the company we left at the *Hôtel des Londres* preparing for important events. *Sir* HUMPHREY and *Squire* JENKINS, who were, next day, to make their appearance in the field of equestrian sport to "hunt the boar," and show *Monsieur* BADANT the mettle of English horses, together with the ladies of our interesting narrative, who were looking with anxiety to their entrance into the fashionable world, at the *Countess de Dance-at-Court's* approaching ball. All the preparations being completed, and a boar suitable for the purposes of the chase discovered, the parties interested in the adventure sallied forth to the ground; which was on the plains of Mont Martre. The appearance of the equestrians exhibited no small degree of

diversity. First and foremost, in a fair exterior, may be enumerated *Squire* JENKINS, the very Castor of the train, resplendent on a bright bay gelding, about fifteen hands and a half high, thorough bred, and of exquisite symmetry, so much so, indeed, as to extort reluctant expressions of admiration even from the vanity and self-love of the assembled Frenchmen, who, having heard the nature of the depending match, had congregated in great numbers to witness the wished for success of their countrymen. "*On est bien credule à l'égard des choses qu'on desire beaucoup*;" but, in spite of this proverb, there is some reason to doubt whether, on the present occasion, any, but the most violently prejudiced could entertain any very sanguine anticipations in favour of the Burgundian. The *Squire* had been disgusted with what he termed the *swagger* of the Frenchman, and not a little indignant at the idea that any thing bred in that land of frogs and *soup maigre* should pretend to rival the *out-and-out qualities* and acknowledged excellences of his favourite *Starling*, who was declared, by the best judges of horse flesh, to be a complete beauty, a perfect picture, *the real thing at all points*, first rate speed, sound as a roach, thorough bred, more blood than flesh, chest like a camel, head like a deer, eye like a hawk, and legs like a greyhound. Though such beauty might, in the language of the poet, be said to "need not the foreign aid of ornament," yet, so anxious was the English Hippodamas *to take the shine out of the Mounseers*, that the day and night preceding the period fixed upon for the decision of the pending bet, he had exempted his groom from his menial attendance upon the illustrious animal committed to his care, and had himself acted in the usual capacity of his servant, by grooming the nonpareil *Starling*, being determined, on the present occasion, not to trust so important a business to the hands of any substitute whatever. Not that the worthy *Squire* had the slightest doubt of the

perfect competence of his *bit of blood* to *do the trick*, and pass his adversary in style, but he was willing, he said, to show the scoundrels what a horse was; and, it must be admitted, that his exhibition, on the present occasion, was highly creditable to his talents of currying, rubbing down, &c. *Starling* appearing, indeed, in addition to his naturally elegant figure, as sleek as a mouse, and as lively as a kitten.

> For *Starting*, prepar'd by that prime judge of cattle,
> Astonish'd the natives, and seem'd quite the go
> In *right twig* o'er the plains of *Mont Martre* to rattle,
> To the chase of the boar, with a stout Tally ho!

The *tackle* of the *Squire's* horse was, likewise, as spruce as possible, having undergone minute inspection and adjustment from his master before starting. He was bitted, curbed, and cruppered to perfection; and the saddle, bridle, and all appendages to the concern, quite correct, and as nice as if fresh from the furnishers. Add to all this, the masterly true English jockey seat of JENKINS, who never seemed so completely in his element, or made so near an approximation to the appearance of a gentleman, as when upon horseback, his knee knowingly turned in to the saddle, stirrups short, and foot home; with the upper half of his person neatly and easily inclined forward to *Starling's* head, as if gazing proudly on the steed, to which he seemed as inseparably united as a second *Centaur*, and we shall scarcely wonder at the exulting warmth of poor *Sir* HUMPHREY, who exclaimed, when he saw his friend come forth in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" horse-racing, that this was indeed a rare day for the honour of old England!

Our veracity, as faithful historians, compels us to say

that the outward man and equipage of the worthy knight, upon this momentous occasion, were calculated to elicit ejaculations of a very different description from that one which he had uttered at the sight of his friend. It may reasonably be doubted whether such a representative of English equestrianship had been seen since the days of the renowned *Sir Hudibras*.

Sir HUMPHREY had not so far forgotten a regard for his personal safety in his enthusiasm for the honour of his country, as to neglect giving very particular directions to the person to whom he was recommended to apply for a nag, not to send him one that had too much *spirit*, as he had not been in the habit of riding a great deal lately. The instructions were strictly complied with; and the illustrious head of the HALIBUT family was supplied with a sorrel mare, wall-eyed, tender in the feet, and whose coat, in spite of all the efforts of the currycomb, exhibited every symptom of the animal having recently returned from a pretty long rustication among the delightful meadows in the vicinity of the *Seine*. In her paces she was what is emphatically termed a *daisy-cutter*, and her head, the very emblem of humility, had a most pertinacious affection for the earth, that neither curb nor martingale could overcome; being most poetically equipped with "a leaden eye that loved the ground." The paraphernalia of this interesting animal corresponded with its natural appearance to a hair; it was all of French equipment, and a more than ordinary illustration of the striking superiority we possess over our neighbours in this respect. Every article was equally clumsy, and formed a most ludicrous contrast to the elegance and finish which distinguished the accoutrements of the *Squire*. *Sir* HUMPHREY, on its being first brought to the door, attempted to ascend by the aid of the stirrup,

but, after a few fruitless attempts to effect his purpose, he became convinced that his unwieldy corpulence of figure rendered its accomplishment altogether impracticable. He, therefore, had recourse to a step-ladder from the interior of the hotel, and, with this auxiliary, and the assistance of two or three of the domestics, was ultimately lifted on to his *Bucephalus*. He had not proceeded far before he discovered that his steed was possessed of another accomplishment, not specified "in the bond," viz. a note "most musical, most melancholy," that very expressively indicated what, in the vulgar tongue, is termed "bellows to mend." He had yet however, to learn that this redoubted animal had, likewise, certain propensities, by no means devoutly to be wished, which, like the snake that is scotched, but not killed, were rather slumbering than subdued. But this part of its excellences will display themselves in the course of our narrative.

On the arrival of the English gentlemen at the scene of action, they found the Burgundian, true to his word, already there. Though the horse on which he was mounted might not fully justify the extravagant encomiums which his owner had lavished upon him, it was certainly a fine animal, and so superior to any thing that JENKINS had anticipated, that he swore in a growling tone between his teeth, that there must have been some English cross in the breed, at least no further back than its grandam. Its colour was a dark chestnut, and its size pretty nearly the same with the *Squire's*. The Frenchman's mode of riding, as far as mere show was concerned, was perhaps more graceful than his antagonist's, being like most of his countrymen, pretty much *en militaire*, long in the stirrup, close to the saddle without rising, and the body perfectly upright.

The riders being ready to start, and the boar being let loose, *Sir* HUMPHREY, as umpire, gave the signal, and away the competitors darted like an arrow from the bow. A wild boar, although not the lightest of animals, is not the least fleet of the objects of the chace. He does not possess the bounding swiftness of the stag, but he is a much more formidable foe to encounter should he venture to turn upon his pursuers. *Starling* soon left the Burgundian far behind, and kept the object of the chase in view until he took shelter within the enclosure of the cemetery of *Mont Martre.* In the meantime, the French jockey exerted every nerve to keep the *Squire* company, but, unluckily for him, in endeavouring to clear a small stream that intervened in the course, the Burgundian's horse stumbled, and the rider was thrown into the current. The worthy umpire did not less put the vigour of his steed to trial, in order that he might be in *at the death,* but his *Rosinante* had no such inclination. He walked as deliberately as if he had been principal mourner at a funeral. We have omitted to state that the intrepid *Knight* had, with commendable prudence, armed himself with a hunting-spear, but he was in no danger of overtaking the tremendous foe. At length he arrived at the borders of the rivulet, where lay the overthrown Burgundian, apparently now become solicitous of obtaining the prize that is to be found by diving in the mud. The animal that could not run could, however, start when any object, which he did not exactly comprehend, rivetted his attention. The *Knight's Bucephalus* reared at the sight of the unfortunate and mud covered Burgundian. This motion was by no means what the *Baronet* expected or desired; the lance dropped from his hand, he instantly felt the powerful effect of the "*proximate causes of natural phenomena,*" and gravitated to the earth, like all preponderating bodies in similar situations. In short, he was laid side by

side by the helpless Burgundian, waiting the resurrection of friendly assistance, while *Squire* JENKINS pursued his victorious career even to the last shelter of the hunted boar, and the last repose of human nature. Determined to be in at the death, JENKINS had no notion of being checked in his course by any surmountable obstacle. *Starling* cleared the enclosure of the cemetery at a leap, and put the pious mourners to the route as much as if some dreadful apparition had burst amongst them from the confines of the world unknown. Here JENKINS found the object of his chase so completely outrun, and already so beset by hostile and pious weapons, that he became an easy conquest; and the *Squire*, having provided himself with a trophy of victory, returned to enjoy his triumph over the humiliated Frenchman. He found poor BADANT and the honest umpire in sad but friendly communion on the misfortunes that had befallen them, and having administered the necessary relief to the sufferers, the party returned to the *Hôtel des Londres*, where they celebrated the achievements of the English champion of equestrianship in flowing streams of generous wine.

Whilst the sporting gentlemen were engaged in their exploits, the ladies had equipped themselves for the ball, and awaited, with feminine impatience, the hour of departure for the *Countess's* residence. DICK had, of course, been included in the invitation, and was now ready to accompany the ladies to the scene of display. The moment for setting out arrived, but LYDIA'S partner, *Squire* JENKINS, had not yet appeared to demand the envied honour of escorting her to the gay scene. *Lady* HALIBUT felt both her pride and parental care deeply interested in the fulfilment of the *Squire's* promises to her daughter; but LYDIA only experienced uneasiness at the prospect of JENKINS proving

himself a true lover and keeping his word, for the proprietor of *Tallyho-Hall* was, of all men, the least desirable to the heart of such a female, as a companion with whom to make a first appearance in the *beau monde*. Her mother hoped that no accident had happened to such a worthy and rich gentleman; whilst the lovely LYDIA, in spite of all her tenderness of heart, would, at this moment, have scarcely heaved a sigh, although she had been told that the *Squire* had broken his neck among the tombs on the side of *Mont Martre*, and thereby make a still more unsuitable appearance in a quadrille at a living *Countess's* ball.

Just, however, as these contrary hopes and fears were fluctuating in the minds of the parties interested, the *Squire* presented himself before his anxious friends, more like one who had risen from among the inhabitants of the peaceful mansions he and the boar had disturbed at the foot of *Mont Martre* than a carpet knight

> "Who capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
> To the lascivious pleadings of a lute."

The *Squire* had not thought proper to change one article of his dress since his mounting *Starling* in the morning; the garb in which he now proposed to exhibit himself at the ball was, consequently, the very same, even to the boots and spurs, in which he had contested the point of speed with the boar and the Frenchman, and made such havoc among both the *quick* and dead. DICK smiled to see him enter in this trim. LYDIA was already alarmed almost to sinking at the thought of the approaching shame she must encounter in appearing amongst the *belle société* with a partner of so rude and grotesque a character; and *Lady* HALIBUT, after a pause of no little wonderment, at length ventured to inquire whether

Mr. JENKINS did not intend to change his dress, and whether it was the fashion, in Paris, for gentlemen of property, like *Squire* JENKINS, who cared for nobody, to go to a ball at Court with boots and spurs on?

Mr. JENKINS, however, did not intend to change any part of his apparel, and replied to the inquiry on this subject that he did not think it necessary to put himself to any trouble for the purpose of pleasing a parcel of macaroni Frenchmen. "I am an Englishman," said he, "and, with your permission, ladies, will appear as such; and those that don't like my dress, may go and keep company with the monkeys that have a fool's coat on their back, and not a shilling in their pockets. What do you say to that, DICK? Am I obliged to turn puppy and give up my national character to be fit to sit or dance with a company of apes or demireps?" DICK said he might follow his own humour: an Englishman, with a fortune like that of *Squire* JENKINS, was a privileged person wherever he went; and, for his own part, although he liked to please the ladies, he was very desirous of seeing the independent and easy character of his country supported on all occasions. This was said with a peculiarity of manner, which partook of the jocose and the severe, and evinced that our spark of the *ton* knew how to laugh and reprove at the same time. LYDIA thought it very unkind in her cousin thus to seem to give a sanction to the boorishness of JENKINS, and cast one of her most unkind glances at DICK for his want of regard to her feelings and situation.

"Very well said, *Mr.* JENKINS," exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, "people that have money and don't need to put on an appearance to cheat their neighbours may do as they please. A man of property is always known by the *ease*

and *gracefulness* of his carriage wherever he goes. There, LYDIA," added she, on hearing DICK'S opinion, " you hear what your cousin says, and he is a judge of these matters. *Mr.* JENKINS must be in the right. Come, let us away to the *Countess's*."

Here, however, as this chapter has extended to an unusual length, and there is an *Alpine* prospect of " LIFE" and description before us, we will pause a little to gather vigour for the remaining task, and to give the readers' *bellows* a seasonable rest from their labours, knowing how difficult it is to *raise the wind* when one's powers are exhausted. For this purpose we will here suspend our narrative for a moment, in order to be enabled to renew our pleasing toil, like a giant refreshed with wine, in a new chapter.

CHAP. XI.

The Ball-Room Scene continued—Short Sketch of the Countess's Life—Squire JENKINS, *moving on the* spur *of the Occasion, makes an* EXQUISITE *dance to a new Tune, or a Dandy performing a Pirouette without Music—More* BEAUTIES *that "would be wooed, and not unsought, be won"—Consequently, more Plots and Foundations for Amours—A fashionable* petit souper—*And a Close to the Evening's Entertainments.*

COACHES were in readiness, and the party drove off to the ball: the *Squire* in the same habiliments as he had hunted the boar in; LYDIA being in the worst possible humour in which a beauty can be with her *chaperon* when going to a brilliant assembly; and *Lady* HALIBUT being elevated to the highest ecstacy of fashionable ideas and language at the prospect of the glory that awaited her.

They reached the residence of the *Countess,* in *St. Germain's.* This lady, of fashionable notoriety at the French court, was a specimen of the success of that quality of intrigue which the French possess in a most eminent degree. She had, in her youth, filled the humble situation of companion or dependent to a woman of fortune and quality, who was the most miserable wretch on earth unless she was in the very centre of fashionable life, even when she had attained her sixtieth year, and who gave her friend and com-

panion a pittance of about twenty pounds a year for bearing all her ill humours when her house was not filled with persons of rank, or her neighbours and acquaintances were "not at home." AGATHE, however, was fair, had talents and discernment, and was in an excellent school for learning how to turn her charms and her abilities to account. Like her mistress, she imperceptibly became one of the danglers after quality, who, for the pride of dining at their table, being sometimes set down by their coachmen, or providing for a permanent station among the circles into which they are thus fortuitously introduced, have the good-nature to supply the place of a *fille de chambre* when that useful creature is out of the way, or out of the good graces of her lady, who will get up at dinner to reach his lordship a glass of wine, when the valet is absent, will read the lady to sleep when she has the vapours; who is considered as a most pleasing magnet of attraction at a house when the lady of the mansion has ceased to possess any charms herself, and who will occasionally do the good-natured office for a young fellow who has been baulked in the pursuit of some more coy and reluctant fair; who cannot find that another lady's having a husband is a reason sufficient for her shutting her eyes to the merits of any man, and who is exact in finding out the moment when the wife is out of the way merely to leave a message from her mistress. She was, likewise, early initiated into the mysteries of play, and, at length, managed her *cards* so well that she was first taken into keeping and then married by the *Count de Dance-at-Court*, an old dissipated remnant of nobility, who covered all the frailties of her character with a title, and was so additionally kind as to leave this world, and his wife a handsome jointure, soon after their marriage. The *Countess de Dance-at-Court* now shone forth in all the splendour of rank and fashion. She was one of the most brilliant stars of the court; her balls,

routes, *at homes,* and *conversationes,* were the best attended of any assemblies of the kind in the French Metropolis; and it was not without reason that *Lady* HALIBUT was proud of being one of those who receive the flattering "nothing" of a card from such a personage to a party where five or six hundred faces meet and survey one another with the most careless fashionable indifference.

That peculiarity, however, which is necessary to attract notice amidst such a crowd, was to be found in a very perceptible degree in some of the members of our party. On *Lady* HALIBUT'S approach, the *Countess* smiled very graciously. DICK acted as her *chaperon,* consequently, there was no very great breach of *etiquette* committed; *Lady* HALIBUT'S tongue being the only offender; for, had her life been at stake, she could not refrain from replying to the *Countess's* recognition, "I *hopes* your *Countessship* is well, many thanks to your *Countessship* for the honour you do me and my friends. Bless me! vhat a crowd of great *volks* are here. I wish I had come a little earlier, but it is all owing to *Squire* JENKINS here, please your *Countessship,* a man of great property, I assure you." DICK hurried off her *Ladyship* to a seat before this elegant address was concluded, amidst such inquiries as these, "Who is the foolish frousy old woman? Where has she been bred? Where does she come from? She looks like one of the female savages just imported from the other side of the *Sleeve,** or from New Zealand, or Kamtschatka!"

But if any portion of surprise or curiosity was excited by the appearance of the lady of *Sir* HUMPHREY, a much

* The French have a great reluctance to call the Channel the *English* or the *British* Channel. They generally term it the SLEEVE.

greater degree of astonishment was created when *Squire* JENKINS, in his hunting-dress, with his blushing partner, LYDIA, came forward for presentation. All eyes were instantly turned on the owner of *Tallyho-Hall* and the trembling LYDIA; the *Squire*, however, stood like a rock amidst their whisperings and grimaces. "Is he the chief of the savages?" inquired one. "He appears just to have come off a scalping-chace. How could such a monster gain admittance here! The *Countess de Dance-at-Court* has certainly some strange acquaintances!"

Attention being thus attracted to the *Squire*, and some parts of his habiliments being discovered that had escaped the observation of the *maîtres des cérémonies*, the *major dome* made his appearance, and, with fifty scrapes, bows, and excuses, for the liberty he was about to take, intimated to *Mi Lor de* SHENKIN that he had forgotten to put off his boots and spurs. JENKINS surveyed the impertinent monitor with a look of the utmost contempt, and, had his horse-whip been in his hand, the poor polite Frenchman would have received a very unpleasant reward for his friendly hint. The *Squire*, nevertheless, deferred so far to what he perceived was the general impression in respect to his garb, as to retire and disencumber himself of his spurs. The indignant conqueror of the boar, however, took care not to make this concession without taking an equivalent. A French Exquisite, whom the *Squire* had remarked making many grimaces at his appearance, had reason to rue his indulgence in the grinning propensity; for JENKINS, while leaving the apartment, by a dexterous turn of his heels, as if he had meant to impress the sides of a lagging *chaunter*, so paid his complimentary addresses to the shin of the dandy as to make him instantly commence the ball by a dancing movement, *à la pirouette*, into the middle of the room.

Much mirth and disorder were occasioned by this unexpected whirligig motion of the agonized beau, who performed the evolution with both his hands clasping the unfortunate limb. Some imagined that the *hop* was a *voluntary*, but it was any thing but that.

When the pain of this application to the non-descript biped had given place to considerations on the cause, the insulted macaroni took counsel of his friends whether *steps* of a retaliatory nature should be adopted against the offending *Squire*. Luckily for the sake of that harmonious concord which ought to prevail on all such occasions, and it may have been, fortunately for the shoulders of the grimacing man of starch and ruffles, Prudence ruled the hour, and the poor French Exquisite was obliged to put up, in silence, with the *accident* that had befallen him.

Our *Spark* of WILDFIRE enjoyed this scene with a relish every way becoming his waggish propensity. He was aware that some sport must be produced by the adherence of JENKINS to his whim; he, therefore, did not oppose it, and now gave the conqueror of the boar full credit for the dexterous manner in which he had punished the impertinent puppy.

The *Squire* was not long in returning to the scene of action, where, notwithstanding his uncouth appearance, he performed the part of an attentive *cavalier servante* to the fascinating LYDIA. When the dancing commenced, he led her through the intricate mazes of the "frolic measures," with all the grace of the character he so well supported. It is true, many of the company, in spite of all their *politesse*, and the accident that had befallen the grinning dandy, could not refrain from exhibiting in their countenances the

emotions of astonishment and proneness to laughter with which they were filled at the sight of the *Squire's* unexpected agility. An elephant walking on hot bricks is no fit simile to illustrate the movements of the conqueror of the boar, when in the light quadrille or voluptuous waltz. His style of dancing, he was determined, should be purely *national*. He cracked his thumbs as others do castanets, and threw about his legs as if he had been dancing the *Highland Fling*.

" Now advancing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;"
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
See how JENKINS moves his feet.

But what shall we say of the contrast afforded by his lovely and accomplished partner? She seemed the very leader of the Graces.

" Slow melting airs their Queen's approach declare;
Where'er she moves, the Graces homage pay;
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way.
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love."

It was, indeed, a triumphant occasion for LYDIA. She could hear buzzing on all sides, "*admirable, merveilleuse, charmant, ah! la délicieuse figurante!* Who is the adorable *belle* whom the English savage has captured by his uncourtly power?" To say that *Lady* HALIBUT'S heart was proudly beating to see and hear the homage paid to her daughter would be a waste of words; she was as vain and consequential as if she had just received the title and honours of a duchess. She whispered to every one near her, " That there lady that's so greatly admired is my daughter, and that

there gentleman, her partner, though not dressed like the French dandies, is a man of great property, who is paying his addresses to my LYDIA."

DICK had made his appearance at this scene unprovided with a partner, but he soon procured for himself an opportunity of "shaking a leg" with a fair one who seemed not uninviting to his fancy. This was no other than the heart's elect of the unfortunate beau whom *Squire* JENKINS'S spurs had disabled from performing the gallant office of partner in the dance. She was, indeed, a figure worthy of our hero's attention, and most unfit to have been matched with such a fribble as had been placed *hors de danse* by the malignant spur. Her complexion was that which a warm sky had bestowed; but her eye was not languid, it spoke "unutterable things" to the combustible imagination of our ardent admirer of female beauty.

He eagerly remarked the vacancy which the *Squire* had opened for him, and, stepping up, "gallant and gay," to the deserted fair one, solicited the honour of her company in the dance. Whether our hero's figure was equally agreeable in the sparkling eyes of the charming brunette, we will not say; but certain it is, as any event in the records of Cupid, that she readily accepted his invitation, though a stranger, and that, when DICK pressed her hand with enamoured fervour, in the course of the dance, she delicately returned the pressure, as maidens do when they cannot help appearing sensible of their lovers' pains. The effect which such flattering acknowledgements produced on the pulse of our enamoured youth, it is no business of ours at present to detail; but we must say that if the lady's quondam cavalier felt himself galled in the shin by the *Squire's* merciless spur, he suffered a deeper mortification and wound to his

pride by this infringement on his tenderest care, this triumph of our hero, this faithless flexibility of woman's attachments. In short, so hurt, so humiliated was the poor *Exquis* by the weight of his afflictions, that he embraced an opportunity of slinking, unobserved, out of the ball-room, leaving his opponents to the enjoyments of their successes.

There is no amusement so difficult to describe as a ball: to particularize all the parties engaged or present, their costumes, manners, chit-chat, triumphs, or vexations; to carry the reader to the end of every dance, then set him down to listen to the soft whisperings of the enamoured partners; and, *da capo*, to all the rest of the interesting matters connected with the eternal evolutions, would pass the bounds we have prescribed to our details on this subject. No one can look ill or displeased upon such an occasion—all is beauty, all is pleasure; smiles, fashion, and *politesse*, give the air of enchantment to all you see. Promiscuous as such assemblies generally are in England, even in the higher circles, a *bal* in Paris, though in the precincts of the *Thuilleries* or *St. Germain*, is of a much more heterogeneous nature. Natives of all countries are met and jumbled together as at Leipsic-fair; and as many dialects are muttered around as gave that happy variety of tongues to the conversations at Babel, which has since been diffused over the world. *Lady* HALIBUT said she was sure all the Ambassadors in the universe were met together at this ball, from *Abul Hassan*, of Constantinople, with the three hundred wives and nine hundred concubines, to *Hoo Cham*, the Mandarine, with the three-yard tail, from China. There were Counts and Countesses, Marquises and Marchionesses, Dukes and Duchesses, who knew no more of one another than if they had fallen from the moon. Generals without a regiment, and Admirals without the command

of a cock-boat. Here might have been found more fortune-hunters than ever met together in the Assembly-Rooms at Bath, whose magazines of tawdry apparel had been most diligently ransacked for the display, and not a few sharpers who had borrowed their titles as well as their garments, carefully marking out their prey, and drawing off their victims to the gaming-tables.

On such an occasion, where the mansion admits, various rooms are thrown open for the reception and entertainment of the guests. Those who have no relish for dancing may take their places at the card-table; or rattle the ivory with all the fervour of an experienced dicer.

But to *Lady* HALIBUT'S fancy, and we might, perhaps, add that of *Squire* JENKINS, there was a still more agreeable particular in the entertainment of the evening. It is usual at such galas to *sup* as well as dance or play cards. *Lady* HALIBUT, who was afraid of losing her money at play, and had no relish for the *conversationés* which the more sedate, enlightened, or (hypo) critical, part of the society had formed at several tables, wished, a thousand times, notwithstanding the triumphs of LYDIA and DICK, that the dancing was over, and that she saw something solid before her whereon to employ her masticators. Robust and mettlesome as was the owner of *Tallyho-Hall*, he likewise got tired of flinging about his calf-skin covered limbs, as if dancing the hays in his own meadows: he led his lovely partner to her seat, close by *partlet*, alias her mother's side, nor longer

> "Sought renown
> By holding out to tire his neighbours down."

DICK prolonged, as much as lay in his power, the de-

lightful and thrilling intercourses of the dance with his beautiful partner, and strove to improve, by all the efforts of an experienced gallant, the new acquaintance he had thus formed. Even the intriguing *Marchioness*, with all her voluptuous charms, who had so lately warmed his fancy by her half-stifled invitation, was, for a short time, banished from his memory by the more maiden attractions of the present charmer, in whose eye, nevertheless, he could read the intelligible signs of congenial passion. The moment of surrendering her back to her friends, however, arrived, and DICK went through this unwelcome ceremony; but took care, ere he left her, in *tipping* her a little of the *velvet*, to acquire such information as might prove the means of obtaining a future interview with his angel.

Our hero next visited the card-tables, where he saw many a beautiful piece of Nature's workmanship playing with ruin, and going

"As gay as can be to the devil."

About four in the morning, those who remained to sup sat down to a refreshment of the most delicious kind. In a city where they dine in the evening, where the rage is to seek society and pleasure, either in public or private, where gaming has broken loose in all companies, and almost every place of amusement is open till midnight, where people, in real fashionable phrenzy,

"Die of nothing but a rage to live;"

Such meals as deserve the name of suppers are, of course, but little cared for. Yet, true it is, that, wherever the French present the means of refreshment, they spread a feast of delicacies. Our party remained, at *Lady* HALIBUT'S

desire, until the long looked-for moment arrived, when she could be a witness and partaker of the *Countess's petit soupé*. Although the company formed still a considerable party, this elegant treat was managed in excellent style. The *Countess* presided with as much grace as if she had been all her life a member of a Court. She even condescended to recommend, to her gratified and astonished guests, the Lady of *Scalesby-Hall* some of her most delicious refreshments, all of which the happy *Lady* HALIBUT "swallowed with open mouth," pronouncing she never in her life tasted any thing so *werry* fine, and fit for the better sort to live on. She was greatly in love with the pancakes and velvet creams; but nothing agreed so well with her palate as a *liqueur* which came recommended to her from the *Countess*, and was presented, in repeated tastings, by the hand of the favourite JENKINS, which *liqueur* had been denominated a cordial for invalids *(bon pour le cœur)*, but was, in fact, neither more nor less than pure Nantz—genuine *eau de vie*, commonly termed brandy.

Notwithstanding the smile excited on some countenances by this mistake of her *Ladyship*, all went on with pleasure and satisfaction, until *Squire* JENKINS gave another instance of his national manners, by falling fast asleep beside his lovely partner, and snoring most independently of all the great company present. This conduct, on the part of the conquerer of the boar, was instantly pronounced a *bore* indeed; and as the eyes of even *Lady* HALIBUT appeared to be most unpolitely closing at times on all the scene of splendour before her, DICK led the party off, with as much grace as he could, and thus the ball, with its entertainments, was at length concluded, and these remarkable personages, whose lives we are sketching amidst all the other pictures of "LIFE" that our pages unfold, retired to their repose.

CHAP. XII.

Morning Objects in Paris—Pictures from the "LIFE" *viewed* en passant—*Deliberations, among many Things,* "*What is to be done first*"—*Whether to try a Dash into the* Preserves *of Cuckoldom, or go in Search of a scarce Commodity, to be found only among the Maids, or in the Regions of the Moon—Captain* O'SHUFFLETON'S *Account of the Causes of his Absence, and a short Despatch from Lieutenant* BLOCK—*A Decision in favour of Duty—A Visit to the Grand Opera, and something about the* FIGURANTES *and the* THEATRES *at last.*

As they drove along *Pont Louis*, day-break gave them a view of the commencement of a day's "LIFE IN PARIS" among the early rising and industrious classes in that Capital. Although sleep had made the eyelids of our party heavy, some of the objects were amusing. The liquor-shops were opening, and coachmen and artisans were handing about, with much *cordiality*, the flasks of peppermint and brandy. Milk-carts, and waggons loaded with vegetables, were arriving from the country; the drivers of which, with their white night-caps and powdered *queues*, afforded much amusement, in the contemplation, to *Lady* HALIBUT. On one hand, reader, had you been there, and *awake* to the scent, you might have seen a young man issuing from a low window, uttering, at the same time, the most loving whispers of farewell and assurances of repeating his visit next night, to some one uncommonly dear to him; on the other, here and there straggling clerks of the till, who had been abroading, spending their masters' money, and now were exploring their

way home, or, perhaps, back to shame and detection. Yonder, on the banks of the river, were perceivable, the *beaux* with but one shirt industriously striving to wash it in the muddy stream, and, afterwards, drying it on a pole or a stick, as they retrace their way back to their *low* or *lofty* habitations; here, the cooks and *merchands* of the street were already pursuing their occupations. "What is that hag doing," said JENKINS, "with the frying-pan so early in her hand?" "She is frying a savoury morsel of fritters," replied DICK, "to gratify the *gout* of any one who has an appetite for such a mess." "But, mercy on us!" exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, "what has that woman, who appears shivering with cold, got between her feet. It looks like a little footstool or box, yet smoke appears to be issuing from it. Do the women warm themselves in that manner here? I vow its vastly convenient to have a *biddy* of that kind." "That little utensil," answered DICK, "of which you perceive the utility, is termed a *souffleur*. It is a small iron box, containing live charcoal, with air-holes in the top, which frequently performs a genial office to the fair, where warmth is wanting; and that is a *marchande de grape*, who is *openly* enjoying the benefit of it. A correct idea of these figures, which are truly French, will be afforded by the following cut.

It was mid-day (the fashionable hour of rising) ere our party, who had been at the ball, appeared at the breakfast-table. *Sir* HUMPHREY was then enjoying his *meridian* meal, and burst out into a fit of immoderate laughter when he saw his fashionable wife and daughter enter in their *déshabille*, and commenced the history of the important events of the preceding evening. The good *Knight* perceived that a cubit was at least added to the *stature* of his *wife's mind* by the honours she had been receiving; she tossed her nose even at the remarks of the worthy *Baronet*, and could utter no word below a Countess, Marquis, or Ambassador. "O, *Sir* HUMPHREY," she cried, "you *knows* nothing of the fashionable *vorld*. You must go to Court, *Sir* HUMPHREY; you must see, and let your friends see "LIFE," or I will stay no longer with you in this low *vulgar* place." "Hey day!" replied *Sir* HUMPHREY, "why, what is the matter now? Art right, TABBY, in the upper story? Must go to Court, say you? Why, is it not enough that I send my wife and daughter there? Must I, likewise, add another fool to the number of those puppies and grinning baboons that hold up the tail of your Duchess, or beggar themselves and their children to have it said they have been at Court? No, no, TABBY, this won't do; you must come down a peg." To nail his argument, the good natured *Baronet* then repeated, in a jocose manner, the following appropriate parody of a good old ditty, which the nature of the subject had recommended to his memory :—

"When my old wife was young,
Some fifty years ago,
I'm sure my TABBY'S tongue
On such things went not so.
There's now such foolish ways,
The quality among,
That were not in those days
When my old wife was young.

" The nobles of our isle
Were much delighted then
To live on their own soil,
And seem like honest men.
No wives sought to persuade
Their husbands this was wrong,
For women wisdom had
When my old wife was young.

(" Thank you for the compliment, *Sir* HUMPHREY," cried his lady, swelling with suppressed ire at the *Knight's* reflections; " I hope I have as much sense yet as ever I had; but your remarks are always in the *vulgar* strain, and calculated to wound my feelings, by raking up times that are gone by. Believe me, *Sir* HUMPHREY, you'll never do honour to nobility unless you forget all these things." The *Knight*, nevertheless, went on.)

" Now pride hath banished all,
Unto our land's reproach;
When he, whose means are small,
Maintains both horse and coach.
And wives must have their plays,
Their routes, and dancing throng;
'Twas not so in those days
When my old wife was young.

" 'Twas not the fashion then
To wear such costly clothes,
Or at their kind good men
For wives to toss their nose.
To simple folks like us
Such airs did not belong;
She aped not countesses,
When my old wife was young.

" Our ladies, in those days,
In decent habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content;

French fashions then were scorned,
Rakes baulked, and smugglers hung;
'For modesty women adorned'
When my old wife was young.

" No midnight-masquerade,
Or blight of crowded room,
Soon paled on wife or maid
The rose of Beauty's bloom.
They did not sit so late,
Or lie in bed so long,
Nor rise with aching pate
When my old wife was young.

" A man might then survey,
Within his house or hall,
As on a holiday,
His family, great and small.
They did not gadding go
Abroad for all day long,
Nor looked my TABBY so
When my old wife was young.

" Seduction then was rare,
(Let not my TABBY frown,)
Who would have touched a *hair*
Of her deserved a crown.
Men found it then a job,
Though blessed with oily tongue,
To cuckold or to rob
When my old wife was young.

" In fashionable life,
Where now such sights we view,
A man lived with his wife,
And beds were very few;
But now those times are o'er,
And all goes madly wrong;
It was not so of yore,
When my old wife was young.

This satirical hilarity on the part of the worthy *Knight* was far from being to the taste of his affectionate rib; but LYDIA smiled to see her father treat their fashionable aberrations from good hours and orderly life with such good humour.

DICK had not yet made his appearance in the *Salon de Société*. A curious kind of deliberation or, rather, contest was going on in his mind, with respect to the object he should next pursue.

The buxom *Marchioness*, with her invitation to love, rose to his fancy in all her untasted charms. At the very moment he was thinking of her beauties, she might, perhaps, be looking for him in the love-favouring haunts of the woods of *Boulogne*. At this hour of the day, the old peer was assisting, with feeble hands, to guide the crazy vessel of the state. She might be regretting that she had thrown away her hints and inviting looks on one who was insensible to the softer passion. But the image of the still more enchanting ROSALIE, with whom he had danced at the ball, came in to rival the attractive form of the *Marchioness*. Whether to set out immediately for the woods of *Boulogne*, or go in search of another opportunity of pouring into the fond believing ear of the frank and innocent ROSALIE the language of an ardent passion, (for the warm impressions of the night had not yet had time to subside into a comfortable coolness,) was the important question to be settled. When our *wishes*,

> "Like the Samian letter,
> Point to two ways, the narrower is the better."

But it may, we believe, be as often found that when two

objects contend for our regard, we pursue neither. A third subject of attention presses in and, for the time, puts all other ideas to flight. So it happened with our deliberating hero.

"The woman who deliberates is lost;"

but the man who takes time to consider what he shall do, must be saved.

In the midst of these cogitations SAM SHARP entered, and presented to his master the following letter:—

"My dear Fellow,

"I suppose you must have given me up as a lost *mutton, dished* by some whiskered rascal of a sharper, or shut up again in the infernal *Abbaye*. No such thing, I am happy to tell you, my Prince of Will-o'-the-Wisps, has befallen the *Chevalier de* SHUFFLETON. I have regretted exceedingly that I was obliged to leave you in the abrupt manner I did in the gambling-house; but I could not find in my heart to refuse giving my old acquaintance, the *Marquis de Shambleshins*, a little of my company, especially as he loves play, and is but a very indifferent hand at it; that is, he loses, and can afford to do so; for this he conceives is keeping up of his rank and magnificence. I found, in the course of our conversation, that he was, next day, to give what we emphatically call a *spread*,* and that some *pigeons* were expected to compose a part of the entertainment. Could I resist so tempting an invitation? The *Marquis*, I believe, has a sincere regard for me, on account of my having frequently eased him of

* Flash for Entertainment.

what is sometimes very troublesome to keep,—money. He actually called upon me next day, and, without allowing me time to scrawl even a note to you, carried me down to his *chateau*, in the neighbourhood of *Montmorency*. A thousand times did I wish you with us; you would not have wanted for *game* of all sorts, of the prettiest and easiest kind; for, between you and I, the old *Shambleskins* keeps a *harem*. But no more secrets of this kind till I have the pleasure of opening my budget to you.

"By-the-bye, I find that the scoundrel MOUSTACHALINA, to whom I was so unfortunate as to introduce you, turned out an arrant impostor. Never was any man so much deceived, as I had the misfortune to be, in regard to the true character of that swindler. But you know that, in a place like this, we are all liable to be imposed upon. It was the *Marquis de Shambleshins* himself who introduced MOUSTACHALINA to me; so, you know, I could not but rely with confidence on the integrity of any one whom such a nobleman honoured with his intimacy. I rejoice that you served the rascal as he deserved. I understand he has since absconded.

"I intend having the honour and pleasure of looking in upon you and the ladies in a day or two, but important engagements at present monopolize *all* my attention.

"Do me the favour to present my respects and apologies to the lovely LYDIA and her mother, not forgetting the worthy *Sir* HUMPHREY, and believe me to be, my dear WILDFIRE,

"Your's, always in sincerity,

"LARRY O'SHUFFLETON."

It will readily be imagined with what feelings DICK perused this curious epistle of the *Captain's*. He had suspected, at first, that SHUFFLETON was a party to the imposition and villany of the *soi-disant* Sicilian nobleman, and this letter by no means removed the unpleasant impressions. He threw it aside with contempt. At that moment, SAM SHARP again entered with another epistle in his hand. "Why, SAM," said his master, "I never took you for a *man of letters* until to day." "Please your honour," replied the *Valet*, "I don't belong to the learned fraternity. I served an author once, for three weeks, but, as I starved all the time, I gave up that employ. It is true my master starved also; but that being no satisfaction to my stomach, I left him."

DICK, smiling at SAM'S honesty, took the letter from his *Valet's* hand, and, having broken the seal, read as follows:—

"*One o'Clock, P.M.*

"*Bearing towards the Prefecture of Police.*

"Old Messmate,

"I send you this despatch, though running at the rate of ten knots an hour, from one quarter of *Paris* to another, to inform you that there is no neglect of *duty*, on my part, in not having joined your company ere now; but the truth is, as I hinted to you before, I am eagerly engaged in the chase of a pirate, who I haved discovered in these parts. This flying buccaneer is no other than a shark of a lawyer, who, in acting as the agent of my prize-money, obtained the proceeds of the whole of my captures in the *Tottumfog*, and absconded with the booty. I have had scent of him for three days; but an attorney, like the devil, has many holes to creep into. I hope, however, to come up with him in a short time. If I can come athwart his hawse, it will go hard with me if I don't shiver his timbers, or scuttle his hull.

"Hope you are singing the duet, "All's well," after hauling down the lubberly sharper's jib, in the *Palais Royal*. Shall try to bear down upon you soon, if wind and weather permit. Meantime excuse my vessel's driving.

"O, the little *Tottumfog* for ever."

"Your's,

"BEN BLOCK."

This letter of honest BEN'S afforded some amusement to DICK, and made amends for the equivocal account of *Chevalier* O'SHUFFLETON.

These letters, however, contained nothing to influence our youth in fixing his resolution whether he should endeavour to penetrate the preserves (it would appear but ill *preserved)* of ancient and illustrious cuckoldom, or go in search of that commodity which is only to be found in chaster regions; mayhap, as *Ariosto* says, in the Repositories of the Moon, where all things lost on earth are deposited. A message from LYDIA was the wonder-working spell that put all wavering thoughts to flight. It informed her Cousin that the young, the gay, and beautiful, *Mademoiselle St. Roche* had done them the honour to wait upon herself and mother, to offer them a seat in her box at the *Grand Opera* that evening, and it would be desirable to the ladies that DICK should accompany them. *Mademoiselle St. Roche* was one of the persons of fashion and distinction to whom the HALIBUTS had carried introductions, and she had been polite enough, on receiving their card, to "look in upon the natives, just to see what sort of animals they were."

Mademoiselle St. Roche was, indeed, a gay lady, and as pretty and fine as milliners, paints, and her waiting-maid could make her. She might be called young and handsome, for the bloom of Ninon was on her cheek, and Nature had given her a very graceful figure. She could, moreover, boast, among the number of her advantages, a yearly income of twenty thousand livres. Yet *Mademoiselle* might, with more propriety, have been denominated *Madame St. Roche,* for she was not altogether a *vernal,* although she took especial care to pass for a "pretty giddy young thing."

"A thousand pardons for disturbing you at this early hour," said she, as she entered. It was then past mid-day, which some people in this country call afternoon. "But," added she, "I could not refrain doing myself the honour of visiting you, after hearing that you were last night at the *Countess de Dance-at-Court's* ball." Addressing *Lady* HALIBUT, she continued, "I did not, however, expect to find your *Ladyship* out of your *boudoir.*" "That's exactly what I says to *Sir* HUMPHREY, when he is teasing me to rise as early as a fish-woman at Billingsgate," replied *Lady* HALIBUT; "but I won't do no such unfashionable things no more, for I thinks you are in the right, *Ma'amselle;* rich volks have a right to *lig* a-bed as long as they please. *Sir* HUMPHREY shall know that I will not cross the *bowdoor* of my bed-room another morning till its a proper fashionable time to get up, though all should go to *ruination,* like other great volks' affairs."

"That is very *wisely* resolved," said *Mademoiselle St. Roche,* "and like a lady of the *ton.* I myself should not have been abroad at this unfashionable hour, notwithstanding my desire to see you, had I not been so chagrined last night at the *Countess de Rhaimbaud's* concert and ball that I could

not sleep all the morning for thinking of it. My dear friend, *Madame Flashaway*, was there, and we would have remained till our countenances exhibited what the gallants call a fashionable languor, but her husband hurried her away at three in the morning; was not that horrid? Husbands are tyrants, I am sure, and, therefore, I do not mean to marry *Colonel Valmont*, notwithstanding his vows and attentions.—What does my fair English friend here say to this subject? (addressing LYDIA); I suppose you have a dozen colonels and as many captains, dancing attendance in your *boudoir* and antechambers." "My levees are not quite so well attended as all that by the *beaux*," answered LYDIA; "I am yet but a novice in fashionable life." "I see, I see," said the lively Frenchwoman, "you must be put under my training: ah! *Mademoiselle*, you cannot conceive the gay easy life we women of fashion lead in Paris: we are never without our gallants an hour in the day." "What! do young unmarried ladies admit gentlemen to their dressing-rooms in France?" "How little you know of 'Life in Paris!' you must let me give you a specimen of our manners here, by telling you how a lady of fashion passes her time in this gay capital." "I should really like to learn how you ladies of the *ton* in Paris pass your time," replied LYDIA; "and so should I," added her mother, "though you cannot be so much distressed as some that I know to get over it if you lie in bed till afternoon. There's *Sir* HUMPHREY, my husband, who never knows what to do with himself unless he is eating or drinking. But *Sir* HUMPHREY is not a lady of quality."

"Well, my dear friends, to the specimen. I will tell you my yesterday's occupations. Returned at five in the morning from the *Marchioness de Lovecall's*. The *Marchioness* is a charming woman, quite idolized by the gentlemen,

but tied to an old, useless, jealous, husband, whom arried her for her beauty, and whom she condescended to take merely on account of his title and fortune. Her party would have been delightful, had there been a hundred visiters less, and if the *Marchioness* herself had not monopolized all the attention. Besides, there were very few of my Colonels there; *Valmont*, I suspect, had another engagement, and I took care to tell him of it next day. *Monsieur Dulac* escorted me home. I did not think it necessary to tell *Valmont* of that." "But he may find it out," said LYDIA. "'Tis no matter if he does," answered *Mademoiselle St. Roche*. "I love to see people jealous. If *Valmont* is displeased at another's gallantry, he should have been at his post to perform the duty of my *cavalier*. I could not, however, sleep for thinking of him, and the admiration the *Marchioness* enjoyed. Fell into a doze at last, and did not wake till eleven o'clock, when *Fanchette* entered and told me that the *Colonel* was looking at the Cupids and Venuses in my *boudoir*. I punished his neglect by letting him continue his studies alone for an hour. *Fanchette* dressed me, at last, in a new robe that cost five hundred francs. My head-dress did not, however, please me, though *Millot* had exerted all her art to make it charming as well as splendid, so I thought it might do the *Colonel* good to let him study the inanimate beauties of my *boudoir* for another hour; but, on second thoughts, I determined to assume a *nonchalance* air and see him; so, in an hour and a half, the *Colonel* and I came to a right understanding. We had no sooner done this, than the *aid-de-camp*, who was to take charge of some letters I wished to get forwarded, came in and pushed out the *Colonel*. The *aid-de-camp* proved a gallant and an agreeable man. I chatted with him for half an hour, and when he went away I took a memorandum to keep me in spirits

when necessary, namely, that there are agreeable men in the world besides *Colonel Valmont*."

"You manage your love affairs very easily in France," said LYDIA, smiling.

"It is well to have eyes as well as hearts," replied the lady of the *ton*. "Frenchwomen do not allow the merits of one man to eclipse those of another, nor, as one of your poets say, confine to one lover 'what was meant for *mankind*.'"

"What a happy set of persons the Frenchwomen are," added *Lady* HALIBUT; "they may have as many lovers or husbands as they please. I wish I had been born in France or in the Grand Turk's dominions. He is the only person I can compare to them. The English ladies do not yet come up to the French in these matters. For my part, (heigh-ho!) I am sure I have led a life of *celibacy*."

Mademoiselle St. Roche laughed, and went on. "I was thinking what I should do when *Noustier*, my valet, entered with a letter. I imagined it was a *billet doux*. It proved to be a long epistle, which gave me a head-ache to read, from my uncle in the country, inviting me to spend the summer in Provence. To answer it was a dreadful task. I began a reply to prove that it was much more convenient and eligible to me to remain in Paris, but I had a great deal of trouble in establishing my position, so deferred completing my letter until I had furnished myself with better arguments. To dissipate my chagrin, I thought of dressing to go out. I spent the time, I don't know how long, in endeavouring to arrange my head-dress *à la Hebe*, in the *Chinese*, *Creole*, *Provinçale*, and *Savoyard*,

fashions, without being able to please myself with either. I was angry with *Jeannie;* she had tears in her eyes; I gave her my box at the *Opera Comique* for Sunday next.

"Whilst in this humour, *Noustier* entered with a bandbox which, he said, came from *Duverney's.* It contained an Italian straw-hat of the handsomest shape. 'It is a *love,*' cried I, *(c'est un amour,)* and judged it was from the *Colonel.* It doubtless cost him a quarter's pay—no matter for that; he thought such a love-gift was necessary to reinstate him in my good opinion. It was an admirable fit, and the *Colonel,* who entered soon after, owned that I looked divinely in it. 'If you think it is fit to be seen,' said I, 'it perhaps might relieve my head-ache to take an airing in the Woods of Boulogne.' The *Colonel* was enraptured. I ordered the horses to my carriage, and we drove to the Wood. The promenading was delightful. All Paris was there. We had rare sport in quizzing some of our acquaintances. We returned to Paris about four o'clock. Looked in for a moment at the *Riding-School de Sourdis,* where *Madame Dutalais* was taking her lesson. She is a little fat woman, of fifty years of age, who wishes to pass for being highly accomplished."

"Bless me!" exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, "at her time of life to learn to ride on horse-back! If that is the fashion I believe I must learn to ride myself. *Squire* JENKINS, I dare say, will give me a lesson—he is an excellent hand at managing a horse." "My dear mother," added LYDIA, "I should like to see you and *Sir* HUMPHREY in a race."

"The fashion certainly *runs* in that way at present," continued the lively *Mademoiselle St. Roche;* "for we likewise saw *Madame de Flirtwell,* whom we had noticed

in the Wood, enter with her *Squire*. He is a tall, thin, dapper fribble, and she is a real Amazon. She is even more than that, if we may judge by her figure, by her voice, and, above all, by her bosom. At the door of the riding-school the *Countess de Normand* recognized me. The *Colonel*, I could perceive, had no relish for her company, so whispered '*Adieu*,' and took his leave, on the plea of having an unavoidable appointment at the *Thuilleries*. The *Countess* would not part with me. She took me into her *calash*, and we went shopping together in the *Rue Vivienne*. The whole world of folly was there. We stopped at *Mademoiselle Bissons* to select some lace embroidery, and shot-silk kerchiefs. I was mighty pleased with some kerchiefs *à la Bayadere*; the *Countess* allowed they were pretty, but said they will soon become common. In eight days they will be no longer wearable. So, after viewing every thing, we bought nothing, and hurried to *Le Roi's*, where it is fashionable to show one's self, and see if there is any thing new. I thought my hat would look better with a feather, so ordered a very handsome plume; got, at *Tessier's*, some essences and pastiles of aloes, and arrived at home at five o'clock, when I flew to my toilet, having recollected I was to dine at the *Baroness de Cormeil's*, and appear at the *Countess de Raimbaud's* concert and ball in the evening. I was in an ill-humour when I recollected that *Valmont* had not told me that he was to be there; but *Jeannie* dressed me in a robe that became me so exceedingly, and my new *love* sat so gaily upon me, that I found I could smile after all, and away I drove to the *Countess's*. I have told you that her party was quite a crowd. Had it not been for *Dulac* I should have been lost. A vain thing, the *Countess de Troquancœurs*, was sporting her figure there. She had more of the attention of the gentlemen than she deserved, or I am no judge of women's merits. For the

music we cared nothing. Gossip and scandal was the order of the night. You have heard the cause of my retiring at so early an hour as three. That is the picture of one of my days. If you add a little more gaiety and extravagance to it, you may conceive a notion of the 'LIFE' led by the generality of fashionable women, married and unmarried, in Paris."

"Upon my word, a very pleasant mode of passing time," said *Lady* HALIBUT when *Mademoiselle St. Roche* had concluded her detail; "though you appear to be doing nothing, your hands seem to be as full of business as if you were making pies or puddings, darning stockings, or selling sprats,—I beg your pardon, giving a levee at Court to all the ambassadors' wives that come from Turkey, and *Chinnee*, and *Wenus*, and other *strange parts*."

"Ah, *Madame* HALIBUT," replied the lady of fashion; "you have *le bon repartée* so *à propos*, that you will be one ornament of the fashionable world. I have detained you too long. What say you to a visit to the *Théâtre* or the *Opera*. I have a box at the *François*, where *Talma* performs, as well as at the *Grand Opera*. Would you not like to see *Talma?* He is in a new character to-night. We shall have time enough to see the best part of the performance at the *Théâtre François* before the ballet commences at the *Opera de Musique*. All the world will be at the *François* to-night, and to see the new ballet at the *Opera*."

"O, how delightful!" cried LYDIA, "to see two such fine sights in one night. Will you not go with *Mademoiselle St. Roche*, Mamma? I am sure DICK will not refuse to escort us."

At that instant, DICK entered the apartment, and was introduced, by his cousin, to the gay and fascinating *Mademoiselle St. Roche.*

Two such lively and congenial spirits as our hero and the fashionable French beauty were soon on good terms. The latter seemed to be much taken with DICK'S demeanour and personal appearance. In this new female acquaintance he, in his turn, found an object to whom he saw his gallantry would be agreeable, and who, if he read the meaning of her eyes aright, might make some amends for the disappointments she was unconsciously causing in the interruption of his other pursuits.

It was soon agreed that the whole of the party present should adopt the plan of *Mademoiselle St. Roche,* namely, to go to the *Théâtre François* first, and from thence to the *Opera.* When the hour of performance arrived, they drove to the *Premier Théâtre François,* in the *Rue de Richelieu.* The play was *Cinna,* and *Talma* was to appear in *Auguste.* The first thing that our English travellers remarked was the appearance of the house. It was spacious and superb, but from the paucity of illumination, was dull and opaque. *Lady* HALIBUT, who loved to see and be seen, said the persons in the boxes seemed like owlets looking from their nests in a wood.

Before we enter on any notice of the performance, we will here say a few words on the theatrical amusements of the French. They constitute no small part of the enjoyments of "LIFE IN PARIS."

The stage in every country must be the *speculum vitæ,*

the mirror of "LIFE," both in tragedy and comedy. It is very remarkable that the French, though they are the gayest, most volatile, and most frivolous, people in Europe, are yet exceedingly formal and exact in all external appearances. In their theatres this is strikingly perceptible. The character of the *legitimate* drama, particularly their tragedies, is dull and monotonous. As comedy must be, more or less, a representation of living manners, it must, of course, be more natural.

Their tragedies are all in rhyme, and in all Nature is too often distorted in order to preserve what they are pleased to call the unities. Boileau, the legislator of the French Parnassus, laughing at the Spanish theatre, and speaking of tragedy, says :—

> "Mais nous *que la raison à ses règles engage*,
> Nous voulons *qu'avec art* l'action se menage;
> Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli
> Tienne jusqu'à la fin le théâtre rempli."*

Corneille, however, began his theatrical career by translating Spanish plays. But what is most remarkable in the history of French tragedy is, that they should call it the *legitimate* drama, and say it is imitated from the Greeks, who were the inventors and perfecters of it. A tragedy of Eschylus, Sophocles, or Euripedes, is no more like a tragedy of Corneille, Racine, or Voltaire, than the *Iliad* of Homer is like the *Henriade*. The Greek tragedy was evidently a melo-*drama*, a species of theatrical exhibition, against which the partisans of the *legitimate* drama declaim so

* "But we that reason by its rules engage,
If art with action mingle on the stage,
Spell of the unities of time and peace,
Still crowds on crowds the theatre will grace."

loudly. It was never divided into acts, nor was the stage ever empty a moment, and there was always a chorus of dancers and singers who came on occasionally and formed a necessary part of the drama. It was more like a serious opera than a French tragedy. The unity of place was not always observed, and, if the scenery remained the same, it was because the stage was in the open air, and on so vast a scale as always to present a pleasing variety. Aristotle, who has treated expressly of the Greek tragedy, says nothing of the unities, as Corneille and the French critics require them. Why then isthe French tragedy the *legitimate* drama? Because French manners and French forms would have it so. Such a drama never existed in any other country. There is no reason founded on nature or truth for such a strict observance of the unities; and even if there was, as the drama is calculated to give pleasure and entertainment, the more that end is obtained the more perfect it is. The most rigid French critics themselves begin, now-a-days, a little to relax on this point, as they find the torrent of opinion in the most civilized parts of Europe, and even in their own country, bears too strong against them. The imitations of Shakspeare, by the late dramatic author, Ducis, met with great success on the French stage; and as the free style of English gardening, as well as the forms of the English constitution, seem to be gaining ground every day more and more in France, it is very likely that a more bold and original manner will be adopted by their future dramatic authors. It is observable, also, that the principal writers of tragedy in France have always confined themselves to the narrow circle of Greek and Roman story; not one subject did they take from the history of modern times or that of their own country. Belloy, in his "*Siege of Calais*," and Voltaire, in some of his latter tragedies, broke through this established custom; and other authors

have followed it up with success. The "*Templiers,*" by Raynouard, is a fine tragedy; and two new pieces, taken from French history, "*Louis IX.*" and the "*Sicilian Vespers,*" were very successful on the stage. Still, however, an Englishman will find it rather difficult to accustom himself to long declamatory speeches in rhyme, even in the best French tragedies, or delivered by the best actors: especially when there is no variety of scenery, little brilliancy of costume, and so little of that bustle and action to which he has been accustomed on the theatre of his own country.

Some English travellers in France, astonished to see a French audience listening in profound silence to these legitimate dramas, give them great credit for it, and say, they are certainly a *dramatic people.* But this may, perhaps, be more easily accounted for from the peculiarities observable in the French genius and manners; and if we look at the history of the stage in England and France, if we consider the size of the three great theatres in London, and how constantly they are filled; if we take into account the number of minor theatres in this city, and reflect that there is scarcely a provincial town of any note without its theatre, we shall, probably, be convinced that the English have as keen a relish and as just a taste for dramatic productions as the Parisian enthusiasts of the *Théâtres François,* or the French in general. Some persons also admire the French theatres, because there is no half-price at them; because they are not frequented by courtezans; and because there is no confusion, noise, or difficulty in getting out of them. But all this is owing to the established manners of the people, to the despotic forms of the government, and to the class of persons who chiefly frequent the theatres in Paris. No public diversion in France of any kind, not even a wake, or a village dance,

can take place without the presence of *gens-d'armes*. Yet these police regulations, though contrary to the genius of the British constitution, are sometimes extremely convenient.

As carriages draw up, and receive their owners after the performances, they are obliged to drive off immediately, a short time only being allowed to take up, which entirely prevents confusion; and nothing can be more striking or judicious than the order preserved in this respect; nor is the unwary spectator in any danger of losing the contents of his pocket from such depredators as infest the environs of our London theatres; and these remarks extend even to the minor places of amusement. Before the opening of the house, the public who happen to be waiting for admission, and the number is sometimes several hundreds, are arranged three a-breast; and when the doors are open, are successively admitted in rotation, without the least confusion or pressure. Moreover, the great theatres in Paris partly belong to government, and are all half supported by it; they are not private property as in London; the population is not nearly so great, nor entirely of the same stamp. Paris is not a commercial town, nor a sea-port; the lower classes have not so much money to throw away in amusements, and are, therefore, on public rejoicings, indulged by the government by admission to the theatres gratis. As to the half price, it has arisen from the late hour of dinner so long established in London, and only lately adopted in Paris; and instead of being a sign of the English not being a dramatic people, would rather seem to be a strong proof of the contrary. If their leisure or their purse will not allow them to attend the whole performance, they take as much of it, at least, as they possibly can. The manner of lighting the theatres in France by a lustre, or circle of lamps, suspended in the centre, though, perhaps, more

advantageous for stage effect, is certainly less lively and brilliant than the English mode of placing chandeliers and gas-lights between the boxes, and is far from showing off the company to so much advantage. In France, the ladies do not dress so much for the theatre, nor is it necessary that the toilet should be so much attended to there as in this country, for *there* the same opportunities of display do not occur. In the French theatre, females are not allowed to enter the pit, and ladies of the town have there no chance of mixing with better society.*

But to the business of the stage. The play began: the two *stars* of the French drama at length made their appearance, *Talma* and *Madame Duchesnois*. The French were in raptures when this pair came solemnly forward: the lady was, indeed, a gem from the antique. "Bless me! what a little ugly woman," cried *Lady* HALIBUT; "I wonder any body could admire such a witch." *Mademoiselle St. Roche* put her *Ladyship* right in regard to this excellent actress, whose age has but little impaired her extraordinary tragic powers. *Talma* and this lady, alternately, and some-

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* A good custom prevails in France of making all the theatres and places of amusement pay a tenth of their receipts to the *poor*. The theatres in Paris, moreover, are obliged to pay a twentieth towards the support of the *Grand Opera*. The part of the poor, from the theatres in Paris last year, amounted to 462,080 francs; that of the *Opera* to 134,203 francs.

The interests of dramatic authors in France are better secured than in England, where literary property is often shamefully violated. They participate during life in the profits of their works *in every theatre in the kingdom*, and this advantage *descends to their heirs for ten years* after their decease. The quantum of remuneration at the Theatre Royal is, for a piece of three or five acts, one-twelfth of two-thirds of the gross receipt, and one twenty-fourth for a piece in one act.

times together, declaimed about *Cæs-ar*, till the sound of that name made even *Lady* HALIBUT inquire who *Cæs-ar* was. There is a monotony in the long speeches in the French theatres, and a paucity of action, which is by no means to an English taste. Even the talents of *Talma*, or the merits of the composition, could not reconcile our travellers to the French drama. The piece was, however, well performed. *Talma's* powers of attracting and rivetting the attention of an audience are unquestionably great. He exhibits more of the fire and ferocity of the Roman than, probably, any French actor ever did; but, like many other great performers in various eras of the stage, he falls, occasionally, into ridiculous extravaganzas. This justly-admired actor, and pride of the French stage, may be truly designated an *unique* in his performance. He is the first who ever appeared in the true Romam *toga*. It is only since the Revolution that the costume of the actors has been any imitation of the dress of the ancients. Before that time, the heroes of antiquity used to strut on the stage in robes of Lyons silk, embroidered with gold and silver; and immense perukes, stuffed with laurels, used to adorn their heads; while they turned out their feet, walked only on the points of their toes, and put themselves in the attitudes and postures of a bully in a farce.

Lady HALIBUT could not conceive "what the play was all about." She said she never heard such ranting, and croaking, and stamping, and "*un*-understandable gibberish in her life. Come, *Ma'amselle,*" added she, "let us away to see the *balley* at the Grand Musical Opera: I do not see any people of fashion here."

Mademoiselle St. Roche had too much of the quality of loco-motion in her composition to feel any inclination to

remain long in one place. She readily assented to *Lady* HALIBUT'S proposition, and, DICK and LYDIA being of the same mind, they left the *Premier Théâtre*, and drove to the *Académie Royale de Musique*, the singular name by which the French designate their Opera-house.

This favourite place of fashionable resort has all the attractions that captivate minds enamoured of pleasure. The decorations are rich and the scenery is splendid, the Opera in France being under the direction, and conducted at the expense of, government. But the principal charm is in the music and the dancing. In their ballets the French certainly excel; for, where dancing is an object of universal and passionate admiration, every *figurante* on the boards must be capable of displaying the most *elegant* agility, and a perfect knowledge of this fascinating and *important* art. The *fine* gentlemen and the ladies of Paris, like the fashionables in this country, seem more alive to the pleasures of vision than those of hearing, as they seldom enter their boxes till the dances commence. The ballet was about to begin just as our company entered the balcony. This is a prominent and fashionable part of the house. The *éclat* and influence of the balcony are very remarkable. It enjoys at the Opera the privilege which the pit usurps at the other theatres,—of pronouncing final sentence on the merits of pieces and performers.

"What a delightful place for viewing the whole of the audience, and the stage, too," exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, as she took her seat; "I should like to have a box in this here balcony." LYDIA was no less delighted to survey the gaiety of the place, and the well-dressed groups around her. *Mademoiselle St. Roche* enjoyed their satisfaction in a sort of triumph, resulting from the natural pride of national feel-

ings. As the band of the grand Orchestra struck up, "hear," she cried, "what divine music!" The fiddlers, indeed, plied their elbows to *some tune*, and drew from the catgut sounds of the most enchanting kind.

At length the sprightly ballet comes
With dancers knacking of their thumbs,
And then the reign of mirth commences,
And joy that tickles other senses,
And wit, such as we find along
With dance, and nudity, and song.

The nimble actors and actresses
Displayed full high their legs and dresses.
France is the native land of dancing;
Where, bounding, reeling, skipping, glancing,
You see the many "twinkling feet"
Of those who in light waltzes meet;
Or in some lively rigadoon
Foot it to Frolic's gayest tune.

While knees, or hands, or lips, combine,
As at gay Pleasure's festive shrine;
Or in the caperings and the reelings
Of under petticoat cotillons;
Where nymphs and swains express their feelings
With all the fervour of the love
That reigns supreme in Cupid's grove.

How well the floating *figurantes*
Displayed their talents and their *wants*,
The enamoured Muse, in this her lay,
In vain would try or dare to say;
How *Bigotini*, as a *vestal*,
We rather must acknowledge, dressed ill,
Without her kerchief, or her stays,
Swam off in joy with *Monsieur Lays*,
And *Fanny*, in sweet Colinette,
With her *enamorato* met;

Drawn & Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank. Published Augt 1822 by John Fairburn, Broadway, Ludgate Hill

"Life behind the Curtain, at the Grand Opera; or, Dick & the Squire larking it with the Figurants.

We mean dear little *Fanny Bias*,
Who with her witcheries loves to try us,
And lifts the soul full many a peg
By sweet *naïveté* of the leg.

Nothing, indeed, could be more *attractive* than the *figurantes*, they were so excellent in their art, and so liberal in the display of their personal beauty and proportions. Nature is certainly well exhibited on the boards of the *Opera*. The charms of this theatre have, however, greatly degenerated. The singing has never been admired; *pirouettes*, and capers, and astonishing feats of agility, are all the fashion now. It was once said of some famous dancer at the Opera, *chaque pas est un sentiment;* but nobody would think of applying the expression to any modern *figurante* of the Opera at Paris. *Lady* HALIBUT'S predilection for fashionable life had not entirely overcome her natural matronly modesty. She could not conceive how the female dancers should venture to lift their legs so high in public, and said that she feared the *figurantes* were no better than they should be. *Mademoiselle St. Roche* vindicated the delightful art of dancing, and said she saw no harm in showing off a pair of fine limbs to advantage, provided no other more improper use was made of the leg so exhibited. DICK smiled at this plain reasoning, and LYDIA blushed, as if she had not yet left the boarding-school to learn French manners. The attentions which her cousin was paying to *Mademoiselle St. Roche* were far from pleasing to LYDIA. Jealousy, where the heart is interested, is easily created. She was, however, relieved of this feeling in regard to *Mademoiselle St. Roche*, but it was only to be more strongly excited by another object.

As Fortune would have it, the buxom *Marchioness*, whom

DICK had designed to meet in the *Wood of Boulogne*, came into the box next to him, and their eyes instantly encountered one another in a significant recognition. Reproaches for neglect were eloquently expressed by the lady's eyes, to which those of our amorous hero replied as fervently as ever. From that instant, his attentions to *Mademoiselle St. Roche* relaxed, and she was not long in comprehending the cause. Recollecting that she was expected at the *Baroness d'Angeville's* card party, and certain that *Valmont* would be there, she begged a thousand pardons of *Lady* HALIBUT, and her friends, for not being able to enjoy the pleasure of their company any longer; and, declining DICK'S offers of attending her home, she left her box in the possession of our strangers, and withdrew, with evident tokens of chagrin on her countenance,—not to visit the *Baroness d'Angeville*, or to press a solitary bed at home,—but to join another company in a box where she could indulge herself with a view of what was passing between DICK and the rival who had eclipsed her. This was a very satisfactory way of dissipating the chagrin that had began to prey upon her mind; and thus it is that jealous persons cannot refrain from seeking what they do not wish to find.

CHAP. XIII.

An amorous but a desperate Adventure—DICK, *at length, ventures into the Precincts of Cuckoldom*—SAM SHARP *meets with an agreeable Companion in the* dark, *but discovers the Disadvantage of* not seeing one's way clearly—*A singularly* ticklish *Predicament, and a Hair-breadth Escape from many Dangers*—*Husbands and Rivals are always unwelcome Intruders; and Wives, who have more Lovers than their dear Spouses, are not the safest Acquaintances for young Gallants*—BEN BLOCK'S *History, and a Visit to the* COMBAT DES ANIMAUX, *or Duck-Lane of Paris.*

THE bustle created by *Mademoiselle St. Roche* withdrawing from her seat was favourable to a moment's intercourse between our hero and his warm-hearted enamorata, the *Marchioness*. She, also, made a movement, as if about to leave the balcony; and, as these attracting bodies came nearer to each other, the *Marchioness* found means to slip into DICK'S hand a pencilled note, containing the following words:—

"As you have not found your way to the Wood, I shall be at home alone to-morrow night, as the *Marquis* goes on a visit to *Fontainbleau*. You will find the little gate of the garden open, and *Claudine* not far from thence, who will attend you. Be there at eleven o'clock, and see if

I do not hazard more in this assignation than you do in keeping it."

DICK received this kind billet with every testimony of gratitude and passionate regard. The lovers were again separated; but our spark of amorous propensities secretly determined to hazard a dash into the precincts of cuckoldom.

The owner of the box having left it, and *Lady* HALIBUT being at length tired of looking at the fashionable world, and at the captivating and graceful whirling of the *figurantes*, whose wonderful exhibitions of flexibility of limbs she so much condemned, our party at length thought it advisable for them also to retire from the balcony, and to bid adieu to the Paradise of fools, fops, coquettes, fiddlers, and dancers. *Lady* HALIBUT knew not what to make of her fashionable friend's sudden desertion of them, but LYDIA thought she could account for it. Though considerably piqued herself, and sorry for DICK'S roving inclinations, she even ventured to rally her cousin on the fickleness of his disposition, and the number of his female acquaintances.

On their return to the Hotel, the *Marchioness's* assignation ran sadly in his head. She had fixed to-morrow night for the meeting, but who is willing to wait till to-morrow night when a handsome woman says her husband is out of the way? The *Peer*, she had also said, was at the distance of *Fontainbleau*. Where then was the obstacle to an immediate fulfilment of their wishes? Fired with this idea, he resolved not to wait till another day, but to repair immediately to the scene of appointment, and agreeably surprise the *Marchioness* by the sincerity and eager-

ness of his love. He could not expect to find *Claudine* on the spot to conduct him to his mistress's presence, but he doubted not he should effect an entrance by some means or other. As soon as he had reason to believe the *Marchioness* had returned home from the *Opera* he gave his friends the slip, and set out upon his adventure. "Let there be danger in it, *Lady*," said he to himself, as protesting lovers, in the ardency of their passion, sometimes valiantly exclaim; and, as somewhat of danger was to be expected in this expedition, our *Corinthian* took the precaution of putting a pair of pistols in his pocket. SAM SHARP was desired to follow, armed, also, with his pistol, he being a good hand at the trigger; and when they reached the garden-gate SAM was directed to take up a position of observation close by. His instructions were, likewise, to fire off his pistol whenever he perceived any male person about to enter the house, so that his master might hear the signal of approach within and prepare for his escape accordingly. This duty the trusty *Valet* entered on very cheerfully, for it was not the first time he had performed a similar service. SAM looked at his master, however, with a significant grin as he put his *barker* into his pocket, and ventured to inquire what part of the spoil, in this adventure, was to fall to his share. "SAM," said DICK, "I don't know what fortune may betide us in the exploit I am bent upon, but if you look sharp you may probably find one in waiting who may some time or other give you your reward." This hint SAM could easily comprehend, and he plied his steps as he went along with greater alacrity. When they reached the entrance to the mansion, SAM took his position close to the little gate in the garden, which, by the help of an adjoining lamp, commanded, also, a view of the grand entrance.

Our adventurer was a good deal surprised to find the gate of the garden open, and, on advancing a little farther, he found the faithful *Claudine* in waiting, as if the fair ones of this palace of pleasure had, like himself, anticipated time and the arrangements of the following night. DICK knew not what to think of this ready access. He was certain the *Marchioness* knew nothing of his present visit; it, therefore, rushed into his mind that some other paramour was expected, if not already in the enjoyment of that felicity to which he so eagerly looked. A moment, however, convinced him that, if any one was expected, he had not yet arrived, nor was *Claudine* acquainted with his person, for, on DICK's appearance, and on his warmly saluting her by her name, the obedient waiting-maid took him by the hand, the night being dark, and conducted him into her mistress's chamber. This convenient *Abigail* then withdrew, we are to suppose, to her station, in the garden, for the purpose of performing a duty similar to that of SAM SHARP. Whether these minor performers in the drama acted so much in unison as to perform their duties together, our narrative must hereafter show. We have now got, enrapturing thought! into that happiest of all *Elysiums*, a lady's bed-chamber. The *Marchioness* was in bed, but apparently expected some one; for, on *Claudine's* announcing her gallant, she elevated herself quickly, but, although pleasure sparkled in her countenance, she seemed astonished at the presence of her young enamorato; DICK was already at her bed-side, and had seized her hand in the ardour of his passion. "Is it you?" sighed she. "Are you aware that you hazard your life in thus approaching me so unexpectedly. I did, indeed, send my footman to you, after I left the *Opera*, with a note, to inform you that I understood a messenger had been sent off from Court to *Fontainbleau*

to hasten the *Marquis's* return, on account of State affairs, and to say that I should be in my own private chamber to night, on the plea of indisposition, and *Claudine* was instructed to await you at the garden-gate; but I had some reason to despair of my footman's being able to find you." "It is well," replied DICK, "that I have *outrun* the footman, and anticipated the *Marquis's* arrival. Come, my angelic beauty, do not let us waste time in words that may be more agreeably employed, since moments are so valuable."

With that he began to invade love's dominions in rather a quicker manner than the *Marchioness* seemed to approve. In this, however, our hero was certainly excusable, for who could behold so many tempting and incomparable graces unveiled without losing that respect to which beauty is always entitled. "Softly, softly," said the *Marchioness*, "consider that we are every moment liable to be surprised by the arrival of the *Marquis*. I only wished to see you, to fix a period of meeting when we should be in less danger of interruption. The lady had scarcely uttered these words when they heard some one approaching the door. "It is the *Marquis*," said the alarmed fair one, apparently ready to faint; "for the love of God, hide yourself, for he is very jealous and furious." "Where shall I hide myself?" inquired DICK; "I see no place of concealment in this apartment." "I conjure you by all that is dear to you," replied the lady, "to stand close behind this tapestry; I will endeavour to get rid of the *Marquis* as soon as possible."

The amorous invader of the realms of cuckoldom accordingly took his place between two pieces of the hangings by the bed side, where this incomparable beauty was lying;

and holding with one hand, both the pieces close together, allowing only a little hole through which he might see who came, and to put the muzzle of his pistol, which he had ready cocked in his other hand. So sudden was this interruption, that the parties within had not had time to secure the door, nor did that precaution, at first, seem necessary, for silence reigned over the house, and the spies stationed at the entrances had occasioned confidence and security.

The *Marchioness* was right in her conjectures; it was the *Peer* who approached. He entered, and, going round about his wife's bed, shut close with a curtain, came so near our hero in the tapestry, that he actually touched the muzzle of his pistol. In the meanwhile the *Marchioness* feigned to be asleep. The attentive husband, apparently unwilling to break her repose, gently inquired after his wife's health? Affecting to wake, and to be surprised at her lord's arrival, she answered, "that her fever had increased since supper, from want of sleep, and that she believed her recovery depended on her having rest and tranquillity."

Old *Cornutus*, taking her by the hand, and finding her pulse beat violently, as it could not but do in her situation, told her she was in no danger, that it was only a nervous irritation which would subside, if left to itself, and that he, also, was much more disturbed and afflicted in his mind, the cause of which he would impart to her. "I dreamed," said he, "last night, that I had lost you, and that there was a dragon here, which might carry you away, or do you a mortal injury; so that, waking in this fear and remembering that you were alone, and in an unprotected state, I gladly obeyed the summons I have received from the *King* and posted so fast home that I fear I have killed my horses by my

speed and anxiety; this is the cause of my coming at this time to see how you are: God be thanked you do not seem so ill as by my dream I thought you were, nor do I see any dragon hovering around you. I will only lie down beside you for a while, to feel the course of your pulse, and then I will allow you to rest." What our hero's sensations were on hearing this speech, may, as the saying is, be more easily conceived than described. He verily believed that he was discovered, or must be so if the old Peer persevered in staying.

The expedients of women's minds are quick and innumerable. Seeing the *Marquis* resolved to remain, the fair invalid affected to be so ill, that she could not even bear the endearments of her husband. She entreated to be left alone for a short time, and desired the unconscious Peer to draw the curtains close, because the light of the candle was painful to her eyes. His Lordship performed this duty with such gentleness and care, that he did not even touch the lurking enemy of his honour. Having drawn, with his own hand, the curtain that concealed our impatient Tarquin, the uxorious Peer was about to leave the room, when a little dog, which the *Marchioness* cherished, ran into the apartment, and smelling at the bedside that there was a stranger near, began to bark most pertinaciously. Here was a fresh danger of discovery. In vain the sick lady whispered "Felix! Felix!" The little yelper barked on as a faithful dog should do in such a situation. DICK could have speedily put an end to his noise, but he durst not move from his hiding-place. The unsuspecting *Marquis*, however, kindly performed this office, and, in driving the importunate Felix out of the room, (which, by the bye, he had never been allowed to do before,) he observed to his wife that he had at length discovered the dragon of his dream in this troublesome puppy, of whom he was happy to rid his beloved spouse. Kicking

Felix, therefore, out of the chamber, as faithful servants are sometimes rewarded, his Lordship also withdrew, bidding his dear spouse think no more of the dragon.

The Peer was no sooner gone than our impatient hero came out of his hiding-place, and, kneeling down beside the object of his passion, prayed her to take pity upon him, and not allow the present opportunity to pass unimproved. The *Marchioness* seemed so alarmed she could not reply, but extending her hand to him, she beckoned him to be silent for a time. DICK thought there was not much of denial in this act. He grew warm by the touch of her hand, although it was as cold as snow, and, forgetting the danger past, by the sight of the beauties before him, imprinted one of Love's most ardent kisses on her lips. At that instant SAM SHARP'S pistol was discharged, and sounded an alarm even to the ears of our lovers. DICK was astonished, and vexed to the soul at this new interruption, and the *Marchioness* was about to scream, but, thinking a patient silence might be more prudent on her part, she restrained the screaming inclination, so natural to beauties when in any kind of danger, and again entreated her tantalized enamorato to provide for his safety, by escape from the house, as the whole mansion would immediately be in an uproar.

At this moment *Clarinde*, who had been waiting at the garden-gate, was heard exclaiming, as she ran towards the house, "Murder! murder! a gentleman has been shot close by the gate of the garden. O Lord! what will become of me?" "What new intruder can this be who has met so unwelcome a reception?" said DICK to himself, as he looked about for the means of escape: "it must be the gallant whose place I have pre-occupied, and SAM SHARP has given him a dose to cool his courage, instead of merely sounding the alarm

by a harmless discharge of his pistol. Curse the rascal! I hope he has got us into no scrape beyond the present predicament." "Fly," cried the *Marchioness*, seeing he was making no great haste to be gone: "fly, or the *Marquis* will find the real dragon that has been afflicting him."

Clarinde now ran into her mistress's chamber, with horror and fear in her countenance, and added to her lady's entreaties: "For the love of heaven and my mistress, whoever you are, withdraw immediately: here is my mantle, let me wrap you in it, and make haste down stairs ere the servants, who are rising from their beds, assemble to search the house; for my Lord has given orders to bar the gates, and is searching the garden himself." For our disappointed lover to remain where he was, seemed no longer possible; to descend from a high window without a ladder is not always a very safe experiment; and the chimney is only a fit abode for those that practise *sweeping* measures. DICK, therefore, took the mantle, and, wrapping it about him, proceeded to explore his way down stairs in the dark, *Clarinde* not daring to light him farther than the door. With one hand on the railing of the stairs, and a pistol ready cocked in the other, he begun his adventurous course. Coming, however, to an unexpected termination of one flight of steps, on entering upon the narrow part of the stair that wound in a spiral form, his foot slipped, and he fell, or rather tumbled to the bottom. Besides the noise he made in falling, the pistol which he held in his hand went off, and made such a report that every one in the house heard it. Moreover, the person of our unfortunate hero was precipitated with such force against the door of the Major-domo, that it was instantly burst open, and disclosed this officer of state with the cook-maid, who had been settling some important matters with him in his bed-room, striving who should

be the first to array themselves in their respective robes. This sudden intrusion of an unexpected disturber of their mysteries so quickened the motions of the *cuisiniere*, that, not staying to mind her dress, she took up her clothes in her hand, and, leaping over our hero, ere he could recover himself, made her escape into her own chamber, leaving those who might witness this feat of agility to exclaim, "Well done, *cutty sark*," as the wonder-struck bard vociferated, in his *Tam O'Shanter*. The Major-domo not being the most valiant of men, thinking some murderous robbers had burst into the house, waited in fearful trepidation until some one more courageous than himself should come to investigate the cause of the alarm. Disorder and confusion now reigned throughout the house. The *Marchioness*, who was listening with extreme anxiety to every step her gallant took in making his escape, hearing the noise of the pistol and of his fall, gave up all as lost, conceiving he had either been shot by his Lordship, or had killed some of the servants. She would have rushed in desperation to the spot, but was restrained by *Clarinde*, who entreated to be allowed first to go and see what was the matter.

In the meanwhile DICK, who had reached more speedily than he wished the bottom of the stairs, being more amazed than hurt, and more hurt than seen, his pistol having fallen out of his hand, and his hat from his head, apprehensive he would be discovered if he left them behind, was obliged to delay some time in searching amidst the darkness and cries for these articles. At length he found them, and still keeping *Clarinde's* mantle close about him, he ran towards the garden-gate, through which he had entered. In the midst of the path he saw the cause of the absence of the servants from the house. Six or seven of them were carrying towards the mansion the body of a wounded or deceased person. He

stepped aside under a holly bush, and beheld, by their lights, the *Marquis* marching before the corpse-bearers as chief-mourner.

The person thus borne "in slow and sad array," our hero conjectured to be the gallant whose place he had taken, and who had proved an unfortunate intruder like himself. What was his astonishment when, obtaining a near view of the dress and person of the wounded man, he thought he recognized in him his quondam associate *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON. "Can it be possible!" he mentally exclaimed; O'SHUFFLETON, a favourite of the *Marchioness,* and in this situation! My eyes certainly deceive me — yes! it is the *Captain!* that is his very frock and dress in every part. I can no longer doubt; the torch that glares upon his face shows me every feature of his countenance. Well! O'SHUFFLETON, thy impudence has got thee something at last, SAM must have had a suspicion of whom he was firing at when he peppered the *Captain* in this manner. Farewell, *Chevalier* O'SHUFFLETON; you have certainly found a brilliant end to your career," he ejaculated, when the procession had passed; then, leaping the fence of hollies, he again took the path leading to the entrance to the garden. But the noise he made in springing over raised the alarm of another intruder or robber, and instantly a number of menials and dogs were in pursuit of him. He nevertheless escaped out of the garden, at the limits of which the pursuit ceased, but no SAM SHARP was in attendance at the station appointed. His master attributed his absence to fright at the probable consequences, if found, of the sanguinary act he had perpetrated, and excusing him, on this account, for his disappearance, the disappointed lover took his way homeward rather solitarily, by no means satisfied with the *Marchioness* and his want of success, but rather disposed, after

all, to felicitate himself on escaping the fate of O'Shuffleton, which might have been his lot ere he was aware, had the *Marquis* discovered him in his wife's bed-chamber.

What became of the intrepid Sam Sharp it is now our duty to show. Whilst on the station of observation for his master, Sam kept, also, a sharp look-out for himself. One eye, he said, was his master's, the other was his own; but both were more frequently employed in attending to his own interests. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, it was not long before Sam discovered that the keeper of the garden-gate was a female, and judging she might be as well pleased with a companion as himself, whilst *her* mistress and *his* master were engaged in their dalliances, he briskly attacked the watchful *Clarinde*, and in a very short time advanced his post from the outside of the wall into the summer-house close to the little gate, where *Clarinde* sat sometimes, it would appear, to receive her mistress's lovers, and sometimes her own. What eloquence the *Valet* used to obtain this happy place, may appear hereafter; probably, no great degree of persuasion was necessary to excite the feelings of sympathy in the bosom of the kind *Clarinde*; for it is seldom agreeable for man or woman to be alone; and nothing, among what are called the "necessary consequences" of events, seems more a matter of course for a waiting-maid, after she has admitted a gentleman to amuse her mistress, than to provide for her own entertainment, by admitting the servant likewise. *Clarinde*, doubtless, felt the effect of this very natural impulse to compassionate a fellow servant, and reasoned, we may suppose, (if women reason at all,) much in the same way as we have ventured to specify. What subjects engaged the attention of these two "good and faithful" servants whilst the events, we have above narrated, were passing within the house, the extreme

darkness that prevailed at the time has prevented as from being able, precisely, to state. In fact we are still in the dark about this part of the matter. Certain it is, the pair in the summer-house were so engaged in discussing their own affairs, that neither of them heard or observed the arrival of the *Marquis*, who entered at the great gate, and pursued his way to his lady's chamber to dislodge the dragon, as we have already mentioned.

The visit of our hero to the *Marchioness* was what *Clarinde* had been given to expect, but the appearance of a second gallant, at the garden-gate, demanding admittance, dispelled the trance of the attendants in the summer-house. *Clarinde*, who thought one lover was quite enough at a time, was surprised to see a second appear so suddenly, and SAM, who had an important duty to perform on this occasion, declaring that such an untimely visiter could be no other than a robber or a malicious disturber of people's rest and happiness, determined that no sport should be spoiled by any fresh intruder, if he could prevent it, so instantly discharged his pistol at the new comer, with the view of stopping his advance, as well as of giving the signal to his master. It is believed that SAM would not have taken so desperate and apparently vindictive a resolution, had he not himself experienced, at that moment, the pain of interruption in his confabulations with *Clarinde*, and discovered to whom he and his master were indebted for this friendly office.

SAM entertained no very favourable opinion of *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON; he knew that he had *pigeoned* his master more than once, and, moreover, he had never thrown any part of the fleecing in SAM'S way. No servant, who witnesses such things, can experience such neglect without feelings

of discontent and resentment. SAM stood exactly in this position with the Hibernian adventurer. "Now," says he to himself, "Master O'SHUFFLETON, you come not here to play your tricks for nothing. If you will be poaching upon other people's manors, disturbing the coveys in this way, take that little bit of lead for your pains." SAM, accordingly, seeing the *Captain* was disposed to take no denial from *Clarinde*, lodged the contents of his *bow-wow* in the shoulder of the *Captain*, who stumbled and fell to the ground. *Clarinde* was so alarmed at this circumstance that she ran towards the house, screaming as we have before mentioned. SAM had given the alarm and taken his revenge at the same time, but was now at a loss what course to adopt. The approach of persons from the mansion, whom *Clarinde's* cries had alarmed and sent upon the search, speedily induced him to leave the *Captain* to their care, and to consult his own safety by escaping from the spot. The report of the pistol had, however, been heard farther than SAM wished or imagined it could be. He had forgot that such gentlemen as take their rounds with the dark lantern and cloak, and are often at hand when little suspected of being near, might be prowling about in his neighbourhood as observant of his motions, as he thought he was of others. It happened, unfortunately for our intrepid *Valet*, that, sharp-sighted as he was, he could not see in the dark. Cats and the French police can. Just as SAM was issuing into the street, a *posse* of the invisible ministers of justice pounced upon him, and, holding the luminous side of their lanterns to his face, declared it was the same person they had seen enter the garden some time before, and that he must instantly be searched and lodged in the *depôt* of the *Prefecture of the Police*. This sudden arrest threw SAM into the utmost confusion and alarm. He well knew the nature of the treatment he was about

to experience. He had seen the inside of a French prison, and could appreciate the comforts that awaited him there. He was sure that his sentence at the *Depôt* would be a transmission of his person to the *Conciergerie*, or the dungeons of some other horrible place of confinement, from which there was no delivery but by the hand of death opening a passage into another world. SAM'S courage fell at the thoughts of this anticipation. His master might be unable to do any thing for him; for, in all probability, he had committed an act by which his life would be forfeited. "Ah! ha!" cried one of the police, as he drew the pistol from the *Valet's* pocket; "he has been committing murder—this pistol is newly discharged—it must have been it we heard in the garden. Ah! monster! come along—you will soon make a figure in the *Place de Grève*.* This face is known—it is English—it will not obtain you much sympathy in the eyes of the spectators."

Poor SAM was thus condemned and executed before he was tried or heard. He shuddered at the mention of the *Place de Grève*. But many thoughts had not passed across

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* Prior, in his humorous song of the thief and cordelier, alludes to the notoriety of this place for executions, even in his days:

> "Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the *Grève*,
> The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave!"

During the Revolution, it obtained a still more odious celebrity. Executions, happily, are not now so numerous in Paris. The *Grève* is, however, still the place of execution for criminals. The word *grève*, in French, means a strand or shore. The spot in question is bounded on the south by the river, and close by stands the *Hôtel de Ville*. Decapitation is now the only mode of inflicting death allowed by the laws of France. Military criminals are shot in the plain of *Grenelle*.

his mind before he found himself lodged in the preparatory prison, yclept the *Depôt* of Police.

Meantime, his master had been more fortunate. He had reached his home without encountering the interruption or examination of any inquisitor. SAM'S absence, however, created considerable uneasiness in the mind of DICK, who still could not but feel some fears for discovery on the *Marchioness's* account. In the morning his doubts, with respect to SAM, were cleared up by the receipt of the following epistle.

Prison of St. Pelagie.

" My dear Master,

" Here I am, in limbo, as fast shut up as a thief in a mill. From French police and French prisons 'good Lord deliver me.' This comes of caterwauling, and shooting Irishmen in a place where one does not know how the land lies."

" Shooting Irishmen," repeated DICK, pausing, and endeavouring to comprehend the import of these words of the *Valet*. " What does the fellow mean by such an insinuation?" Then recollecting the incident of the wounded gallant, it instantly occurred to his mind that SAM had been so indiscreet as to commit that act, and that the unfortunate person was no other than the Chevalier of Industry, whom SAM had been clear-sighted enough to recognize. This doubt apparently solved, he went on with the perusal of the letter.

" I had always, till now, a notion that the sin of caterwauling was magnified by the Methodists, but it is likely to prove a *deadly* one to me as well as to that of *Captain* O'SHUF-

FLETON." Here DICK'S conjectures, respecting the person of the wounded gallant were completely confirmed. "Impudent swindler," he said to himself, and again continued the perusal of SAM'S epistle.

"I am now upon my confession, mayhap my last, for the good of my soul and body, so shall speak the truth to so kind a master. You know I am not without having a liquorish tooth in my head as well as other persons. When I found out that *Clarinde was so near me*, I thought it was a pity to keep *at such a distance* from an agreeable companion, so, as we were both there on the same business, I leaves my post and goes up to her. 'Ma'em'selle,' says I, in my best French, 'do you like to sit alone while my master and your mistress are playing at romps up stairs? My situation is not the warmest on the outside of your garden-wall; if your heart, my adorable *Clarinde*, is not cold to the feelings of love, you will admit me to a place near you, that I may warm myself with the sight of your beauty, for charms like yours must be seen not only in the dark, but through a stone wall.'* You will wonder where I got that fine speech; no matter where; it served my purpose, it was quite in the waiting-maids' style I was aware. She could not resist so fine a flow of eloquence. 'Since you are my mistress's friend's gentilhomme,' said she, 'it would be one grand indecorum to let you remain in de

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* SAM'S speech seems to have something of the *bull* in it: yet, could SAM have quoted the Abbé De Lille, he might have added authority for his poetical hyperbole. That ornament of modern French literature has used this line:

"Je n'entends que Silence, je ne vois que la Nuit."
"I only hear Silence and see Night."

street; der is room in *ma bower pour* one *gentilhomme*; entrez, Monsieur, pardon my ignorance of your situation and *quality*.' Thus, my dear master, was I seduced to abandon my duty under the eaves of the pent-house, and to enter the bower of love close by the garden-gate. I knew you did not like to be interrupted in your love-affairs: where is there one that can patiently bear intrusion when he is enjoying a *cullyshangy* with the woman of his heart? I am sure I am as ticklish on that point as yourself. But of all men in the world to be burst in upon by that sharper, O'SHUFFLETON, was, in my opinion, most provoking. I knew that if I sent him express to the other world, to carry on his rigs there, you would excuse me; so I soon stopped his blarney by giving him the contents of my pistol. Whether he is dead or not, I cannot tell, though I saw him dropping his claret; but the police seem to think I must soon be in the hands of the dissectors, whether I have committed a murder or not. That confounded pistol has done my business. At the *Depôt*, they had found out, too, that some one had been shot at the *Marquis's*. Though, it seems, I had a companion in the intended robbery, as they will have it, of whom I know nothing, lurking under the holly-tree, in a woman's mantle, it is set down that no one could have killed O'SHUFFLETON but me. Had it not been for that cursed pistol that was found upon me, I might have turned King's evidence, as other great rogues do, and sworn it was the rascal that was lurking under the holly-tree who committed the deed. But, as the old song says,

> 'Great sinners escape, while the little ones hang.'

"A court is to be held upon me to day, when *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, or his ghost, is expected to appear against me. I expect no mercy from Frenchmen, or dead

men's ghosts. I hope, my dear master, you will come and plead for me, and "put money in thy pockets," as the play says, for *l'argent* pleads best.

"That you will not let your faithful servant die like a dog, and let his bones be polished for the *Catacombs*, is the earnest hope and humble prayer of your unfortunate and penitent *Valet*,

"SAM SHARP,

"Now confined in the prison of *St. Pelagie*.

"P.S. My dear master, beware of harlots.—S. S."

SAM'S odd epistle excited a strong feeling of sympathy in the mind of his master, but when he came to the grave admonition with which it concluded, he could not refrain indulging in a hearty laugh at the sanctimonious horror which the caterwauling *Valet* had suddenly conceived and manifested for harlots.

As he was about to prepare for an immediate effort in SAM'S behalf, BEN BLOCK, with the freedom of a tar, entered his apartment with "What cheer, my hearty, this morning. You look as if you had either been at prayers or the log-book. Which way sets the breeze? if you are in doubt about steering, let an old experienced sailor lend you a hand." DICK confessed he was in a sort of quandary about a circumstance that had occurred to his *Valet*, and told BEN a part of the fatal adventure. "I am glad," observed honest BLOCK, "that the sharping acquaintance of MOUSTACHALINA has not passed without a broadside. Depend upon it, he is as cunning as the Sicilian, and will take means, if he has as much life in him, to prevent a discovery of this new act of treachery on his part. He is well

aware that his character and intentions will not bear the light; and, therefore, I think that SAM has little to fear from him in a court of justice. The *bilboes* are certainly not the most pleasant quarters, bread and water and the pavement for a hammock have been my lot in them for many a day; but I trust we shall find means to extricate SAM from his close birth before the ship is boarded by the tomahawkers. In the meantime, I have the pleasure to inform you that I came up t'other day with my runaway, rascally attorney, and have at last secured him in a part of the very prison where SAM SHARP is confined. This shark of the law had also turned gambler, and was sporting my prize-money at the pharo-table, when another hungry attorney, whom I had bribed to ferret out his brother plunderer, (set a thief to take a thief, you know, is the sure way to catch one,) brought me intelligence of the pirate's haunts. When captured he had considerable property on board, so that if the lawyers don't swallow it all up, I may yet come in for a share of my own"

"*Apropos!*" replied DICK, "you have not yet informed me how you got possession of the *Tottumfog*."

"That is soon told," rejoined the *Lieutenant*. "I had stood a good many hard gales and broadsides from the enemy, on board the *Shamrock* man of war, ere I obtained the honour of being rated as *Lieutenant*. While cruising in the *Mediterranean* we fell in with a fleet of small craft, some of which had plenty of the rhino on board. We made as many captures as we could manage, and the booty was confided to my care to be conveyed to England in one of the prizes, named the *Tottumfog*. This was a joyful commission, and I entered, with my crew, on board the

prize and stood away for home with my cargo of dollars. Weather fair at first, as usual with people that have money in their possession. It was then 'huzza! the saucy little *Tottumfog* for ever.' Next day it blew a hurricane, and tore to shreds every sail we had. Ship soon became leaky, to boot,—all hands at the pump,—thinking what a pity it would be if the dollars, after all, should go to *Davy Jones's* locker! Storm continued, till the crew were worn out and thought more of saving their lives than even the precious cargo of dollars. Several of them took the staggers, and went overboard without taking farewell of their companions. The remainder mutinied, and threatened to send me after them, because I would not consent to abandon the *Tottumfog* and try our fate in the long boat. I blew out the brains of a Portuguese renegado for deserting his post, and, with a brace of loaded pistols in my belt, and a cutlass in hand, I stood over the recreants until we cleared the *Straits*, and, by help of better weather, got into a British port, with our prize-money safe, and every one singing, as before—

'Huzza! the little saucy *Tottumfog* for ever!'

"Nevertheless, I was under the necessity of employing an agent to obtain possession of my share of the prize. That worthy functionary proved a rogue, and hove me out of my right, by decamping with the property. This, as I have told you, is the reason of my being adrift here; so much for my adventure in the *Tottumfog*."

Ben having concluded his story, Sam Sharp's case came again into consideration, when it was determined by the friends to proceed immediately to the Court, where an examination of the *Valet* was again to take place.

This being an incident more than we have promised in the specification of the contents of this chapter, which has extended to a greater length than we, who have not the gift of penetrating into futurity, foresaw; the historic Muse, that presides over the composition of this faithful narrative, deems it necessary, for the relief of the short-winded reader, to continue the details in another chapter.

Meantime ere she Pegasus mounts,
As if at Inspiration's founts,
The Muse that has our work in charge
Shall take a draught both deep and large
From unadulterated spring,
That flows on scenes she loves to sing;
Round whose pure stream, in Paris street,
The *Mounsieurs* with their buckets meet;
And *petty garçons* are seen splashing,
And maids that rather need a washing:
Such as, good reader, here you see
Striving for Nature's *eau-de-vie*.
The only thing that's flowing free,
You get for nothing *à Paris*.

CHAP. XIV.

SAM SHARP'S *Appearance in a Court of Justice.—Captain* O'SHUFFLETON'S *Invisibility.*—SAM'S *Liberation from Limbo.*—*Squire* JENKINS *bent on a true English Sport;—the Party join him, and proceed on a Visit to the* COMBAT DES ANIMAUX, *or Duck-Lane of Paris.*

HAVING reached the Court where SAM'S trial was to take place, DICK and BEN, by slipping a few francs into the hand of the *huissier*, or officer of the Court, were permitted to take a station near the tribunal. It was not long before the *Valet's* case was announced, and SAM was brought in from his prison with a chain fixed round his body, from which depended several cannon balls of considerable weight and size, for the purpose of preventing his escape. The charge against the prisoner was no less than murder and robbery. Poor SAM looked mournfully and wistfully round the Court, as he heard the indictment read, imputing to him these dreadful offences. At length he discovered the countenance of his master and the weather-beaten face of *Lieutenant* BLOCK. Joy brightened in the eyes of the *Valet*, on perceiving these friends so near him. The accusation being stated, witnesses were called to substantiate the allegations, but no one appeared to bear testimony to the prisoner's guilt. Although *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON was a native of the land of wit and wonders, it could not well be expected, that he should have marched into Court to depose against

his murderer, if his brains had really been blown out by the indignant *Valet*. It followed, therefore, that as no proof of the murder was adduced, this part of the charge was nullified. Evidence had been procured from the servants of the *Marquis*, that a person had been wounded in the garden, and conveyed into the house; but one of these servants likewise deposed, that the wounded man was not long in recovering so far from the effects of the pistol-shot, that he found his way out of the house in the course of the night, without giving intimation of his departure, or returning thanks for the kind offices he had received, nor had he ever since made his appearance to seek to learn to whom he was indebted for the reception he had got either in the garden or the *Marquis's* mansion.

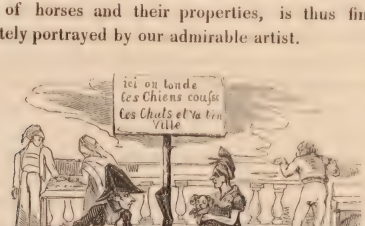
This was a complete exculpation to SAM, of the most serious part of the charge, but the accusation of robbery and the possession of the pistol still remained. DICK had taken care that the assistance of an Advocate should not be wanting to his servant, if necessary. The *Avocat* demanded proof of the robbery, or the intention to rob. Where nothing was lost, who were to testify to this act of plunder? SAM was, likewise, instantly acquitted of this accusation. The police-men, who apprehended SAM, spoke strongly of the pistol they had found upon him, and of his having been seen to issue from the garden-gate. The Advocate contended, that it was no evidence of having committed a crime to be in possession of any weapon which might be deemed as necessary for protection as for offence. "As to the little garden-gate," said he, "I think we had better not enter too far there. There may be secrets beyond that, into which it is not our jurisdiction to pry. Every house has its mysteries—every gate should not be thrown open to the examination of all eyes. Summer-houses

and ladies' boudoirs should not be approached too hastily or rudely. The French are the first people on earth for manifesting a due degree of delicacy on such points—not yielding, even in *politesse*, to the Grand Signior himself, who sends notice to his wife, of his intended approach, half an hour or, it may be, some hours before his visit, that the lady may have time to prepare for so great a personage. Shall it then be said, that this Court has not respected the laws of civility, and that gates and walls are no protection to those within? Justice has already been violated. I demand an acquittal of my client from all the charges against him."

After mature deliberation on the case, this demand was acceded to. SAM'S disagreeable incumbrances were knocked off, and he saw himself once more restored to liberty and the service of his master, in whose cause he had suffered so much. DICK congratulated the *Valet* on his escape, rewarded him for the personal inconveniences he had sustained, and cautioned him not to be so forward on a future occasion to get rid of an intruder by shooting him. BEN BLOCK said, that SAM had proved himself no lubber, and that he should have been glad to have had him among the crew of the *Tottumfog*, when they mutinied. The tar then sheered off, to urge the prosecution of his suit against the plunderer of his prize-money.

As DICK, followed by SAM, took a lounging direction towards the *Pont de Neuf*, who should meet the observation of our hero, on the bridge, but *Squire* JENKINS, surrounded by a concourse of dog-merchants, dog-clippers, mastiffs, puppies, and dog and cat dressers of all descriptions. The *Squire* led a large and ferocious bull-dog, whom he called *Teaz'im*, but seemed very attentive to the canine crowd

around him, and the descriptions of their qualities as given by their owners. These dealers in dogs and cats have sign-boards over their stations, that are sometimes not a little amusing, and, for *grammatical* accuracy, certainly very great curiosities. The dealer, with whom the *Squire* was descanting on this favourite subject, next in importance to an Englishman, in his estimation, to the never-failing theme of horses and their properties, is thus finely and accurately portrayed by our admirable artist.



The sign-board of this useful friend to domestic animals was, as may be seen, not easily to be deciphered. He, doubtless, meant modestly to say that here was to be found the best clipper of dogs and cats in the city. Another sported this inscription, "*La Rose tond les chiens et sa femme, vat en Ville.*" A third, "*Coupe les chiens, les chats, et les oreilles des carlins, des Messieurs et des Dames qui lui feront l'honneur de lui accorder leur confiance.*"*

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* "The rose (or pink) of shearers of dogs, male and female, in the city."

"Cutter of the ears and nap of dogs and cats to ladies and gentlemen who do him the honour of intrusting them to him," &c.

The *Squire* started on seeing our hero surveying him in this situation. "Ah! my jolly fellow," exclaimed he, "well met, I was just thinking of taking you to a scene of rare sport, quite in the way of the lovers of fun and genuine English amusements; I mean the *Combat des Animaux*, or bear and bull baiting; for the French are improving rapidly in these delightful sports, so peculiar to our own country. You see my companion here, honest *Teaz'im*; he is a specimen of the true ancient English bull-dog. I'll match him against any half dozen dogs in France; nay, against any bear or wolf in their den. I mean to give him an opportunityof supporting the honour of the race of bull-dogs in England. Come, what do you say to instantly visiting the Duck-lane of Paris?" "Agreed," replied DICK, "I have nothing pressing in view elsewhere."

They, accordingly, proceeded towards the *Barrier du Combat*, the *Squire* conversing during the way as much with his dog, *Teaz'im* as with his friend WILDFIRE. DICK regretted that he must be a mere spectator of the sport, as he had not brought a mastiff with him on which he could depend; but entertained hopes of deriving some pleasure from the *Squire's* love of this amusement.

At length they reached the Barrier, and the scene of an exhibition consecrated to cruelty and the genius of vulgarity. It was an old ruinous-looking building, constructed within in the shape of a theatre, where the spectators and disciples of the sport preside in the form of butchers, draymen, bear-leaders, low sharpers, dog-fanciers, &c. Occasionally, we are forced to add, gentlemen *condescend* to attend these sports, but not in such numbers as they do in this country. Nevertheless, as the *Squire* loved to say, "the gentry are improving in this way in France." The exhibi-

tion consists of an enclosure, around which there is a gallery for the spectators, who are often of both sexes; and under these galleries are dens of wild beasts, together with a kennel full of dogs, of various sorts, always ready, through the medium of their masters, to accept a challenge from a canine brother. Wolves, bears, and bulls, are, likewise, made to encounter trained dogs; but the wolves and bears have generally their teeth filed down, and bulls have their horns sawed off. The latter seldom kill their opponents, as amusement, not destruction, instigates the combats. The seats are composed of bare boards, and the admittance about fifteen sous.

Our visiters entered this elegant scene of amusement just as the sports were about to begin. It being a festival-day, (for the exhibition is most frequented on *Sundays* and *holidays*, like the rest of the theatres,) the galleries were well stocked with spectators, among whom some of the *fair sex*, that delight to torture men's hearts, were fearlessly visible. JENKINS being of the *privileged order*, and having a combatant to try, was readily admitted into the area of the sport; DICK had to add a few *francs* more to the price of admission, for the privilege of accompanying his friend into the area. SAM SHARP had to take his place among the *canaille* in the galleries. No unpleasant station to SAM, compared with his late abode and companions in the prison of *St. Pelagie*.

The first trial of animal courage was to be between a bear and a ferocious mastiff, of the wolfish breed, who was conceived able to encounter the shaggy tenants of the den. The lovers of the noble art of bear-baiting were all anxiety for the sight. Two men were occupied, in the fore-ground of the area, in preparing to drag the reluctant bear from his

Drawn and Engraved by George Cruikshank

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Dick and Squire Jenkins enjoying the Sport at les Combats des Animaux or The Parisian Duck Sam.

den. The mastiff appeared in good condition for a fight. His owner, confident of his prowess, stood ready to "slip the dog of war" as soon as the bear should issue from his strong hold. JENKINS felt strongly disposed to claim the preference for *Teaz'im*, who,

> "Like Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
> Just frets till he commission gi'es him."

but the *Squire* was obliged to restrain his impatience for a little.

Reader! we are now approaching as remarkable an event as is to be found in the annals of bear-baiting. All combats elevate the spirit of noble minds. We feel, in attempting this description, we cannot confine ourselves to humble prose; verse is the proper language of heroic action. If a subject appear low in itself, poetry gives it a dignity that recommends it to the attention of all. Homer did not narrate the noble exploits of the Greeks and Trojans in dull prose, although some of his successors have tried to do so; and the wars of the pigmies, and the frogs, and mice, have been rendered almost as interesting by the fanciful and magical pen of the muse. We conceive our subject no ways inferior in importance to either of these remarkable historic broils, and, therefore, shall endeavour to speak of these *Combats des Animaux* in a strain becoming the spirit evinced in them.

> See then, as in our plate displayed,
> The scene by fame immortal made,
> Unmatched by Spaniard's bull-fights vain,
> Or e'en the precincts of Duck-lane.
> In galleries ranged in comely rows,
> Behold the anxious belles and beaux,

Straining their eyes, and some their might,
With hearts all eager for the fight.
Below, within the area placed,
Are ranged the *amateurs of taste;*
The ge'men, who, the Muse infers,
Are skilled in bears, and bulls, and curs.
By pulley, rope, and ruffian force,
Unslacked by any kind remorse,
Lo! Bruin shows his nose and paws,
And with a growl demands the cause
Why thus he's dragged from peaceful den
Into the sight of cruel men,
And mastiffs who delight to tear
The skin of unoffending bear?
In vain the question's put to those
Who rule by *ropes* and *ring* i' the nose;
Forth he must come to meet the foe,
Who, grinning, loves his teeth to show,
And longs to work poor Bruin's woe.
At length, as from his woodland haunt,
The shaggy monster, fierce and gaunt,
Stands full before the astonished sight
Of all that pant to see the fight;
While, urged to cruel deeds of blood,
The mastiff fell, as for his food,
Like hungry wolf upon the rock
Stands ready for the hostile shock;
Slipped from his owner's hand, at length,
The mastiff tries his ire and strength,
By fierce attack upon the bear,
Whose hide and heels he does not spare,
Tearing with fell relentless tooth
Each part he reaches, hard or smooth;
But Bruin soon revenge exacts
For these most impudent attacks;
His mighty soul is filled with ire,
His eyes shoot forth indignant fire,
His very hair, upon his skin
Erect, proclaims the wrath within:

So do the dreadful outspread claws
That fortify his woolly paws;
Like one who calmly can survey
The victim destined for his prey,
He marks his foe's marauding trick,
And the sure moment when to nick
The annoyer: certain not to err,
He pounces on the angry cur.
The dog's was soon a piteous case,
Clasped close within the bear's embrace,
For angry Bruin did not fail
To use against him tooth and nail;
His tusks made deep incision in
The hapless, struggling mastiff's skin,
And, with his paws, he squeezed, so felly,
The howling dog's poor ribs and belly,
That his great soul, like hero's spirit,
No longer able thus to *bear it*,
Took flight to those pure realms of rest
Where souls of dogs at length are blest;
No longer fearing stick or stone,
Nor caring e'en for meat or bone.

The mastiff's owner sorrowed much
To see his dog, in Bruin's clutch,
Yielding, as dogs and men must do,
To power, alas! they can't subdue;
And then with shame he droop'd his head,
And cried, "*mon Dieu!* my dog is dead!"

Far different sounds the friends of Bruin
Uttered, to see the mastiff's ruin:—
"Well done," they cried with all their powers,
"Well done, old Bruin! victory's yours."
While, conscious of the exploit, the bear
Look'd round, and bristled every hair,
Stamping indignant on his prey,
As much as if he meant to say,
"Will any more rash curs engage,
Like this poor wretch, to tempt my rage?

If thus to rouse my wrath they dare,
Let them come forth and meet the bear.—
They come, and let their owners mourn,
Like sacrifices, in their turn;
As once the famous giant said,
'I'll grind their bones to make my bread!'
Then, like a conqueror, to my den,
With joy, I'll back return again."

Thus said the bear, or seemed to say,
Exulting o'er his vanquished prey:
Proud as the conqueror of Troy,
O'er Hector's corse, poured forth his joy.
But greater tasks on Bruin waited,
As yet, they said, but poorly baited.
Now was the time for English *tyke**
To prove there was not *there* his like.
JENKINS, the fit occasion seizing,
Forth led his mastiff, trained to teazing,
And cried, "I'll bet a thousand guineas,
Though hard and tough old Bruin's skin is,
That *Teaz'im* brings him to the ground;
For better dog was never found
At bull, or bear, or badger, baiting,
Or any scene of sport or betting:
Not e'en Duck-lane can match my *Teaz'im*,
As any one may know who sees him.
Come, courage, boy, and show your pluck,
For at no odds you ever stuck;
The fame of Britain's dogs sustain:—
Huzza! for England and Duck-lane!"

Then at it *Teaz'im* and the bear,
Urged on to rage, soon furious were,
Like gladiators, in the fight,
Got up to give the folks delight;

* Mastiff.

Or *Neat*, or *Gas*, *Belcher*, or *Randal*,
When they their well skilled *morleys** handle,
And prove they're game to the back-bone;
So fierce our combatants came on.
The bear surveying with disdain
This boasted glory of Duck-lane,
Wondering how any puppy's breed
Should dare 'gainst him so rash a deed;
And *Teaz'im* showing teeth as fell
As *Cerberus*, at the gates of Hell,
(Place most abhorred, where few, I venture,
Without such check desire to enter.)
Dire was the contest,—*Teaz'im* knew
Each Fabian measure to subdue;
To weary, harass, and annoy,
Was *Teaz'im's* plan, and *Teaz'im's* joy;
Now quick advancing, now retreating,
Biting still as oft as meeting,
But like a true Guerilla warrior,
Or active, snarling, biting, terrier,
Avoiding artfully the trial
Of strength, by prudent self-denial.
Reader! if e'er to Stamford town,
A connoiseur, you rattled down,
To witness, at bull-baiting time,
One of those scenes, those sports sublime,
Which to our ancestors gave joy,
Pleasing the hearts of man and boy,
For which e'en Windham heaved a sigh,
Declaring that humanity
For bulls and bears was all my eye.—
If e'er, good reader, you have seen
The bull turned out on glebe or green,
Or, ranging furious through the streets,
Threatening with death whome'er he meets,
While yelping, snarling, at his rear,
Five hundred hungry curs appear,

* Fists.

And *bullards*,* with their cudgels add,
Fell blows to make the sufferer mad.
Though things like these we scarce believe,
Yet, reader, may your mind conceive,
Without in more details engaging,
Some notion of the combat waging
Between the bear, good saints! appease him,
And JENKINS' heart's delight, brave *Teaz'im*.
No lack of sport this fight afforded,
It with the *fancy* tribe accorded.
Now *Teaz'im* at the heels of bear
Was nibbling, now aloft in air
He took a dance, thrown o'er the shoulders
Of Bruin, making the beholders
All hold their sides, and gape, and stare,
To see the adroitness of the bear.
Meantime, the happy *Squire* stood by,
With exultation in his eye,
Except when, by unlucky chance,
Poor *Teaz'im* took his airy dance,
And then, unmindful of the fun,
JENKINS, with tenderness, would run
And clasp his darling in his arms,
And kindly try to balm his harms,
As if for deadlier wounds to fit him,
Then to the war again commit him.

Thus raged the ire of hostile pair,
Till, pained, exhausted, down the bear
Fell prostrate, like a vanquished foe,
O'ercome by dart or deadliest blow,
And vainly strove to hide his paws
From *Teaz'im's* teeth and cruel jaws.
But, e'er the conqueror of Bruin,
Who thus had proved himself a true one,
Born of the breed of ancient baiters,
Who did not stick at trifling matters,

* Persons who assist to bait the bull.

Could be withdrawn from fallen foe,
He got himself a casue of woe;
For Bruin, catching at his leg,
Made e'en the *tyke* for mercy beg.
JENKINS beheld his dog's disaster,
And, quick as thought, the attentive master
Released poor *Teaz'im*, spite of claws,
Minus a leg, from Bruin's jaws;
Most piteous was the mastiff's whine,
And well might he, poor dog, repine
To lose his precious limb, for he,
Who went on four, must go on three;
And JENKINS, too, whose heart was made
Not quite according to the *trade*,
O'er *Teaz'im's* loss might sorrow well,
The *Squire* at once a blubbering fell,
Now bathed the wound with many a tear,
Now praised his dog and curst the bear.

Thus grieved he sad o'er *Teaz'im's* wounds:
"I'd rather given a thousand pounds
Than thus my brave, heroic, dog
Should have been maimed like slaughtered hog;
Nay, for this bit of mastiff-blood,
I'd given the best horse in my stud;
Starling, the joy of all who sees him,
Should have been given to save my *Teaz'im*.
Teaz'im! my darling and my boast,
Now all thy well-earned glory's lost;
No more of thee shall I be vain
In baiting-field or at *Duck-lane*.
Like tar, who for his country bleeds,
To th' Hospital of Invalids
Thou now must go, for what, I beg,
Is th' use of dog with wooden leg?
Yet, for thy feats and glories past,
Thou shalt not want, my dog, at last,
Thou shalt be lodged, though a lame cur,
As well as Chelsea pensioner,

Where thou may'st tell thy feats anew,
And yelp as thou wert wont to do."

Thus plained the *Squire* o'er *Teaz'im's* woe,
While down his cheeks the tears would flow.
But deeper grief on JENKINS fell,
The Fates were ringing *Teaz'im's* knell;
Scarce had the dog-physician tried
His healing art when *Teaz'im* died,
And, as a sad *memento mori*,
He left the scene of all his glory,
Like mighty hero, dying game,
In the very hour and arms of fame.
As JENKINS' grief can't be portrayed,
We'll o'er his countenance draw a shade,
And merely say he swore devoutly,
(By which we mean he vowed most stoutly,)
His dog, though fate to France had driven him,
Should have a Christian burial given him.
What at this funeral befell
Th' historic muse some day may tell,
At present she pursues the story
Of what happ'd on this scene of glory.

Minor events we pass to attend
The blazing grandeur of the end;
For crowned must be, by custom's law,
The grand *finale*, with *éclat*.

Now high o'er this environed ground,
Bursting amidst the darkness round,
The blazing flames of fire-works throw
A flood of light o'er all below:
Pleased gapes each butcher and *badaud*,*
While *garçons* shout as they were mad.
But, lo! a wonder midst the blaze
Is seen, illumined by the rays.

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* A Parisian cockney, or booby.

Is it some monster rising higher?
Or Salamander eating fire?
No! 'tis a poor devoted *chien**
Who thus is in the act of being
By rope and pully raised aloft,†
(As in this area dogs are oft,)
To show himself, like *Madame Saqui*,
Amidst the flames so bright and flaky;
Or, rather, we should say, perhaps,
(For Frenchmen are most curious *chaps*,)
Raised high above this nether hive
For the purpose of being fried alive.
None mourns for the poor puppy's lot,
Although he must be rather hot,
And, possibly, like some i' the nation,
Laments his elevated station,
Thus made, within the sight of all,
To *hang* a painful spectacle.

So end the pleasure and the sport
Of this delectable resort.
Dick Wildfire said he liked it not,
And Jenkins, sorrowing, left the spot
That thus so much had failed to please him,
By the lamented death of *Teaz'im*.

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* Dog.

† The mode of performing this *humane* act is actually as is here stated. The dog is not tied to the rope or the combustibles; he secures his safety by holding, tightly, between his teeth, a piece of sponge attached to the rope, which is drawn exactly in the manner represented in the Plate.

CHAP. XV.

Re-appearance of the Ladies and Sir HUMPHREY—*More Invitations abroad—A* Thé, *or Evening Party—Interior of a French Mansion—State of Society at Paris—The ancient Noblesse, the Government Class, and* les Parvenus, *or* nouveau Riches—*French Blue-Stocking Gossip—Remarks on* SHAKSPEARE—*More Rambles of* DICK WILDFIRE *in the Palais Royale—The* Café de la Paix, *or Théâtre Montansier—The* Café de Sauvage—*History of the Wild Man—*SAM SHARP'S *Dexterity—Love-Letter of Squire* JENKINS—*Apparition and sudden Disappearance of the Ghost of Captain* O'SHUFFLETON.

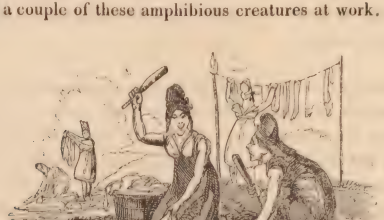
WHEN DICK returned to his friends at the *Hôtel*, he found the Ladies prepared for complying with an invitation they had received from *Madame Marency*, a lady of fortune, who had obtained considerable reputation for her assemblies and *Conversationes*. *Lady* HALIBUT knew not what a *Conversatione* meant, but was very well aware of the popular meaning of the word assembly. In fact, she did not deem it necessary to inquire in any degree respecting the nature of the entertainment to which she was going, perfectly satisfied with the assurance that *Madame Marency* was a woman of fortune, whose house was frequented by a great many fashionable parties. LYDIA cared for nothing

but an opportunity of being seen, and of mixing in gay "LIFE," and this appeared a very fit occasion for meeting with good society.

When DICK had dined, he was solicited to make one of the number to *Madame Marency's*. Our youth's thoughts were on far different objects,—on the too kind and fascinating *Marchioness*, on his disappointment, and the promise of happiness another night: but he could not refuse to comply with any wish expressed by his charming cousin. To have thought of *Sir* HUMPHREY joining them on such an occasion would have been superfluous, as the good *Knight* was formed for no such element as the company *Madame Marency* lived in, and had, moreover, such a favourable opinion of his *Port* that he would not have abandoned it to drink tea or coffee with the most celebrated *cognoscenti*, or blue stocking sisterhood, in France. Our party, therefore, left the *Baronet*, as usual, to the enjoyment of the bottle, and taking a *fiacre*, drove to the *Rue de Vaugirard*, where *Madame Marency* resided, in the neighbourhood of the Palace of the *Luxembourg*.

In passing along one of the bridges across the *Seine*, *Lady* HALIBUT burst into an expression of astonishment at perceiving the strange craft stationed by the side of the river, and the manner in which clothes are washed by men as well as women in these oddly constructed vessels. Almost all the washing in Paris is performed on the borders of the river, and the manner in which this is done is certainly very curious. *Lady* HALIBUT laughed to see the men turned washerwomen, beating the clothes with sticks, and not unfrequently applying the *rasp* to fabrics that could not long bear so effective a mode of cleaning. The washer-

women are styled *blanchisseuses*. The following cut represents a couple of these amphibious creatures at work.



At length the *fiacre* stopt at the door of *Madame Marency*; and here, too, we entreat the reader to stop until we have informed him that this lady was the widow of a gentleman who belonged to the old Court, but, having remained in France during the whole of the revolution, had preserved his property, the chief part of which was in the possession of his wife. *Madame Marency*, herself, was one of the *parvenus*, or "upstarts;" but, notwithstanding the lowness of her origin, such is the influence of wealth, her house was honoured with the presence of many of the ancient *noblesse*, as well as of the most distinguished of her own class.

Our visiters were ushered into an ante-chamber, where they had to remain some minutes, until their names were announced to the lady of the mansion. *Lady* HALIBUT surveyed the apartment with a look of disappointment. The room was dark and dirty; the walls, indeed, bore some faint semblance of having once been painted white, and here and there shattered remnants of tarnished gold

might still be discovered. "This is certainly not *Madame Marency's*," said *Lady* HALIBUT. At that moment the servant returned, and showed them into the grand *salon*, or drawing-room. Here the doubts and disappointment of our fashionable fair were instantly removed. The splendour of this apartment exceeded every thing her *Ladyship* had ventured to imagine. The furniture was of the richest kind, the walls were covered with mahogany, relieved with gold borders, and now and then with glass, and in various parts of the *salon* were figures in gold, of exquisite workmanship, with couches covered with red velvet, ornamented on each side with artificial flowers.

Madame Marency was conversing with a *ci-devant Duke*, but rose from her seat as *Lady* HALIBUT advanced, and expressed a very flattering welcome to her *Ladyship* and her friends; to which our English *parvenue* responded, by saying she hoped she beheld *Madame Marency* very *bon*, and that her friends were *all bon* likewise. *Madame Marency* had once been a beauty, and was evidently a woman of talents, which may account for her rise in life. There were about thirty persons assembled, of different ranks, ages, and sexes. Here were met in friendly communion the three sets, into which the society of France is now divided:—*l'ancienne noblesse*, the goverment class, and *les parvenus*, or *nouveaux riches*, individuals who have acquired fortunes by their own exertions. In regard to the first, it must be owned that the ancient nobility have considerably abated in the pride and *hauteur* for which they were formerly remarkable, at least, so far as regards their carriage towards what they thought the inferior classes of society,* who were

* The nobility of England are small in number, and, though a wealthy body, possessing great powers in the state, many of them think it no de-

termed, by the lordly ones, *mauvaise compagnie.** Some of the company were engaged in games of amusement, some in discourses, and others in reading light publications. In one corner was placed a whist-table, at which two *ci-devant Countesses*, a member of *l'ancienne académie Françoise*, and a quondam financier, were playing for *sous*. Round the fire were two rows of *fauteuils*, or arm-chairs, in which the ladies, not engaged at cards, were seated in awful state. *Madame Marency* was the president of this *coterie*. *Lady* HALIBUT and her daughter were invited by the polite hostess to become members of this select society. Our English females had heard of a Blue-Stocking-Club, but *Lady* HALIBUT had hitherto been unable, from experience, to form any notion of the nature of such a society. She imagined, good woman! that the ladies of such a club had derived their name from pursuing the industrious employment of making or darning their own and their husband's stockings. Provoking mistake! she now discovered that they had received the appellation from caring nothing at all about stockings, and from the unintelligible nature of their discourse.

"This may be what they call a *conversatione*," thought

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terioration to their rank to be concerned in branches of useful industry. The French *noblesse*, consisting of sixty or seventy thousand families, would have thought themselves disgraced by engaging in any branch of trade; enjoying many privileges personally advantageous, but discharging no public functions, as nobles, at all connected with the government.

* *Mauvaise compagnie*, bad company; unfit for *good* company. The terms "*bonne compagnie*" and "*mauvaise compagnie*" are for ever in the mouths of *petit maîtres* and *coquettes*.

N.B. It is difficult to define what seems to be meant to be indefinable.

Lady HALIBUT; "but it appears a very curious sort of conversation to me." The subject which these learned females were discussing was, "Whether the *Abbé Sicard's* plan for instructing the deaf-and-dumb should not be extended to the Ouran-Outangs, who have hitherto evinced so little decorum and *politesse* as to roam the woods like Adamites, without either *chemise* or *small-clothes!*" The lady of the *ci-devant Duke* declared that it was a disgrace to the nobility of France to allow the *noblesse* part of the monkey species to remain in such brutal and vulgar ignorance: whilst the wife of the quondam financier expressed it as her opinion that nothing great or glorious could be effected for the civilization of the *species* until a new revolution took place in the goverment, and her husband was restored to the management of the finances.

"How admirable is such a project," exclaimed *Madame Marency*. "How honourable to the ingenuity and the hearts of those who entertain it and are disposed to promote it. To restore to all the enjoyments of civilized life, and to the dignity of rational beings, hapless creatures, doomed, by the caprice of Nature, to inexpressible feeling and irremediable ignorance. But, although such an attempt would be the highest and proudest effort of human contrivance, yet, I fear, the project is impracticable. What do you think, *Lady* HALIBUT?"

"Why, I thinks as you do, Madame," replied the *Baronet's* rib; "although I knows nothing at all about the *people* you speak of: I shall, however, endeavour to persuade *Sir* HUMPHREY, who is an M.P. and has other great dignities, to show his *larning* by bringing forward the matter of the *Houran Houtongs* in the House of Commons."

Another group lounged about in the middle of the room. It consisted of about half a dozen young men, dressed in the very tip-top of the mode, with immense neckcloths, earrings, and, apparently, swathed in as many under-waistcoats as the grave-digger in Hamlet throws off. They seemed to be on extremely good terms with themselves. As they lounged about, they never failed to catch a glimpse of their persons in the looking-glasses, and to take the same liberty with the rest of the company, by surveying, or rather quizzing, them through their opera-glasses. This, in an English drawing-room, would have been placed on a level with the manners of the Ouran Outang, who has yet to be taught the accomplishments of the quizzical *part of the species.* Yet, though none profess to be more attached to ceremony than the French, no people on earth take more liberties with the laws of politeness than they do.

They were talking altogether, and, from the loudness of their voices, and the violence of their gestures, they seemed to be discussing some great national question. Expecting to gain much useful intelligence, our spark of WILDFIRE drew near, and listened with all the attention of extreme curiosity. He soon discovered, to his no small astonishment, that the subject which excited their zeal was not the fate of the nation, or the urgent necessity of some such benevolent measure as the ladies near the fire were recommending, but that it was, Whether England had ever produced any author worthy of being compared with the writers of France. The pedantic remarks, and expressions of national vanity, which this question elicited, formed a curious specimen of the French character. Some of the ladies joined in the debate; but it seemed already decided in the minds of the disputants that France ex-

celled England in its literature, as well as in every thing else. Piqued at this contemptuous treatment of the ornaments of his country, DICK inquired of one of these self-sufficient judges what he thought of SHAKSPEARE. "SHAKSPEARE!" reiterated the pedantic Exquisite, "*Votre* SHAKSPEARE *est bizarre.* SHAKSPEARE is no more to be compared with the divine *Racine* or the eloquent *Voltaire* than a barren heath resembles *Versailles.* It is true, a few beautiful plants may be accidentally discovered in the poet of the Witches' Moor, but, in the authors of *France,* all is beauty and correctness." "It is possible, however," replied DICK, "to catch a grace beyond the reach of art, and for correctness to be very dull and monotomous. There is a wide difference between declamation and holding the mirror of life up to nature. SHAKSPEARE is irregular, and so are all the actors on the stage of life. The proper comparison between SHAKSPEARE and the authors you have placed so far above him would be the beauties of an Alpine scene to the tame uniformity of a French landscape. Instance the first passages from *Racine,* or any other French poet, and I will match them with specimens from the pages of Englishmen that shall put your most favourite authors to shame."

Our hero then began to recite some of the most striking passages of SHAKSPEARE, but, though all condemned the "Heaven inspired poet," DICK soon perceived that few had ever read, and none understood, the sublime work they had presumed to criticise. We need not give any further instance of the *taste* and *justice* with which the French pronounce on the merits and talents of our authors and public characters.

The arrival of the *thé* interrupted the orators, and

changed the conversation to subjects more agreeable to general taste.

The beverage we have mentioned was placed near the fire, on a large table, surrounded with cakes, creams, custards, a large tureen of soup, and a *bowl of punch!* This done, the company crowded round the table and helped themselves to the refreshments it contained. *Lady* HALIBUT was much pleased with this part of the entertainment. She now understood what a *thé* meant. Others might talk as much as they pleased about things that neither they nor any body else understood. She kept her mouth otherwise employed as long as there was a custard, a cake, or a bowl of cream, undemolished. Smacking her lips, she exclaimed, in the joy of her heart, " This puts me in mind of being at *Scalesby-Park*. I wish *Sir* HUMPHREY was here ; he would show the *Mounseers* how to empty that bowl of punch like an M.P. (Member of the Punchdrinking Society), or any *Baronet* or *Justice* of the Quorum.

When the ceremony was over, those who did not return to the card-tables entered into such learned discourses as we have endeavoured to give some idea of. *Madame Marency*, seeing *Lady* HALIBUT and LYDIA not quite *au fait* to the conversation, very politely prevailed upon them to take a hand at cards with a couple of her friends. Observing his aunt and cousin provided with employment for some time, DICK contrived to leave the *salon* unperceived, and bent his way to the *Palais Royale*, in search of more congenial amusement.

He was not long in finding this within the circle of all infatuating pleasures. Crowds were pressing into the *Théâtre de Montansier*, now styled the *Théâtre de la Paix*.

Drawn and Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank

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Dick Wildfire & Jenkins in a Theatrical Pandemonium, or The Café de la Paix in all its glory.

He obeyed the impulse of curiosity, and entered the place. This *Théâtre*, or *Café*, for it is both, has obtained great notoriety as a place of amusement, though few choose to boast of frequenting it. The performances, which consist of rope dancing, light *vaudevilles*, music, &c. are given gratis, while the visiters are refreshing themselves with whatever the *Café* affords. The theatre is as extensive as any of the minor theatres in London; it is elegantly fitted up with looking-glasses, tiers of boxes, finely decorated, and galleries, where punch and lemonade are drank on tables placed for the purpose, and waiters attend, in great numbers, ready at a call. The company who frequent this house, consist chiefly of ladies of a description better understood than expressed; of second and third rate PARIS dandies; of petty tradesmen, and their wives, who come here to be cheaply amused; and of the successive run of strangers who naturally wish to take a peep at the famous *Café de la Paix*. Without knowing into what part of the house he was going, DICK allowed himself to be carried along by the crowd, and speedily found himself in the Pit, or *parterre*, where, seating himself beside a fair spectatress from the *Palais Royal*, he called as lusty as any *badaud* in PARIS for his lemonade and cherry-brandy. Such a scene as now presented itself to our visiter must greatly exceed the stranger's conception of coffee-houses. DICK was highly pleased with the *coup d'œil* of the grotesque and picturesque objects before him. In front was the stage, where damsels of the most zephyrine lightness, no ways encumbered with dress or modesty, delighted and astonished all eyes by their feats on the rope and slack wire. In fact, a more comic exhibition could not well be found. It was also not without a little dash of the tremendous in appearance. To the pit chiefly resort the PARIS cockneys,

with their sweethearts, to indulge in the pleasures and luxuries of the place. There, while every gallant was looking sweet on his *maîtress de cœur*, obedient at the call of love, the *garçons* were bearing about, and presenting to the enamoured parties, the flaming punch, the creams or ices, or burnt brandy, the blue flames of which, as they circled around, illuminating the darkness of the lower region, instead of an elysium of happiness and love, presented to the eyes of DICK WILDFIRE the most lively representation that could be imagined of *Pandemonium*, equal, at least, to the pictures given us by those who are best acquainted with the secrets of the hollow world. Here DICK, by accident, discovered his friend JENKINS seeking pleasurable amusement after the occupations of the day; but the *Squire* made but sorry company on the present occasion.

After curiosity was gratified by the view of the house, the performances on the stage laid claim to attention. The rope-dancing was followed by a light farce, in which DICK could take no interest, on account of its utter want of wit, and its ill-placed *sentimentality*; for the French must be sentimental in every thing, even in their farces. He, therefore, left his lemonade, and, giving the *Squire* the slip, lounged into the *foyers*, or lobbies, in which the ladies of the *Palais Royal* roam at large, as at Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane. Nevertheless, it must be stated, to the honour of the French *spectacles*, that this is the only theatre where women of such a cast are permitted to ply for custom. In this mart of female beauty our hero was not long in finding a *Lais*, who was not sparing of her blandishments to induce him to accompany her home. This was a prize too easy to be won: she failed to captivate the heart of our hero, but his generosity

did not refuse to treat her with the refreshments of the place. Whilst DICK was thus engaged, a tall man, in military uniform, strutted up to the place where our pair were sitting, and, looking sternly in the face of the obliging fair, seemed to speak daggers of reproach, although he was not permitted to use any. The girl began to tremble exceedingly. DICK then fixed his eyes on the person who was the cause of her agitation. The formidable man of war did the same, in regard to our favoured gallant. In an instant his countenance, from being flushed with the colour of indignation, became as pale as death. DICK as quickly recognised in this appalling figure, or bully, notwithstanding the total disappearance of his tremendous whiskers, no less a personage than the redoubted *Count* MOUSTACHALINA, *ci-devant* Sicilian nobleman and sharper, who had plundered DICK, with false dice, in the gaming-house, and who had been shot in the *Palais Royal*, but, like his friend *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, had obtained a "*resurrexit non est hic*," and taken himself off upon his own legs. DICK started from his seat to chastise the insolent bully, but the long limbs of the sharper were of essential use on this occasion, by enabling him to reach the outside of the door before our hero could come in contact with him. DICK, nevertheless, endeavoured to keep sight of him, and, pursuing him through the crowd, he thought he perceived the tall form of the swindler take refuge in the *Café du Sauvage*, close by the passage that leads to the *Rue Vivienne*. Impatient to inflict vengeance on this impudent imposter in any place, WILDFIRE followed him into this spacious *Caveau*, where, however, the *ci-devant Count*, notwithstanding the *distinguishing advantage* he enjoyed in stature, contrived to elude his pursuer, in spite of all the efforts of the latter to get sight of him again. Finding

the bird had escaped, DICK turned to look at the entertainments of this subterranean coffee-house.

This very curious establishment, ornamented with an incredible number of looking-glasses, is, in the evening, when the dinners are over, converted into a musical coffee-house. It is called the *Café du Sauvage*, because the principal performer is a wild man, or savage, who rushes from a cave, or recess, at the extremity of the apartment, and furiously beats a set of drums of various sizes and sounds, grinning and raving like a madman, to the infinite delight of the eyes and ears of the double refined spectators. The delineation of this figure by the artist is a bold picture, not only of a man in a savage state, but of one "rapt, inspired," by a musical phrenzy, passing from one to the other of these hollow instruments like a person playing upon musical glasses.

DICK asked one of the persons near him, whether the drummer was a man hired to personate a savage, or a being actually ignorant of civilization. The spectator replied that he could assure our visiter the young man (for he ap-

peared but a youth) who beat the drums was lately rescued from the savage state, having been discovered and taken in the forest of *Bondy*, and that his history was as remarkable as that of *le jeune sauvage d'Aveyron*, or, the young savage of *Aveyron*, who, at one time, was the talk and wonder of all France. "He was found in the wood I have mentioned," continued this communicative neighbour, "at the age of twelve or thirteen by a party of huntsmen, who had, some time before, seen the same youth at a distance. He was looking for acorns and roots, which constituted his principal food, when they perceived him; and, at the moment of being seized, he attempted to get away by climbing a tree. He was taken into a cottage, but, at the end of a week, he made his escape from the woman to whose care he was entrusted, and fled to the mountains. Here he wandered about, exposed to the severest cold of winter, with no covering but a tattered rug which he had picked up somewhere, hiding himself at night in the most solitary places, and, in the day, approaching the neighbouring villages, from which, if discovered, he fled with the speed of a wild animal.

"After leading for some time this vagabond life, he came, of his own accord, into an inhabited house. Here he was seized and taken care of for some days, then removed from place to place until he was brought to the capital. For a long time he was wild and incapable of control. He was in constant motion, and for ever in search of an opportunity of escaping. At length, by kindness shown to him and attempts to civilize his mind, he became more tame and tractable, and learnt to beat on the drum, the sound of which much delighted him. He appears, however, utterly incapable of any other instruction, being decidedly averse to all sorts of

education. Like the *gourmands* of more civilized society, all his pleasures consist in gluttony, and, as you may perceive from his eyes and gestures, he is yet a savage in every respect; almost as perfect a contrast as Nature can afford to the exalted state of refinement to which human 'LIFE' has been sublimed 'IN PARIS.'"

As the spectator thus concluded his story, the savage drummer ceased his unmusical noise, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Every one present seemed astonished at this idiotical merriment on the part of the wild man, and looked around to find out the cause of the untimely mirth. His eyes, in general, wandered wildly from one object to another, caring little, apparently, for any thing; but, on the present occasion, they were fixed on a particular object, denoting the cause of the transition from apathy to the most immoderate fits of laughter. As these fits continued, the person who was the cause of the mirth, now an object of general curiosity, rose to make a speedy retreat; and, in doing this, he discovered to the inquisitive eyes of our hero, not the person of the sought-for MOUSTACHALINA, but the identical features of the no less celebrated chevalier of industry, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, with the addition of as formidable a pair of whiskers as formerly adorned the *dial-plate* (*i.e.* countenance) of the pretended Sicilian nobleman. If WILDFIRE had been eager to have a reckoning with the plunderer of his money in the *Palais Royal*, he was still more desirous of a rencontre with O'SHUFFLETON, who had abused his friendship, introduced him to a notorious swindler for the purpose of being *fleeced*, and, finally, had been the cause of a disappointment to him in his last love affair, which no man can either forget or forgive. He followed the retreating *Captain* as fast as the obstacles around him would permit;

but, just as he had gained the entrance to the *Café*, he had the mortification to behold both the objects of his pursuit, MOUSTACHALINA and O'SHUFFLETON, leap into a *fiacre*, and drive off full speed into the city. To take another coach, and endeavour to continue the pursuit would, there was every reason to believe, be unavailing. DICK had, therefore, to act the Roman, so far as to bid his angry feelings "down! down!" for the present, and trust to the future for an opportunity of a settlement of accounts with this *par nobile fratrum*.

Stepping for refreshment into the *Café des Chinoises*, where the waiters who attend are all beautiful young women, attired very appropriately, *à la Chinoise* (in the costume of China), DICK took his place beside a person who was dressed in the country fashion of "Old England," and who was enjoying the benefits of a sound sleep, with his head resting on the table. This was no less a personage, DICK speedily discovered, than his highly respectable friend, *Squire* JENKINS, who had that day interred, with due state and solemnity, the remains of his beloved dog *Teaz'im*, cruelly maimed and murdered by the bear. The *Squire*, after leaving the theatre, was endeavouring, after bottle the third, to doze away the remembrance of his loss, where, it might be supposed, the charms of wine and women would make any heart part with the memory of much greater calamities.

DICK strove to waken him to life and to new pleasures, saying, in a very moral strain, "that every dog has his day, and that curs and puppies were to be found every where." Vain, however, was every essay to this effect. The power of wine or sorrow had so far locked up the perceptible faculties of the good-natured owner of *Tallyho-Hall*, that he knew not his most intimate friend, nor would he have attended

to the voice of the fairest of the charmers around him, had she charmed ever so sweetly.

When DICK had taken his refreshment, and the necessity of returning to his friends at *Madame Marency's* pressed upon his mind, he was rather at a loss to know how to act with regard to JENKINS. To leave him in an insensible state among strangers, who might not know any thing of his residence, would have been very unfriendly. Luckily, in looking about for the *Squire's* servant, our hero discovered his own trusty *Valet*, SAM SHARP, taking a very close inspection of the passing fair in the adjoining gallery or parade. SAM immediately received orders to get a *fiacre*, and convey the owner of *Tallyho-Hall* to his *hôtel*. These instructions SAM was not slow in putting into execution. He took the *Squire* on his back, and tumbled him into the coach; then drove off with the living corpse of the celebrated *Squire* to his *domocile*.

On his return, he presented to his master a letter which, by the arch grin on his countenance, the *Valet* evidently conceived would afford some amusement to whoever should read it. It was not, however, without some fears of reproof, that he confessed he had *borrowed* it from the *Squire*, the letter having fallen from JENKINS's pocket, whilst jolting about in the coach. It was open, and, curiosity prompting, from the nature of the address, DICK ventured to take a glance of its contents. It was addressed to "*Sally Scrubwell*, at *Tallyho-Hall*," and ran as follows:—

"*Palais Royal, Paris, &c.*

"Dear Sally,

"I am getting drunk very fast to bury grief, for I have this day laid poor *Teaz'im* in his grave. I know you loved

Teaz'im as well as myself. I give you liberty to cry as much as you like for him, but not to get drunk like me. I wanted to give him a Christian burial in *Père la Chaise*, where I am sure there is room enough to bury all Paris; but not a rascal among the priesthood would mumble a decent piece of palaver over the bones of poor *Teaz'im*, although I offered to pay them well for the job. But they are all a parcel of ——— hiccup! I am three parts gone, Sally. But don't you, because I am here among parlevouing Frenchmen and demireps of all kinds and *genealogies*, take any body else into the place that I should occupy, nor imagine that I am never again to return to *Tallyho-hall*. By G—, if I find out that you have been entertaining any scoundrel in my absence, I will horsewhip the puppy, and turn you out bag and baggage. That you may depend upon.

"From your loving master and sincere lover,

"WATKIN AP JENKINS."

DICK greatly enjoyed this tender and elegant specimen of a love epistle. When he had laughed heartily at the manner in which the *Squire* expressed his affection for the dear *Sally Scrubwell*, the mistress of his kitchen, and of his heart, our rambler hastily rejoined his friends at *Madame Marency's*, just in time to escort them home. What happened after this shall form the subject of another Chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

"Life" below Ground, or a Visit to the Catacombs—Squire Jenkins in a Fright, or a dead Dandy an over-match for a live Sportsman—A Glance at Père la Chaise—The Louvre—French Taste, and how to become a Connoisseur in the Fine Arts.

Reader! do not be startled with affright, or imagine that we mean to steal you away from the world of pleasure to shut you up in the *Catacombs*. We love the sunshine of the gay world as much as you can do;—

For who, to melancholy thoughts a prey,
The world of fashion and of joy resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
To be within the *Catacombs* confined?

None but Minorca's soldier, left to fate,
Whom death in countless shapes could not appal;
Who saw, unmoved, fast close th' eternal gate,
And graved his record on death's dismal wall.*

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* In one part of the *Catacombs* is shown a gallery where a soldier, who had followed Marshal Richelieu to Minorca, in the year 1756, and who had voluntarily immured himself in these caverns, employed the lonely hours in modelling, in the rock, a plan of the fortifications of that island. This monument, which is not one under the cognizance of the art,

We repeat, reader, our injunction, not to be tremulously sensitvie, lest we should seek to draw you for a moment from the pleasures of "Life in Paris;" but at Paris even the cemeteries are places of pleasure and amusement; for every effort of art and affection have been made to make them gay.

No place, whatever, is a greater object of curiosity than the *Catacombs*. *Lady* HALIBUT, on descending to the breakfast-table next morning, indulged in a recital of all she had heard the preceding evening at *Madame Marency's*, regarding this extraordinary promenade below ground. It was enough to awaken her curiosity to tell her that almost all strangers, who visited Paris, went there, and though it was rather a gloomy place, yet it was quite safe, and a sort of *finish to seeing the world.*

Moreover, the day was Sunday, when, it is the opinion of many, the most dismal places should be sought out for contemplation, and the most rueful looks put on. LYDIA suggested a visit to *Notre Dame*, or some of the magnificent churches with which Paris abounds; while DICK, very gravely, told his aunt, that she would find her way to the region of rotten bones time enough even for her own wishes, and that she had better pay her respects to *St. Magdalen*, or

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testifies, nevertheless, in a most striking manner, the skill, the memory, and, above all, the patience of the man who, without the knowledge of architecture, without means, and without proper tools, could, unassisted, execute such a work. This industrious individual, after five years employment, without wages, on this piece of art, perished a few paces from the spot at which he stood, by the fall of a part of the rock, which he was endeavouring to prop up.

some other saint or priest in the forenoon, and go to some of the theatres of gaiety in the afternoon. The pious *Lady* HALIBUT was quite shocked at the latter proposition, although Sundays in Paris are generally passed in this manner. As to going to church, she had no objection to that, except that she could do it any day, and the sermons and music were all Roman Catholic. In short, *Lady* HALIBUT had set her heart on seeing what every body else must go to see. Besides, she understood it was quite a promenade to the gate of the *Catacombs*, and even beyond it into the subterranean world beneath. LYDIA, seeing her mother was bent on showing her heroism, declared that she believed herself equal to the task of accompanying her parent on this expedition. *Sir* HUMPHREY said his wife took strange whims into her head, but he had no objection to escort her even to the *grave*.

At this instant, *Squire* JENKINS presented himself before the party. A welcomer visiter to *Lady* HALIBUT, on the present occasion, could not well have been found than the valiant *Squire*. She immediately imparted to him her wish, and invited him to be of the party. JENKINS thought nothing could be more foolish or dull than to spend a day in such a manner. He recommended a ride on horseback in preference, observing to *Sir* HUMPHREY that he should be glad to engage him in a steeple-chase. "And what should become of us poor females, while *Sir* HUMPHREY was breaking his neck in your steeple-chase?" asked *Lady* HALIBUT. "Remember, *Squire* JENKINS, the sad disasters that befell my honourable husband when he last went out with you to hunt the boar. No, no, *Squire* JENKINS, no more boar-hunts, or steeple-chases for *Sir* HUMPHREY. But can a gentleman of

Squire JENKINS's property and *hedication* be so *unpolite* as to refuse a lady?"

"Why, madam, as you want to go to a place where every body looks as grave as an abbess at the christening of a nun's bastard, I think," replied the *Squire*, "I am as fit to accompany you as any body, for I, yesterday, buried *Teaz'im*, and, this morning, I have received intelligence that a frightful mortality has taken place both in my stud and kennel. I am, therefore, ready to face death or the devil in any way or place you please." JENKINS concluded this elegant speech with a profound bow, and her *Ladyship* joyfully added, in an affected simper, "Ah, Mr. JENKINS, you prove yourself at last the polite and well-bred gentleman I always took you to be. You shall have the honour of being my cavalier to the *Catacombs*, and back again." This was an honour with which the owner of *Tallyho-Hall* would have gladly dispensed. He was about to have made an unceremonious bolt to the door, when DICK caught hold of his arm, and whispered, "Don't *reynard* it so rudely from her *Ladyship's* kindness. Stealing off is against the laws of fox-hunters. *Couragio*, JENKINS, we are not, I hope, to be buried in her *Ladyship*'s purgatory."

Thus arrested in his recreant course, JENKINS was obliged to submit to fate and the horrors it had prepared for them.

DICK having provided a sufficient quantity of wax-tapers and phosphoric matches, they drove towards the *Barrier d'Enfer*,* remarking on the singularity of the connection

* *Gate of Hell.* The long street which leads to the *Catacombs* is also called the *Street of Hell.*

between this name and the place they went to visit. The sides of the road to the entrance of the *Catacombs* had certainly the appearance of a promenade, from the crowds that thronged them, but few of the gay parties seemed disposed to venture into the region of gloom. *Sir* HUMPHREY observed this to his wife, but she would have her way in this as in other matters. "With the aid of *Squire* JENKINS here, and my nephew, I need not fear any evil spirits. Don't you remember when I detected the sham ghost that had frightened every body else, at *Scalesby-Hall*, and the pretended goblin turned out to be your own wicked servant, *Roger Ryegrass*, seeking to get to *Molly*, the kitchen-maid, at an unseasonable hour, under the disguise of a calf-skin, a long tail, and a pair of horns?" This was said with an air of great triumph, and the *Knight* muttered to the *Squire*, that, although his wife appeared to be going out of her mind, as she was going out of the world also, they must let her have her whim.

It is not difficult to obtain access to this subterranean spectacle.—

"Death's thousand gates stand open."

Guides are stationed, by the superintendants of the works, at the entrance, to conduct the visiters into the vault.* Previous to entering on the dread descent, the party is counted, the guides are furnished with torches, and each of the visiters bears a lighted wax-taper, or torch, in his

* There are two staircases which descend to the *Catacombs*. The first is situated as above; the second, near the old road to Orleans, on the left. The different subterranean galleries are closed by three doors, to the west, east, and south.

or her hand. Thus provided, and the ceremony of taking the number of the party over, the visiters began to descend the straight staircase, and, at length, reached the ground below, at the depth of *ninety* feet from the surface of the earth above. Here the solemn ceremony of counting the party was repeated by the guides, whose appearances were not, certainly, of the most inviting kinds, for they had a most ruffian-like look when their stern countenances were illumined by the blaze of the torches; in short, they

> "Seem'd not inhabitants of the earth,
> And yet were on it."

As they advanced into the dreadful void, glimpses of the neighbouring objects were caught. LYDIA involuntarily drew closer to her cousin, who was not without his fears for the effect of such a place on the imagination of twenty years of age. The trembling LYDIA, however, endeavouring to force a smile, said, "don't be alarmed, it is from a sudden impression on my mind, and not from fear." Even *Lady* HALIBUT confessed that the place looked frightfully ugly, and wondered how such a horrid quarry should have become so famous a resort. She had heard the *blue-stocking* orators descanting on the wonders of nature, and she wished to discourse as learnedly as they. She, therefore, borrowed fresh courage from pride. The first impression subsided, the guides hurried them onward through the vast profound.

These caverns extend themselves under the greater part of Paris, and beyond the barriers to the south more than half a league. So that if whatever takes place in these excavations cannot be called "Life in Paris," it is all that is interesting in the end of "Life BELOW Paris." Ten generations are met and absorbed here, and the subterra-

nean population of this silent sphere is estimated at three times the number of those who inhabit and agitate the surface of the soil. Although this nether region may be styled the palace of the King of Terrors, yet death, in the bosom of these *Catacombs*, has something in it less repulsive than elsewhere; his ravages are past, the sepulchral worm has devoured its prey, and the remains have no longer any thing to disgust or to fear. Piles of bones are moulded into arches, or raised into columns, and art has formed, from these wrecks of human nature, a species of Mosaic work, whose regular appearance adds to the solemn sensations inspired by the place.

This empire of ruin is not devoid of entertainment to the mind. The numerous inscriptions, religious, philosophical, and moral, that may be traced on the walls, often pleasingly attract the attention. LYDIA pointed out to DICK the following verses of *Malfilâtre*, which, we believe, have not been published in his works.

Insensés, nous parlons en maîtres,
Nous qui, dans l'océan des êtres,
Nageons tristement confondus!
Nous, dont l'existence légère,
Pareille a l'ombre passagère,
Commence, parait, et n'est plus.*

Some of the objects are grandly picturesque pieces of

* "Blind mortals! here your masters view,
'Mid seas of beings once like you,
We swim whole gloomy silent years;
We, whose light beings sadly fade,
Like flittings of a passing shade,
Which, formed, is seen, then disappears."

rock, supported in equilibrium on their angular points, the strange position of these masses, suspended in air, whose fall seems threatened by every breath of wind, together with the antique altars, formed entirely of human remains, present such a view of the grand and the terrible in nature and art as to astonish the mind, and induce artists to make these objects their study. At the first stage, (where is a barrier, and a black door ornamented with two pillars of the Tuscan order, surmounted with an inscription,) the party were again numbered, and JENKINS was found missing, and deficient in duty and gallantry. The *Squire*, having left his precious charge to cling to her natural protector, and, forgetting the black line on the roof of the vault, which extends along the whole of the way from the entrance of the *Catacombs*, to serve as a clue to any bewildered traveller who may have lost himself in the mazes of the labyrinth, the owner of *Tallyho-Hall* had strayed into a remote part of the excavation, where he had nearly been made a perpetual inhabitant of the place by the fall of an immense pile of bones. At the moment this accident took place, JENKINS was thinking of transferring to this cemetery, the mortal remains of his beloved *Teaz'im*, whom Catholic repugnance had refused repose in consecrated ground. At length the *Squire* was heard shouting, at a distance, "Halloo! hark forward, tally ho! stole away," &c. and, in a few minutes, he joined his friends at the place of muster. "I thought I was done for, dammee," said JENKINS, as he related the cause of his absence; "I must mind my scull among these cursed bones, for dead Catholics, I find, have as little mercy for a living Protestant, as a priest has for an honest bull-dog."

Sir HUMPHREY uttered a "God a mercy on us, *Squire!*" and *Lady* HALIBUT linked her *Cavalier* closer to her than

ever. They thus continued to follow the guides into a long gallery conducting to several halls, or rooms, resembling chapels, the walls of which were lined with bones variously, and often *tastefully*, arranged. The altars were also entirely formed of human remains, but so finely were they executed that they seemed as if formed of polished ivory.

After visiting several of these apartments, and wandering through the galleries that led to them, they arrived at a little chapel, at the end of which an expiatory altar is erected. Its form has something in it more imposing than the rest of the *Catacombs*. It is consecrated to the memory of those who perished on the 2d of September, 1792, and mass is annually said in its frightful precincts for the repose of the souls who were freed from the trammels of mortality on that date.

Lady HALIBUT now began to think she had gone far enough into this very shocking and very *curious* place. *Sir* HUMPHREY was of the same opinion, and bethought himself of curing his wife of this foolish whim. While DICK was narrating the history of the sanguinary event connected with the object of this chapel, the *Knight*, after whispering to LYDIA not to be alarmed, stole behind one of the altars, and when DICK mentioned the massacre of the victims of September, and pointed to the inscription in letters of blood, a long groan seemed to issue from the altar of expiation. Fortunate it was for the *Baronet's* rib that she had still preserved hold of the *Squire*, for, at this sound, her courage expired. She uttered a cry of horror, and fell senseless into the protecting arms of JENKINS. This was more than the good and sportive *Sir* HUMPHREY intended; he rushed from his hiding place to the assistance

Life among the Dead! or Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins & the Halibut Family in the Catacombs.

of his wife with deep concern and repentance in his countenance. LYDIA made good use of the salts with which she had provided herself, and, after a short time, her *Ladyship* recovered from the effects of her fright, but none were now so earnest to leave the *Catacombs*, as the courageous *Lady* HALIBUT.

In vain, now, the conductors offered to open the door to the Geological Cavern, which is to contain specimens of every mineral in the earth under which these quarries are dug; and to show the apartment where the anatomical deformities are collected, classed, and ranged in order. Neither *Lady* HALIBUT nor the rest of the party cared much about exploring any more of the subterranean cabinets. *Sir* HUMPHREY was thinking how much he should relish his roast-beef and bottle of port, when he should escape from this sanctuary of dry bones; *Squire* JENKINS was cursing the folly that deprived him of his favourite exercises, and compelled him to perform a pilgrimage in this infernal region, while DICK and LYDIA no less longed to revisit the gay world they had abandoned.

DICK was, nevertheless, resolved to have some sport with the *Squire*, before quitting the scene of terrors. Giving the hint to LYDIA, who likewise forewarned her mother of the intention, he slipt aside, unobserved by the *Squire*, and fixed a skull on the end of his stick. To this he gave something of the appearance of the human form, by tying a handkerchief round the neck, and dressing it otherwise *à-la-dandy*. Then regaining, by a quick step, the front of the party, and placing himself as much out of sight as possible, he popped the death's head into the face of the *Squire*. JENKINS was unable to stand the view of this terrible object; he started backward at the sight, and, reeling

aghast with open mouth, accidentally pushed his blazing torch into the face of *Sir* HUMPHREY, who instantly conceived he was attacked by one of the fiends. He roared with agony from the burning, and, seizing the offender in return, brandished over him his own blazing torch like a fury in the dominions of punishment. In the mean while, the *Squire's* eyes were rivetted on the object of his fright, even the guide elevated his torch, and stared with inquisitive looks at the spectre, without daring to approach it. The ladies, though cautioned against alarm, shuddered with terror and astonishment. At length DICK put an end to all their apprehensions, by dropping the death's head, and rising into view with a smile on his countenance at the *Squire's* bravery.

They then hastened to the stairs by which they had entered, and, ascending by a quicker step than they went down, the whole party speedily found themselves again amidst "daylight and liberty," the effect of which, on the heart, none felt more acutely on this occasion than the disappointed *Lady* HALIBUT.

Sir HUMPHREY and the *Squire* were for immediately returning home, by the shortest route. The remembrance of *Mr. Meurice's* fare grew stronger and stronger in the mind of the *Baronet*. A majority, however, over-ruled the question. LYDIA proposed that, as the day was fine, they should previously, for the sake of health and variety, take a ride round the exterior *Boulevards* as far as the barrier *d'Aulnay*. DICK and *Lady* HALIBUT readily assented to this proposition. JENKINS and *Sir* HUMPHREY were sadly afraid of meeting with more *Catacombs*. As they approached the barrier *d'Aulnay*, and beheld the sun illuminating the green slope of the hill on the right, *Sir* HUMPHREY inquired

whose orchard it was, and the proprietor of *Tallyho-Hall* acknowledged, that the owner of that spot did indeed possess a very pretty piece of property, which might be turned to good account, if built upon, or let out to quiet and respectable tenants. Perceiving, however, some erections and enclosures upon it, he inquired of DICK WILDFIRE what they were. "That tract of ground," replied the latter, "has already many tenants, who are far from possessing a disposition to annoy their neighbours, and you, yourself, *Squire* JENKINS, may one day occupy a part of the soil. That is the far-famed cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, and the erections you see are tombs and altars, and decorations of the last abode of beloved friends, raised by affection to their memory."

At the sound of another cemetery, the faces of the *Squire* and the *Baronet* took a very lengthened dimension. Even *Lady* HALIBUT felt a repetition of the thrill she experienced in the *Catacombs*. "What! that beautiful spot, a churchyard!" she exclaimed; "what a strange taste these French people have. Well, thank God, we are in the light of day, —there are no black gates to keep us here longer than we like."

DICK and LYDIA were the only persons that seemed inclined to make themselves better acquainted with this romantic spot. They alighted and took a few minutes' ramble on the picturesque ground. There are few places in the environs of Paris from which the view is so extensive and varied as from the hill of *Père la Chaise*. To the west is the whole of Paris; to the north, *Belleville* and *Montmartre;* to the south, *Bicetre* and *Meudon;* to the east, the fine plain of *St. Maude, Montreuil, Vicennes*, and the fertile banks of the *Marne*. Destined formerly for a pleasure-

ground and orchard, this spot is still full of flowering shrubs and fruit-trees, which, mixed with the cypresses, poplars, and weeping willows, that hang over the tombs, give it an appearance quite novel and extraordinary.

In France, all is subject to the laws of fashion. This ground, so open to the sun and the inspection of all, is now become the resting place of the fashionable and the great. "How beautifully," exclaimed DICK, "does it realize the picture of the romantic BEATTIE!"—

> "Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
> With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
> In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
> Where night and desolation ever frown:
> Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
> Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
> With here and there a violet bestrown,
> Fast by a brook, or fountain's bubbling wave,
> And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave."

O, the power of time and the revolutions which it brings in its train! Here, the great and the wealthy choose their sepulture, as they would their mansions of pleasure. Here

> "How many rest who kept the world awake
> With lustre and with noise."

LYDIA confessed that she felt delight, unmixed with any of the sensations she experienced in the *Catacombs*, in witnessing the elegant monuments which affection raised for the departed in this place. Her feelings approached almost to rapture when she found she was contemplating the tomb in which are deposited the ashes of *Abelard* and *Eloise;* and DICK was no less impressed with a poetical fancy when he

came to the centre of the little grove, in which is the tomb of *Delille*. He instantly took out his pencil and wrote the following lines.

PERE LA CHAISE.

When, like the fleetingforms that fled
In youth's fair morning from the view,
We sink on Death's ungenial bed,
And bid to life and love adieu;

If aught that once with influence kind
Could chase the mists of sorrow's gloom,
Can please the disembodied mind,
And shed a pleasure o'er the tomb;

'Tis when, with sympathising care,
Affection rears the votive bower,
And weeping Pity's daughters fair,
Trim the lone monumental flower.

As, in the precincts of *La Chaise*,
The hands of Beauty nurse the wreath
That spreads the bloom of vernal days
O'er the cold sanctuary of Death.

If aught of consolation's sweet
Can mingle with the cup of woe,
When, far from each beloved retreat,
Fate lays the hapless stranger low,

'Tis that his ashes may repose
In peace where those we love are laid;
Where Death has never paled the rose,
And tears of piety are shed.

How sweet to him, when passion's past,
Whose vows were paid at Beauty's shrine,
To sleep where *Abelard* at last,
And his loved *Eloise* entwine!

How sweet to those, whose generous breast
Was formed in Nature's school to feel,
In the Elysium of the blest,
To sleep with Virtue and DELILLE!

And such thy scene of lasting sleep,
So tranquil and so hallowed now,
La Chaise, where once in vengeance deep,
Dark Persecution breathed his vow.

Where Superstition banished far
Sweet Love and Mercy from the ground,
Benignant Pity's milder star
A holier feeling spreads around.

Here, oft o'er lost affection's bier,
The mother and the lover bend,
To dress with many a flower and tear,
The cherished child—the parted friend.

Here, side by side, in flowery graves,
The Russian and the Spaniard lie;
And Peace immortal olives waves
O'er warring nations' enmity.

Then weep not, stranger! tho' thy doom
Be sorrow's lot, and brief thy days—
If joy can penetrate the tomb,
Thou'lt find it here—in *Père la Chaise*.

With no feeling of regret that they had devoted a few moments to the view of this interesting scene, the contemplation of which is not inconsistent with the pleasures of "Life," or its end, DICK and his cousin left *Père la Chaise* and rejoined their friends, who wondered what could detain them so long in a cemetery.

It was not to be expected that our party would return to their *Hôtel*, without seeking to vary the impressions on their

minds, by visiting some gayer resorts than the *cemeteries*. As they drove into the city, DICK and LYDIA proposed to *Lady* HALIBUT to take a turn into the *Louvre*,* the beauties

* The palace of the *Louvre*, which now joins the *Tuilleries*, has been enlarged to an extent beyond any similar building in Europe. This interesting and beautiful fabric, which, under its first inhabitant, *Charles* IX. became the sanguinary theatre of treacheries and massacres on the infamous *St. Bartholomew's* day, and which was alternately a palace and a prison, is now the quiet and happy cradle of the arts and sciences, the school for talents, and the arena for genius.

The court of the *Louvre* presents a square, about 1600 feet in circumference; three sides of the building are in perfect symmetry, and exhibit specimens of the finest architecture and the richest sculpture. But the best efforts of art, and the most precious treasures of genius and industry are within. The French MUSEUM, which was thronged to confusion by the *Chef d'Œuvres* of Italy, Greece, and other spoliated countries, has felt the hand of retribution; but the establishment has been diligently recruited since the dispersion of the allies. The saloons appropriated to sculpture have been refilled and decorated with the most exquisite performances of the chisel, and the walls of the galleries have been re-covered with inimitable paintings, from the abundant collections at the *Luxembourg*, *Versailles*, from other royal residences, the numerous churches, private repositories, and the fertile productions of native talent.

The specimens of sculpture, busts, and medallions crowd the ground floor, where separate halls are appropriated to the various productions. They are eight in number, and bear the names of Hall of the Emperors, of the Seasons, of the Gladiators, of the Centaurs, of Diana, of the Candelabras, &c.

Here you may see each rude barbarian,
Whom art has cut in purest Parian;
The Jupiters, Egyptian gods,
Who kept such riotous abodes;
Fierce Tarquins in Diana's hall,
And Centaurs on their pedestal;
'Mong whom, unmoved by bashful care,
Stray oft the gay Parisian fair;

of which they had not yet seen. Her *Ladyship*, learning that the place was open on Sundays, and that a great many persons repaired to the halls of exhibition on that day, gladly assented to this proposition, being unwilling, at all times, to lose an opportunity of mixing with the gay world, and of showing off her quality and importance to the multitude.

No objections being made by *Sir* HUMPHREY or the *Squire*, although they would have preferred some more solid refreshment than looking on a parcel of statues and pictures, the party drove to the splendid palace of the Arts, the *Louvre*.

And then, for those who deem it duty
To dwell with loving eyes on beauty,
There are, as you may see, between us,
Exposed, perhaps, enough of Venus.
Full many of those matchless pieces,
That show the wondering world what Greece is.
Around, without a veil to shade them,
Are beauties, fair as art can spread them;
Nymphs that, as much as modern belle,
Despised the envious drapery's veil,
And still, without one human passion,
Appear as if they led the fashion.
Famed demireps, that, in reliefs,
Can cure no more the lovers' griefs;
Sad *Niobe* is here in tears
Because her bloom no more appears;
Andromache and *Dejanira*
Seem as they could no longer here a
Tailor, or love-inspiring swain,
To fit them for "LIFE'S" joys again.
Here stands poor modest *Pudicitia*,
As naked as the loose *Sulpitia*;
And there you see on the Scamander,
Poor Ganymede, borne like a gander.

Drawn and Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank

"Life" among the Connoisseurs: or, Dick Wildfire & his Friends in the Grand Gallery of the Louvre.

On entering, the beauty of the sculptures could not but attract the attention of our visiters. *Sir* HUMPHREY and *Lady* HALIBUT were greatly delighted with the satyrs and rams, and lobsters, represented on the staircases and ceilings, and the wonder and *blushes* of the ladies were not a little excited, as they passed through the saloons appropriated to the statues, whose uncovered proportions and symmetry of parts did not altogether accord with the modesty of *English* females.

Having taken a hasty review of the lower halls, they ascended to the gallery which contains the pictures. The great Saloon of Exposition is upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, and is certainly the most splendid and spacious in *Europe*. Astonishment and pleasure were visible in the eyes of the whole of our party, as they

> —— Marked the lengthened vista spread
> Its spacious range of light and shade,
> Along whose walls, high canopied
> And arched, like Fame's, with marble pride,
> The mighty masters of the easel
> Have shown their matchless powers to please well.

To continue the poetical strain, with which we sometimes delight to vary our narrative, we add that

> The party now began their strictures
> Upon the endless rows of pictures,
> That claimed on every side a tribute
> Of praise to those who thus exhibit,
> And much it pleased our connoisseurs
> To see the crowds upon the floors,
> The motley groups of all conditions
> Who throng these tasteful exhibitions:

The porters, the *marchands de bierre*,
And "needy knife-grinders," who here,
Like cognoscenti take their stand,
With each a catalogue in hand,
And, on the merits of each painter,
With all a critic's spirit enter,
Discussing, as they rove around,
The *skill*, the *colouring*, and the *ground*,——
Of Flemish, Dutch, and German pieces,
Blaming the artists' artifices,
And fixing even where should be placed
The palm of genius and of taste.

This, we repeat, in sober prose, is a fact; at Paris all are critics of the works of art. The gratuitous access afforded to all classes tends to make all the populace connoisseurs. Persons may actually be seen with scarcely a shoe upon their feet mixing with the gay crowds that frequent these places, and passing judgement on the most laboured productions of art. *Lady* HALIBUT was more pleased to make remarks on the dresses of the numerous fashionable groups who lounged along the gallery than on any of the most attractive productions of the pencil. LYDIA, however, attended by DICK, occasionally examined very closely the merits of the productions, and the taste thus displayed. The modest LYDIA blamed very much the want of delicacy in the works of the *French* artists; and the truth of her observation was strikingly true; for the *French* taste for nudity is disgustingly perceptible every where; all their walks and public places are stained with exhibitions of this kind.

Whoe'er has marked how wicked Fancy
Plays its fantastic tricks in France, he
Will not deny that the French geniuses
Are very fond of naked Venuses.

Here the loose mother of desires
Strives to awake forbidden fires,
By exposition of her beauty
Far far beyond the bounds of duty.
Fair *Odalisques*, in naked charms,
That woo you to their wanton arms,
And *Psyches* here, without their dresses,
Whom *Love* with fondest lip caresses,
And nymphs that love their limbs to lave
Within the clear translucent wave,
And maidens on the greensward sleeping,
And shepherd-boys from alleys peeping,
Like *Tom*, who thought no harm to dwell
On *Lady Godiva*, the frail,
When, on her ram, for *bincum bancum*,
The fair one showed her *crincum crancum*.

As for the *Squire*, he did not seem to feel any very enthusiastic delight at the spectacle before him. "It is all very well," he said, "for those who know no better than to be pleased with such a parcel of nonsense: pictures taken out of stories which every one knows to be lies; and about heathen gods and goddesses, too, fit only for idolators, and not for Christians, are they *Lady* HALIBUT? There's that fellow they call *Hercules*, why, I remember, in one of their lying books, they say he got fifty children in one night;—an't such a flat as to take that in, neither. And, Lord! he's nothing to look at, after all, if he was put alongside of *Sharples's* picture of *Tom Cribb*. *Sharples* and *Alken* are the men for my money; none of the *mounseers* can paint a horse to come up to *Alken*; I would not give his pictures of *Filho da Puta* and my horse, *Starling*, for all the pack of canvass here; to say nothing of his Moor-hen-shooting and his picture of Drawing the Badger. Did you ever see *Alken's* Drawing the Badger, *Miss* HALIBUT? it is the finest thing in nature." LYDIA replied that she feared she had not paid sufficient at-

tention to the *chef d'œuvre* mentioned by the *Squire*; but, really, her taste did not lie among moor-hens and badgers.

We will not attempt to give an adequate description of the multiplied objects of the Fine Arts that presented themselves to the eyes of the loungers. Tired in pacing, backwards and forwards, the immense extent of the Grand Gallery, and in looking

> " On beauteous dames,
> On pictured scenes, and gilded frames,"

the party at length resolved to leave the *Louvre*. In doing this, just as she reached the entrance, *Lady* HALIBUT, impelled by the crowd, pressed rather hard against the ladder which supported a young student and his easel, while copying a fine picture of *Le Brun's*, placed, as it deserved, in an elevated situation. At the *gentle* shock, imparted by the contact of her *Ladyship's* person, down came the student, easel, and pallet, and all upon the head of poor *Lady* HALIBUT, and an equally unfortunate Dowager of the *ancient regime*, forcing the victims of disaster half-way down the stairs. A dreadful calamity was supposed to have happened. The friends of the sufferers flew to their assistance, but the *gentlemen* of the palace were before them in administering aid. The royal servants, who attend in their liveries, are very active and obliging in their vocation. Happily, neither of the dames of " high degree" had sustained any very material injury. *Lady* HALIBUT, on recovering from this revolution of her person, paid her first respects to the gentleman who was brushing her clothes, with a most attentive officiousness. She was sure, from his dress and manners, that he belonged to the Court; " Sir," said she, " I am sure you must be either a *Count* or a

Dick Wildfire and Jenkins enjoying a Frolic in the Cafe d'Enfer or Infernal Cellar.

Marquis. Whatever you are, accept my thanks for *picking me up so cleverly.*

This incident fortunately passed, the HALIBUTS returned to their *Hôtel,* while *Squire* JENKINS obtained permission to leave them, on the plea that he was going to see his horses washed in the *Seine,* which ablution is performed to the noblest of animals in the following extraordinary manner.

In the evening, DICK and JENKINS again met, according to an appointment they had made in the *Louvre,* for the purpose of enjoying a frolic in the notorious *Café d'Enfer.* It was with difficulty they found this subterranean resort, the first view of which would have satisfied spirits less bent on seeing "Life" than these heroes. Here our sparks soon provided themselves with doxies, and entered into all the humours of the place. The excellent delineation of our artist renders description, in this case, unnecessary. How long the *gemmen kept it up,* in this both *low* and *lofty* ken, the females of which were *up to trap,* is not in our record; it is enough to say they were found snoosing in their own beds in the morning.

CHAP. XVII.

The Party set out for the Jardin des Plantes—Take a Glance in their Way at the Marché des Fleures, or Flower-Market—Palace of the Luxembourg, or Chamber of Peers—Scite of the Bastile—Arrival at the Jardin des Plantes—Animal "LIFE IN PARIS"—*Beauty in Eternal Bloom, or the Hottentot Venus still exhibiting her attractive Ponderosity*—"So stands the Statue that enchants the World!"—*Parisian Science exemplified in the superior Method of* picking Bones—*The Anatomies—Return by the Champ de Mars, and the Elysian Fields—A View of the* haute classe *in Motion, or animated Specimens of* Ton *in the Vicinity of the French Metropolis.*

THE next morning, when the rest of the party had assembled at breakfast, JENKINS entered the room with a very rueful aspect of countenance, and looks that spoke "unutterable things." His eyes rolled wildly around him, and his hair, which had evidently undergone no discipline of the comb that morning, like the renowned *Katterfelto's*, "stood on end." His cheek, too, had lost as much of its natural rubicundity as was well possible, though it could not exactly be said that the lily had usurped the place of the blushing red. His knees knocked together, and his whole frame wore the appearance of considerable agitation. Surprise and concern took possession of all the company at the spectacle which their acquaintance presented. "My

God, *Mr.* JENKINS," exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, with her somewhat masculine treble elevated to no ordinary pitch; " sure some mishap has happened; how mortal unwell you look; tell us the meaning of it, my good sir, for your *phizognomy* quite *compresses* my spirits." " Friend JENKINS, friend JENKINS," cried *Sir* HUMPHREY, suspending the motion of a piece of neat's tongue, which he was advancing on a fork to his mouth, " you look strangely ill, what can be your ——" Here the untasted morsel, coming in contact with the *Alderman's* olfactory nerves, proved too strong a temptation, and the pause in his speech which ensued, while he conveyed it to his *prog-receiver*, gave the fair LYDIA, who, though not particularly partial to the *Squire*, was really affected at seeing his present situation, an opportunity of making an inquiry in the kindest and gentlest tone as to the cause of it. Before, however, she had received any reply, DICK, whose propensity to fun no circumstances could restrain, placed himself on his legs full in front of his woe-begone friend, and, giving a theatrical start, exclaimed

" Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Thou com'st in questionable shape indeed,
Yet, alter'd though thy *mug*, I'll speak to thee;
I'll call thee JENKINS, friend, *pal*, noble Squire!
Let us not burst in ignorance, but say
Why is that face, so florid once and red,
Become thus ghostly pale, thus whitely wan;
Why does thy *louse-trap* elevate its locks,
Unkempt and unadorn'd? why shake those limbs
By English courage erst so firmly knit?
Why do thy *peepers* in their *cases* roll?
Why dost thou thus revisit the *grub-board*,
In guise so hideous, making all thy friends
To start thus horribly with gazing at thee?
Say, what is this, wherefore, what may it be?
Has aught befallen noble *Starling*? say

Has some untimely stroke of adverse fate
Despatch'd him to the nether realms of gloom,
To keep heroic *Teaz'im* company?
Or does a deeper, though a tenderer wound
Afflict my worthy JENKINS' am'rous breast?
Has *Sally Scrubwell*, beauty's choicest flow'r,
Pride of the ancient hall of *Tally-ho*,
Wrong'd thy confiding love, and prov'd untrue?
Has she, while here thou tread'st *Parisian* ground,
Her charms surrender'd to the rude embrace
Of some ignoble clown, perhaps thy groom,
Or the groom's helper, or the stable-boy?
(From such disgrace, heaven shield sweet *Sally's* fame!)
Whate'er thy griefs, impart them to thy friend,
Whose love and sympathy are ever thine!"

"All this play-acting and talking may be very fine, *Mr.* WILDFIRE," uttered the *Squire*, who had at length found his tongue, and whose manner of speaking evinced some slight portion of irritability at the small portion of sympathy displayed by his *pal*; "it may be very fine, and mayhap very funny too to your way of thinking; but my hair, or louse-trap as you call it, (I suppose by way of politeness,) does not stand an end for nothing, and I must say I don't thank you much for the concern you show for me; if that's friendship, 'tis *over the left*, with a vengeance. I fancy nobody can tax my pluck when I've any thing proper to stand before; but the gamest man in life can't be proof to such a horrid *scarifying* dream as I've had to night; it's quite *unsensed* me; I would not have such another for the kingdom of the Indies." "A dream, *Mr.* JENKINS," cried *Lady* HALIBUT; "for heaven's sake let's hear it. I always attaches importance to dreams, and so does all people except them as have no true sense of religion. To be sure these dreams must betoken something, or what does God send 'em for." LYDIA, with some difficulty, repressed a lurking

smile at this speech, as she could perceive, from the direction of her mother's countenance, that the mention of irreligious persons was partly intended for her: indeed, the young lady had more than once incurred her mamma's displeasure, on account of her avowed scepticism on this subject. DICK, when he found that his friend's situation was the effect of "dreams that descend from Jove," was not a little curious to hear the narrative of the *Squire's* nocturnal imaginings; and, with a face of becoming seriousness and flattering sympathy, apologised for his ill-timed levity, and earnestly pressed him to recite the circumstances which had had such power to disturb the even tenour of his manly soul. In this request, *Sir* HUMPHREY heartily concurred, but recommended to the *Squire*, by way of *prolegomena*, to take an ample glass of brandy, a piece of advice with which the latter readily complied, and after a few preparatory *hems* and *has* to clear his throat, begun to recount to his auditors the details of his dread vision. He informed them, that, in consequence, as he supposed, of the impression made on his mind by the singular spectacle, to which we have already adverted, of the Parisian mode of washing horses in the *Seine*, he dreamed that he had conducted his favourite *Starling* to the banks of the river, for the purpose of undergoing the operation, but that, on his arrival, the rascally Mounseer flatly refused to wash an Englishman's horse. "Upon this," proceeded JENKINS, whom his subject had by this time warmed into something like oratory, "I began to swear a pretty round stave, and laid hold of one of the scoundrels, who had been among the most impudent, by the nape of his neck, when I thought I was pounced upon by some of the *gens d'armes*, who actually *uncased* me from *stem to stern*, and (begging your pardon, ladies) set me in my *bare buff* on *Starling's* back; then, pricking him with their bayonets, they forced him into the water, and bade me

wash the pair of filthy brutes together. Not being very expert at this kind of horsemanship I had no command of *Starling*, who floundered about till both appeared in imminent danger of drowning, when all at once *Starling* seemed to sink from under me, and was changed into the very bear that nipped off one of *Teaz'im's* pins, and was the death of the poor beast. I shed tears again to think of it, and was cursing those hard-hearted *French* parsons that refused to inter the poor animal as every Christian ought to be buried, when, turning round, I spied one of them just by my side. In the rage of the moment, I was springing upon him to take vengeance for his inhumanity to *Teaz'im*, when some of his comrades came to his assistance, and the whole of them appeared *morphused* into fiends with large claws and red glaring torches, who came altogether to attack me as a heretic and scoffer of the church. This so terrified me that I woke with the fright, and found myself in a cold sweat, and I have not rightly recovered since."

Various were the remarks upon this tale of wonder and horror by the parties present, and sundry attempts were made to soothe the agitated mind of JENKINS. The consolations offered him by his friend DICK, reinforced by some bumpers of brandy, poured out on the occasion by *Sir* HUMPHREY, at length effected the desired consummation of restoring the *Squire's* wounded spirit to something like its pristine peace and tranquillity; and by way of diversion from the remembrance of his late alarms, as well as a cordial to my *Lady* HALIBUT, who was almost as much affected by the *Squire's* recital as he had been by the subject of it, it was proposed that the whole party should set forward on an excursion to the *Jardin des Plantes*.

That love of agriculture and rural scenery, which seems

natural to all men, peeps out even in the mass of stone which serves for the Parisian's habitation. He erects in the air a little garden of three feet in length; he places upon his windows a pot of flowers, which may be regarded as a small tribute paid to nature by one who resides at a distance from her beauties. Sometimes, even a little fruit-tree is seen to vegetate in the narrow enclosure of a window-front. The citizen, who no longer beholds the country, waters this dwarf shrub morning and evening. He cultivates in one box the pink and the rose. Six inches of verdure console him for the loss of nature's enamelled carpets and replace in his eye the prospect of the shady flowering woods.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of the police, the domestic citizen sticks to his flower-pot and his box of mould. He conceals it when the inspector of the streets passes, and replaces it the moment he is gone by. But not unfrequently, at the very instant when such a calamity is least expected, the whole mass gives way, and falls from the fifth story. Happy the man who does not encounter the shock! The shrub and the flowers are carried away by the current of the kennel, and the wrecks of these suspended gardens, scattered upon the pavement, prove satisfactorily how undesirable a circumstance it would be for a passenger to be present at the time of their descent.

The homage offered to Pomona and Flora, exiled from the city, is visible in every street,—even in the bosom of the gloomy abode in which labour and necessity confine the artisan to his sedentary occupations. One woman feeds four hens and six rabbits, brings up eight Canary birds, and, on the outside of her window, fosters the growth of a currant or gooseberry tree. The love of the country pene-

trates even here, and displays its feeble efforts on these balconies, where the rays of the sun, intercepted by the height of the chimneys, shed their lustre but one hour in the day. The woman, who does not quit the room, is on the watch for this fortunate hour: she smiles with joy when the cup of a solitary flower begins to open to the star of day, and calls her neighbour to enjoy with her the contemplation of the prodigy.

The party were, by this time, in view of the *Quai Dessaix*; the eyes of the ladies were much pleased with the objects that presented themselves. The flower market (*Marché aux Fleurs*), now established on the *Quai Dessaix*, in the centre of a spacious area, gives an agreeable variety to the scenery on the side of the river. The crowds of carriages and fashionable parties that were pressing towards this vegetable fair imparted a life and bustle to the scene that convinced *Lady* HALIBUT and her daughter there was something to be seen interesting to the *bon ton*, and that they had taken the proper hour for appearing. They were not mistaken, for it was the time for visiting the flower market. About noon, this interesting spot shines in all its splendour. At that period, it is visited by the most elegant women in negligent undress, where the art of the toilet is attempted to be concealed under the veil of simplicity. The *belles of the bon ton* having arrived in their calash, (the coachman and footman in plain riding-coats to suit the occasion,) the carriage stops at the end of the *Pont au Change*, and takes its station in the file of those already drawn up. The lady, having received the most precious incense of flattery and admiration, and cleared the market of its finest flowers, seated in her carriage, and accompanied by her most intimate friend, whom she may have most *unexpectedly* met, traverses Paris, admiring the works of

the *Louvre*, the *Quai*, and the *Obelisks*, astonished at being unacquainted with objects and places through which they drive every day. "Aye," cried *Lady* HALIBUT, as DICK made some such satirical remark, "that is what I calls LIFE indeed. But, come, let us be in the fashion, and go into the market* to see the flowers and the company."

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* Among the French, it rarely happens that a taste for any thing is not carried to such an extent as not to become a folly. Such is their rage for flowers, and for adorning their shops and mansions with these perishable embellishments, that the saloons look like greenhouses, and the warehouses of the trader like magazines of vegetation. The work-shop of the artisan in the *fauxbourg* cannot do without some pots of rosemary and sweet basil, and the cultivation of monk's hood is the most important business of the little lodger in the *marais*. It is his chief task and pleasure to rear at his window the arbour-work and brass wire bent into arches, round which twines and displays itself in the most picturesque manner that plant whose verdure adorns his dwelling, and whose purple flowers embellish so finely the salad with which he every Sunday treats his family.

For these indispensable decorations, all classes, even the most opulent, resort to the flower market. In the language of the muse:

Here pomp and pride in gay parade,
(For pride will everywhere invade,)
For nature's choicest blooms, at noon
Resort to deck the gay saloon.
Here love's fair train, with beauteous mien,
In charming undress oft are seen,
Choosing the *bouquet* for the breast
That will not let the lover rest.
Here comes the labouring artisan,
With hollow eyes and visage wan,
To bear those simple wreaths away
That make his heart and cabin gay.
Here, too, the youth and mourning maid,
Whose love is in the cold dust laid,

They accordingly mixed with the loungers in this resort of Flora and fashion,

> Where many a plant and floweret rare
> Claim the fond homage of the fair,
> And arboret and orange-tree
> In vernal season you may see,
> And rose-lipped maids, 'mid posies set,
> In kerchief and in *bavolet*.

In passing along,

> 'Midst *provençales* and *provençeaux*,
> And lounging sparks and battered *beaux*,

LYDIA remarked that white roses seemed quite the fashion.* The belles and the beaux were exhibiting the "rose of snow" in their breasts, and those who had it not were eager in the search for such a decoration. Our fair ones could

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> Oft come to search the flowery scene
> For roses white, and evergreen,
> Narcissus, jasmins, violets blue,
> And lilies of unchanging hue,
> Flowers that are fairest of the year,
> To deck the tomb of those held dear,
> Now slumbering on the sunny hill
> Of *Père la Chaise*,—how mute and still!

* We believe we have before observed that in France there is a fashion in every thing; it extends even to the favour to be given to particular flowers. Every succeeding year robs one of the fashion, which it bestows upon another. Each experiences in turn the *Hortensian* fate, and, after having formed the delight of the *boudoir* and the honour of the saloon, is reduced to deck the stall of the sausage-vender or the window of the sempstress.

not be out of the fashion. *Squire* JENKINS gallantly undertook to provide them with a *bouquet* to their wish. Stepping up to a merchant of white roses, he took the flowers rudely in his hand, and, without waiting to inquire the price, threw down a couple of francs, and was about to withdraw, thinking that sum abundantly sufficient to satisfy the desires of the salesman. JENKINS knew not the value of the articles he held in his hand. "*Au diable soit la bête! le barbare!*" exclaimed the irritated trader; "*croyez-vous bien, Monsieur l'Anglois, que je me laisse voler comme cela? et est ce pour m'insulter que vous m'avez jeté votre pièce de deux francs? Ces roses là valent bien deux louis d'ors.*"* At this insulting speech, JENKINS threw the roses, with much indignation, in the mercenary Frenchman's face, saying he was an ill-mannered scoundrel, and ought not to be encouraged in his extortionous demands. "A louis for a rose! why, rascal, if I had you at *Tallyho-Hall*, I'd try the good effects of a rose-bush on the broadest part of your person." The rose-merchant, seeing the *Squire* was disposed to retire without paying for the damaged flowers, ran towards him, and laid hold of his collar, vowing he should not leave the spot without complying with his demands. This treatment from a Frenchman to an English squire was insufferable. JENKINS shook off his assailant, and showed fight instantly, by throwing himself into a boxing attitude, and planting a blow on the *smeller* of the flower-vender, which made the rose-coloured fluid flow forth as quickly in a copious stream. At this critical instant,

* "The deuce take the brute! the barbarian! do you suppose, Mr. Englishman, that I will allow myself to be robbed so? Is it to insult me that you have thrown down your two francs? Those roses are well worth a double louis."

DICK WILDFIRE fortunately made his appearance, and prevented the Frenchman from partaking more largely in the *Squire's* vengeance. A crowd was immediately assembled, who universally condemned the barbarous conduct of the Englishman, and justified the rose-seller, on account of the flower being then the fashion, or, as we would say, the *rage*; for, in this case, it had proved of the most irritating nature. In spite of all the arguments that DICK could use, (for the discontented *Squire* offered none but the argument of the fists or the horsewhip,) the owner of *Tallyho-Hall* was obliged to disburse his double louis for the crushed leaves, and a five franc piece for the insult given to the Frenchman's nose. The two friends then rejoined the ladies, JENKINS exclaiming, "Curse all rascally Frenchmen who ask a louis for a bit of a *dog-rose*;—it's true, I once gave sixpence for a nosegay for *Sally*, when she thought she was longing, but I don't see why we should pamper Frenchmen at such a rate." The ladies, learning what had happened, were content to forego the fashion and their love for white roses, at this time, and JENKINS being rallied into better humour about *Sally*, by DICK, the party proceeded in their expedition.

They were not long in coming within view of the beautiful theatre of the *Odéon*; but, as it was in the forenoon, they sought not to take a view of the interior. The superb palace of the *Luxembourg* claiming, at the same time, their attention, they could not resist the desire to obtain admission, and take a glance at its beauties. This splendid fabric, long the residence of princes and princesses, is not only a depository of the treasures of art, being, in this respect, the sole rival of the *Louvre*, but now forms the scene of the deliberations of a part of the French senate, it being styled the Palace of the Chamber of Peers. The

principal paintings that adorned this palace, namely, the Gallery of *Rubens*, the History of Saint Bruno, by *Le Sueur*, and the Sea-Ports of *Vernet*, have been removed to the great gallery of the *Louvre*; but the *Luxembourg* still contains many admirable pictures both of the French and Italian schools; and the sculptures to be found in it are the finest specimens of native art of which the French can boast. Our travellers took a due survey of these ornaments, as well as of the hall in which the peers hold their sittings.

> The chamber where, on wooden tribune,
> The legislators' tongues run glib on,
> In frightful Babylonian gabble,
> Like tumult of the raging rabble,
> Or those dire fiends, the monks in saw-pits,
> Whose revels frightened all the Capets.
> They gazed, as other strangers do,
> At *Hoche* and *Kleber*, *Mirabeau*,
> And all the statues and the pictures,
> Passing upon them many strictures;
> Then to the gardens went to travel,
> Admire the ponds, and pace the gravel,
> And wonder how the *Prussian* fellows
> Could think of spoiling such a palace.

It was with regret that they found their time too limited to examine, as fully as they could have wished, all that was worthy of notice; but the *Jardin des Plantes* was the principal object of the day's excursion, and, after a short stay in the *Luxembourg*, they resumed their journey.

As they passed along the edge of the *Seine* they had an opportunity of contemplating, on the opposite side, the spot rendered ever memorable by having been the site of that lawless structure of despotism, the *Bastille*. Some vestiges

of that tomb of the living were visible; part of the walls, ditches, and gates still remain. Recollecting the dreadful times past, a sensation not much in unison with pleasure was excited by the view of these ruins. Still it was gratifying to think that the dreadful building was destroyed.

Here rose no more the captive's cry
And hopeless misery's prayer and sigh;
Fallen were the prison walls, and razed
Each stone that nature's rights debased:
The winds of heaven were wandering free
O'er scenes of past captivity,
And o'er the spot of sad repining
The cheerful sun of joy was shining.*

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* Of the mode of treatment adopted towards prisoners in the *Bastille*, little can be known, from the very nature of the prison, beyond what rests upon surmise and conjecture. Some of its dread tales of mystery might, perhaps, have been brought to light at the time this temple of misery was ransacked by the infuriated populace, had not the Convention, apprehensive lest the contents of the archives should be of a nature to exasperate still more the general feeling, adopted every possible means to collect all existing documents, by offering pecuniary rewards to any person who should bring in such books and manuscripts as might have been obtained; and so fortunate was the government, that every vestige appeared, by the means they had employed, to have fallen into their hands.

One volume, however, escaped under circumstances of a singular nature. A *Mr. Christopher Potter*, more commonly known by the name of *Kit Potter*, was at *Paris* at the time that the *Bastille* was destroyed. This gentleman had been a member of the British parliament, and had made a great noise in the world, particularly in regard to a speculation, in which he embarked, having for its object the sale of bread at a reduced price, which proving unsuccessful, he became involved, and fled to *France*. At *Paris*, the same speculative ideas occupied his mind, and he became the proprietor of a most extensive porcelain manufactory.

Among the countless visiters who repaired to the fortress after the triumph of the populace, *Mr. Potter* was among the foremost; when, on

Our party had by this time reached the object of their destination, the *Jardin des Plantes*, as it is commonly

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examining the chamber which had contained the archives, he still found a book behind some shattered wainscoting, where it had fallen in the general scramble, and remained unnoticed. This precious document he carefully secreted under his coat, unobserved; and, after a lapse of time, remitted the same to his brother, *Mr. Potter*, of *Charing-cross*, by whom it was prized at five hundred pounds, as the only remaining vestige of the daily mode of issuing orders respecting persons incarcerated in that abominable edifice of tyranny.

The volume in question has not yet appeared in print; but some curious specimens of the treatment of prisoners in this dreary abode, extracted from the official record, have come into our possession, but are too long to be added here.

The name of the late *Mr. Kit Potter* having been introduced, we cannot resist subjoining an anecdote respecting that gentleman, which, as referring to the same epoch of history, is worth recording.

On the day when *Louis* the sixteenth was decapitated, *Mr. Potter*, in the costume of a downright *sans-culotte*, was in attendance at the *Place Louis Quinze*, to witness the melancholy spectacle; and, having observed that the valet of the executioner cut off the whole of the King's hair, which was tied behind with a riband, he pushed his way to the scaffold, after the completion of the ceremony, where, throwing up his handkerchief, he tendered money to the executioner, in order to have it soaked in the blood of the "tyrant," as he termed the departed monarch, for the purpose of concealing his real sentiments; then addressing the man who was in possession of the hair, he offered him a *Louis d'or* for the same, accompanying the request by the most vilifying terms in regard to royalty. The plan succeeded; for the whole hair, together with the riband, was flung down, with which and the ensanguined handkerchief *Mr. Potter* effected his escape with all possible quickness and privacy. This caution was highly requisite; as, upon the affair being made public, persons connected with the government, duly appreciating the real motive of the possessor to be love for the late King, pursued every means of discovery: but, so effectually had *Mr. Potter* disguised himself, as one of the cut-throats of the period, that he luckily escaped the vigilance of his pursuers; for, had he been identified, there is little doubt that his head would have paid the forfeit of his officious temerity.

called, though its other title, of the Museum of Natural History, is, from the greater comprehensiveness of the term, far more appropriate. This noble establishment was originally founded by the celebrated Buffon, and is one of the most interesting objects at Paris. Naturalists of every description, and more especially botanists, here enjoy the amplest opportunity for cultivating their favourite studies, and of gratifying their tastes in the most superior manner.

The visiters were first introduced to the vast garden of the establishment, which extends to the banks of the river, and contains every kind of curious and exotic plant. There is likewise a green-house filled with such trees as cannot, from their tender nature, bear the coldness of a northern atmosphere, besides spacious hot-houses and conservatories.

The whole garden, properly so called, is nearly two hundred feet in breadth and above six hundred in length. A great central avenue divides it in its whole length, and there are two other long lateral alleys, intersected with walks, which partition the whole into squares, each of which contains a particular class of plants.

The imposing appearance of this magnificent assemblage of natural productions struck the whole party with admiration and astonishment. LYDIA remarked to our hero the extreme elegance and beauty of the arrangement, and *Lady* HALIBUT uttered an exclamation of delight and surprise. The green-house above all charmed her, and she remarked to her spouse that she had *never seen nothing* to come up to it; that it was not only a world, and all better than their own at *Scalesby-Park*, but that, to her thinking, it beat the one in *Kew-Gardens*, where they used to go in the *chay* of a Sunday-time, as *Sir* HUMPHREY was in business. She

then whispered him, with an air of mystery, that a few of the plants there would be an improvement to their own collection, that she would choose them, as she had a taste that way, and that *Sir* HUMPHREY'S purse was long enough to show out something that would soon make the seedy *Mounseers* glad to part with some of their gimcrack shrubs. The worthy *Knight*, whose natural phlegm was not easily disturbed, and who, after the first movement of surprise, excited by the novelty of the scene, had pretty well subsided into his habitual apathy, was, however, touched with pleasurable sensations at his consort's mention of that opulence so dear to her husband's self importance, and answered her with a smile and most gracious nod, betokening his approbation of her project.

We should have mentioned that the party, immediately on their introduction to the garden, were joined by some of the guides who, with that liberality so conspicuous in all the public exhibitions in the French capital, are constantly in attendance to conduct visiters round the establishment, and give them every necessary explanation. It was, however, the good fortune of the HALIBUTS and their friends, on this occasion, to receive an unexpected reinforcement to the number of their guides and illuminators. While DICK was taking a *coup d'œil* of the beauties before him, his attention was arrested by a very remarkable object at a short distance from him. A man of very diminutive stature, with a countenance deeply marked with the small-pox, a remarkably sharp nose, and a pair of eyes in size and colour much resembling those of a ferret, was standing in a contemplative mood, his visage fixed on the ground, and his limbs in an attitude apparently designed to imitate one of the Grecian antiques. A comical hat, of the smallest dimensions, was very insufficient to conceal the greater part of

his bushy sandy hair, which seemed for a length of time to have wantoned undisturbed in the gay luxuriancy of nature. His "bristly beard" corresponded to the description of Burns:

> "Just rising in its might,
> It wanted four long days to shaving night."

His linen, to say the least, was *un peu sale*, and his garments evidently of a somewhat transparent texture. His left hand was thrust into his waistcoat, and his right, extended to its utmost stretch, held a leathern covered book, which bore the evident marks of veteran service.

This man of deep musings at length, turning his head round, observed DICK'S eyes attentively fixed upon him, and immediately construing the circumstance into a mark of admiration, he stepped up to our hero without ceremony, and introduced himself as "*un savant reconnu comme tel de tout le monde.*" "I perceive," continued he, "that you are foreigners, and it is, I presume, the first time of your coming here." DICK nodded a polite assent. "In that case," proceeded the *savant*, "you may esteem yourselves fortunate in having met with me. I am always particularly happy in the opportunity of *illuminating* strangers; and the advantages you and your friends will derive from the information of a person like myself, versed in the most profound secrets of all the three kingdoms of nature, will be very different to those you could reap from the trite and hacknied explanations of these regular guides. I will, therefore, with your permission, be your companion on the occasion." DICK could not avoid smiling at the gentleman's talents for *self-inscription*, but he judged correctly that, if he were not so profound an aturalist as he professed to be, he was,

at least, a person acquainted with the collections in the establishment, and, from his overflowing idea of his own attainments, likely to be a very communicative and, probably, not an undesirable companion. He, therefore, readily accepted the offer, and announced it to *Lady* HALIBUT, who, expressing herself highly pleased with the gentleman's politeness, dropped him one of her most bewitching curtsies, accompanied with a "*bien obligée, Monsieur,*" whose ultra-broad accentuation operated almost like an electric shock on the listening organs of the poor *savant*, who involuntarily put his hand to his ears. A flattering strain, however, is often welcome, even when played upon a harsh instrument, and *Lady* HALIBUT'S "*vote of thanks*" induced the man of science to request permission to take her *Ladyship's* disengaged arm. This was readily granted, and the contrast exhibited between the fair one's two supporters excited many a smile among the spectators.

Our party, with their newly-acquired acquaintance, now entered the great avenue from the entrance in the *Rue St. Victor*. Here, on the right, is a tufted wood; on the left, are the botanical school and the hot-houses; and in the middle, a vast parterre, filled with plants, intended for the use of the professors in the botanical school. There is, likewise, a basin of water, which contains all kinds of aquatic plants. The squares, which extend from this basin to the *Seine*, are chiefly devoted to the study of planting; in the first, are divers species of trees; in the second, are models of hedges and fences, for cutting and grafting trees for plantations, by layers or seed, and for forming and managing vines; the third contains the different species of plants used in domestic economy; and, in the fourth, are *specimens of all the fruit trees that grow in France!* The rich and extensive *botanical garden* is sur-

rounded by a railing, and, as the *savant* informed his auditors, contained more than seven thousand plants, shrubs, grasses, &c., distributed in natural orders and classes, according to the system of *Jussieu*, and ticketted with their true botanical names. "Science, indeed," continued the naturalist, "has attained the zenith of its splendour in this metropolis, and our superiority to other nations, in this respect, is demonstrable in nothing more than in the case of many foreigners who come to this establishment, and whose ignorance can be equalled only by their pretensions to knowledge. There is one, in particular, who has been here frequently of late, and who is a positive annoyance to me. He comes, I am informed, from the northern part of your island, and, besides the brutality of his manners, *qui est à faire horreur*, he presumes to differ from me on every subject which is started in his presence. His whole pleasure appears to be in contradiction, and in advancing hypothesis equally unfounded and untenable. The other day, for instance, he was labouring to prove that friction might exist independently of motion. "*Mais, grand Dieu!*" exclaimed the speaker, "*le voilà lui-méme, tout près de la ménagerie. On ne ferait pas mal de l'y faire enfermer.*" "But, good God, there he is himself, close by the *Ménagarie*. It would be no bad thing to have him shut up there."

This speech naturally made DICK turn his eyes towards the subject of it. The *rival sage*, whose presence was so unwelcome to the French son of science, was standing with his head uncovered, and had just pulled off a greasy glove from an unwashed hand, for the purpose of wiping his brow, which was palpably exuding "big gouts that were not there before," in consequence of the heat of the noon day sun. This operation he performed with a hand-

kerchief, originally white, but whose present appearance indicated a runaway apprentice from the wash-tub, before its time was out. His countenance was, in appearance, quite bloodless, and its sallow thinness conveyed the idea of a case of old parchment drawn to the utmost degree of tightness over a layer of picked bones. His thick black hair literally stood up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and his beard, being about half shaved, gave his chin the appearance of a black striped cheek upon a saffron ground. His garments were one suit of unvarying sables, and his shirt and cravat seemed to make a friendly approximation to the same colour. "The harsher features and the look more grave" sufficiently indicated his claim to the title of a North Briton, but his eccentricity of appearance would have made him conspicuous on the shores of Patagonia or Caffraria. After wiping his forehead, he put his handkerchief into his pocket, replaced his hat upon his head, with great dignity, and, drawing a long black cane from under his arm, he began to occupy himself with projecting it in various rectilinear directions with his hand, and watching the motions. In following one of these with his eye, he remarked, by chance, the *French savant* in conversation with DICK and his party; the stick immediately dropped by his side, and his "iron cheek" became doubly stern. Nor was this all; he walked up, with a shambling gait, to our hero, and, laying hold of the button of his coat, in an awkward manner, pulled him a little aside, and said to him, "I don't know exactly who ye are, mon; but ye seem all of you to be new comers, and strangers, as well as *English* folk. I'll advise ye, therefore, to be on your guard against the chattering and lies of yon idiot as ye have wi' ye. He's a mere *quaack*, mon; what we call, in our country, a *quaack*, and the devil a thing does he know of science at all. Why, mon, he disputes the

justice of *Professor Leslie's* doctrine of fluids; and, in a chemical analysis, the other day, he could not detect the presence of carburetted hydrogen." DICK thanked the northern luminary for his caution, but expressed his own utter ignorance of these important subjects, and hinted that as the *French* gentleman had been introduced to their party, they could not, consistently with common politeness, dispense with his company. "Weel, mon," replied the Mentor, "ye know best about that; but if ye listen to his stuff about science, I'd think ye clean daft." He then turned on his heel, and DICK rejoined his friends; while at due distance some glances of no very friendly import were exchanged between the *Parisian savant* and the *Scotch* philosopher.

As they passed along the elevated part of the garden, LYDIA pointed out to DICK an object which greatly delighted her; an immense cedar of *Lebanon*, rising in towering and majestic beauty among an infinite variety of evergreen shrubs and trees. Near it is an artificial eminence, the ascent to which is by a serpentine walk, shaded by firs. The summit is crowned by a brass pagoda, surmounted by a sphere. From this temple is a magnificent and extensive view of the greater part of *Paris*. Between the temple and the cedar rises a small column of grey granite on a pedestal of white marble: this formerly bore a bust of *Linnæus*, which was destroyed during the stormy period of the revolution.

While DICK and his fair cousin were attentively observing these interesting objects, *Lady* HALIBUT put into execution the project we have before alluded to, of making proposals for the purchase of some plants from the garden. Addressing herself to the *savant*, she described, in no very scientific terms, a few of those that had most struck her

fancy when in the green-house, and asked if he could inform her who was the proper person to apply to, as she wished to become a buyer. "And you know, *Mr. Sovong*," said she, that *Sir* HUMPHREY is a man with a purse, and wouldn't mind going the length of a guinea a-piece for them." Her Ladyship's astonishment may be more easily conceived than described, upon her learning that a thousand times the sum would be offered in vain. She turned to express her disappointment and indignation at the circumstance, to her friend *Squire* JENKINS, who, still smarting with the wounds his pride and his purse had received from the adventure in the flower market, swore that all the Frenchmen were knaves and scoundrels alike, and that what *Mr. Sovong* said was all *sheer gammon* to try and *do her* into giving a large sum for some worthless bauble like their filthy dog-roses. DICK, who had by this time learned the subject of discussion, found out a better means of pacifying his aunt, by remarking to her that the plants she spoke of were in classes, and that a few taken from them would derange the whole; as, being mostly exotics, they could not be replaced at pleasure. This he rendered more palpable to *Lady* HALIBUT'S intellect, by observing that it would be like breaking a single cup of her best china; the accident would necessarily spoil the whole set. This explanation was equally intelligible and satisfactory to her *Ladyship*, who appeared partially reconciled to the disappointment she had experienced.

"But," said she, "I hope all our amusement here isn't to consist in looking at trees, flowers, and all that sort of thing. 'Tis well enough for a little while, but I begin to get a bit tired on't. I an't like you, *Mr. Sovong*, I don't know all about it, and han't studied the science. I should like to see some-

thing more entertaining. Shan't we have some *spectacle?*" The learned Frenchman, whose knowledge of English was not very superior, interpreting the last word of her *Ladyship's* speech according to its ordinary acceptation in his own language, replied, that the theatres did not open so early.* Dick explained to him his aunt's real meaning, and then assured her that her impatience would soon be

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* The word spectacle is perpetually in the mouths of both gentlemen and ladies in Paris. Every thing that is to be seen is a spectacle. If you ask any one if he was pleased with the opera, he replies, "*Oui, enchanté*; *le spectacle étoit magnifique.*" ["Yes, delighted; the spectacle was magnificent."] And if you put a similar question about a ball, you receive a similar answer. If you speak with enthusiasm of the picture-gallery of the *Louvre*, a Parisian observes, "*C'est bien vrai, c'est un très beau spectacle.*" ["Yes, it is a very fine spectacle."] A Parisian, talking to a foreigner, is sure to have this remark, "*Allez-vous souvent, Monsieur, au spectacle? Ne sont ils pas bien beaux nos spectacles?*" ["Do you often go to the *spectacles?* Are not our spectacles very fine?"]

In consequence of the general application of this word in France to every thing relating to the stage, a Parisian, on his arrival in London, wishing to go to the play, supposed that he had only to look for the word *spectacle* in a French and English dictionary, and having found that the literal translation gave him the same word, with the most perfect confidence directed his hackney-coachman to *drive to the spectacle.* Jehu, conceiving that he wanted to purchase a pair of spectacles, conducted him to a celebrated shop in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. The Frenchman flew into a passion, and, by his gestures expressed that this was not the place where he desired to go. The coachman, imagining that this was not the optician's to which he wished to be taken, carried him to several others, in different parts of the town. After a long round, during which the favourite oaths of the two countries were mutually exchanged between *Monsieur* and his charioteer, the former was compelled to pass his evening in the hackney-coach, instead of the play-house, and thus learnt the difference between the French spectacles and English *spectacles.*

gratified, as they were about to enter the *Ménagerie*, or collection of live animals, which she would, he was persuaded, find extremely amusing.

Dick's annunciation, though addressed specially to *Lady* Halibut, was not lost upon the ears of the rest of the party, in all of whom it excited expectation, but in no one in so high a degree as in *Squire* Jenkins. "That's your sort, my boy," exclaimed he, "let's get, as soon as possible, out of the way of their confounded cedars and roses. We did not come here to gather nosegays. Let's have a look at their wild beasts; though I've no notion that they'll come up to Polito's."

Here, however, as our detail of these interesting subjects has already exceeded the limits usually allowed to a chapter, we will give the reader a moment's pause before we introduce him to the other topics that remain to be noticed.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Company visit the Ménagerie — Animal "LIFE IN PARIS"—*Beauty in eternal Bloom, or the Hottentot Venus still exhibiting her attractive Ponderosity* — "So stands the Statue that enchants the World!"— *Parisian Science exemplified in the superior Knowledge of certain* Savans, *and the French Mode of* picking Bones —*The Anatomies — Return by the Woods of Boulogne, the Champ de Mars, and the Elysian Fields—The* haute Classe *in Motion, or animated Specimens of* Ton *in the Vicinity of the French Metropolis.*

THE party proceeded, by the great avenue, towards the river, on the left of which is the entrance to the *Vallée Suisse*. This part of the garden, which is separated from the great avenue by broad and deep-sunk fences, is set apart for the *Ménagerie* of live animals, and here the foreign herbivorous quadrupeds are kept in separate enclosures, each with its companion, and, as much as possible, surrounded by the shrubs and plants of their native country. JENKINS'S anticipations of the French inferiority in this department were compelled to give way at the sight of the surprising variety of living creatures, many of them were wholly new both to him and his companions, which here burst upon his astonished and delighted view; and he frankly acknowledged that neither Polito's collection nor that at the Tower of London could at all come up to the one before him. The guides, who at-

tended the party, were very assiduous in pointing out to them and particularising all the objects most deserving of notice, and the French *savant*, notwithstanding the eccentricity and ludicrous self-importance of his manner, was a very interesting companion, from the entertaining particulars with which he furnished them, relative to the natural history of many of the animals that they saw. Among those that most interested them were a Brazilian buck-goat, with an East Indian she-goat, and two young buck-goats, their progeny; a Bengal hind, an Esquimaux dog, which pleased the *Squire* wonderfully, and four dromedaries, two born in Paris, in 1819, the other two, one seven years old, the other at least thirty. Besides these, they remarked two Egyptian buck-goats, an African antelope, a mule of the Zebra breed, with two ichneumons, and two agantis from America. Near the round-house, a bison * was pointed out to them, and a young elephant just arrived; with many curious specimens of sheep from Africa and the East Indies, and several species of deer and antelope from various parts of the globe. In passing the compartment assigned for the elephant, the *savant* took the opportunity of informing them, that, several years ago, the garden contained a pair of these animals, a male and a female; that they lived together in the most constant affection for years, and that, on the death of the former, his partner evinced the strongest symptoms of grief; that she was for a length of time inconsolable, and could not be prevailed on to take any nourishment for several days.

They next proceeded to the aviary, which they found as

* The same kind of animal as that which has received the title of the bonassus.

richly stored with feathered tenants of every kind as the menagerie with quadrupeds. Those birds that are domesticated are kept in enclosures; the most remarkable of these are the cassiowarys of New Holland, male and female; the herons of Senegal, conspicuous for having a white neck, and two glandular substances hanging from their throats; the American cranes, male and female; and a brown and gray vulture of Africa. In the aviary, strictly so called, are kept those birds that it is requisite to confine, comprising a variety of vultures, eagles, parrots, macaws, owls, &c.; the most striking of these are the brown vulture, the chincon of Africa, the yellow vulture, the royal vulture from America, the Egyptian vulture, the Brazilian vulture, the eagle *pêcheur*, the eagle *chasseur*, the common brown eagle, the horned owls, and the gold and silver pheasants of China.

The admittance to the *faisanderie*, as well as to the collection of the monkey tribe, is not public, but DICK, having learned the circumstance previously to their setting out, had taken the precaution to procure special permission for the party, by an application to the bureau; and, fortified with this document, they found no difficulty in obtaining admission. With the superb assortment of pheasants the whole of the visiters were equally delighted, though from rather different feelings. The ladies were in raptures at the exquisite beauty and colours of their plumage; DICK and his friend JENKINS surveyed them with the admiring eyes of true sportsmen, and the latter could not refrain from more than once shutting one eye, and raising his hands into a suitable position, charmed with the visionary idea of bringing some of them down with his fowling-piece. Meanwhile, *Sir* HUMPHREY having selected, with an eye that, in such affairs, was gifted with no ordinary degree of dis-

crimination, a brace of the finest and fattest of these elegant creatures, was revelling in the idea of the luxurious treat that would be afforded his delicate appetite, could they be set before him in a roasted form, enriched with all the stimulant aids of superior cookery.*

The visit to the monkey assembly was far from being productive of such general satisfaction. Notwithstanding the greatest possible attention is paid to cleanliness, the nature of these animals cannot be wholly overcome; and the nasal organs of our travellers, almost immediately on their entering the apartment, were most unwelcomely and offensively assailed. *Sir* HUMPHREY damned them for stinking brutes; his amiable consort had instant recourse to her smelling-bottle, and even the fair LYDIA was soon compelled to follow her example; the olfactory nerves of DICK and the *Squire*, particularly of the latter, were not so sensitive; indeed JENKINS, at first, found considerable amusement in playing tricks and familiarizing himself with the inmates of the mansion, but, allowing his *fams* to come into too near contact with one of his newly-made acquaintance, he met with so cordial a salutation on the thumb from the *ivories* of the latter, that the worthy *Squire* found himself

* The author of a Treatise on Fowling has rather ludicrously expressed the value of a collection of these birds, by means of a slight change in language, though a great perversion of meaning, of a celebrated couplet of Goldsmith's:

> "But a bold *pheasantry*, their country's pride,
> When once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

Perhaps, it is on the authority of this new reading of the English poet, that the French government has thought proper to except the *faisanderie* from the objects to which the public are allowed indiscriminate admission.

bitten to the very bone, and, beginning to express his sensations by sundry capers, far from indicative of delight and approbation, he joined heartily in *Sir* HUMPHREY's execrations upon the monkey tribe. In the interim, *Lady* HALIBUT and LYDIA had arrived opposite the cage of the ouran-outang, which they had not long contemplated, before the animal made the most violent efforts to release himself from his confinement, accompanied by symptoms, by no means equivocal, of the motives that actuated him. Our readers will probably be inclined to attribute this singular burst of the *tender passion* to the presence of the beauteous LYDIA; but her mother, though one would have imagined that she could not have felt greatly flattered by the attentions of such an admirer, pertinaciously insisted upon placing it to her own account. She called out to *Sir* HUMPHREY, in the shrillest tone of her alarum, to come directly, for her virtue was in *eminent* danger; and protested that she would not stay in a place of such abomination; declaring, at the same time, that, from *many things she had observed there*, she was persuaded that none but *married women* should be admitted, and those, too, with a strong guard; and that the monkeys, besides being filthy beasts, were shocking *unmoral* animals.

Moved by the apprehensions of her *Ladyship*, the party quitted a spectacle which had failed to afford them the gratification they had anticipated. Their admiration was much excited by the menagerie, which has lately been erected for the nobler wild quadrupeds, at a short distance from the pheasantry. It is a very spacious handsome building, and replete with every convenience for observation and security.

While they were surveying this structure, their attention

was arrested by the sounds of persons high in dispute, among which both DICK and the *savant* quickly recognised the voice of the Scotch philosopher, who had been so anxious to put our hero on his guard against Parisian *quacks*. They hastened to the spot whence the voices proceeded, and found the great Northern light engaged in a sturdy, though ineffectual, struggle with two of the servants belonging to the establishment, who were proceeding, in a very unceremonious manner, to eject him from the premises. On inquiring the cause of the disturbance, they were informed by the servants, that the gentleman in question had outraged every rule of the establishment by making a violent attack, with stones, on the bodies of some guinea-pigs that were innocently enjoying themselves in their enclosures, and that he had seriously injured one of them. The *savant* immediately began to exclaim, "*Ah! le barbare! quelle cruauté!*" which so enraged the Northern sage, that he cried out, "I tell ye, mon, ye had e'en best keep a still tongue in your head, or ye'll get a buckie that will give you a mouthful o' loose teeth." Then turning to our hero, "I judge," said he, "ye are a man of more sense than yon daft idiot, and well understand reason. I grant that I stoned the brutes, being of the swine species, and all swine, in any form, living or dead, are my aversion. No man is to be censured on the score of his natural antipathies. Besides, swine are certainly accursed animals: the law of Moses denounces them as unclean, and don't we know that the devil himself entered into a herd of them, eh, mon?" "Admitting the justice of your assertions," replied DICK, "I do not see the necessity of your playing the devil with the poor beasts." The philosopher did not relish the reply. "Let me tell you, mon," said he, "that a jest is nae argument———," and would have pursued the subject had not one of the servants, saying, "*Messieurs, il faut faire*

notre devoir," cut short his rhetoric by forcibly bearing him away.

DICK, on his return to his party, afforded some amusement by recounting the calamity that had befallen the unfortunate Scotchman, who seemed to have sworn as perpetual enmity against swine as the youthful Hannibal had done against the Romans. None of the hearers, however, exhibited much sympathy for the misfortune of this foe to the "swinish multitude." JENKINS cursed him for a noisy, squabbling, ill-behaved, scoundrel; LYDIA warmly reprobated his wanton cruelty to unoffending animals; *Lady* HALIBUT, considering him as the rival of the gallant *savant,* joined loudly in her daughter's censure of such conduct; and *Sir* HUMPHREY, on hearing that the North Briton had avowed an aversion for the whole tribe of animals, living or dead, gave it as his opinion that the man must be no better than a fool; for, though pigs were certainly nasty beasts in their way while alive, a person could have no taste who was not alive to the delicate eating of a prime young roaster; or who was insensible to the charms of a griskin done to a nicety. The worthy *Knight* summed up by observing, that the only objection, in his opinion, to eating pork was, that it was very apt to rise upon the stomach if you forgot to take a *drop of something short* after itto keep all quiet.

The company next proceeded to the menagerie of the wild beasts, situated on the left side of the avenue near the river. This contains, among other animals, a very fine lion from Morocco, four lionesses, three American black bears, a panther, a porcupine, kangaroos, a brown Norway bear, several wolves from the Black Forest, two American foxes, the American jaguar, the jackall, and the hyæna. The next

object they examined was, the sunk fences to which we have before alluded, which proved a rich treat to JENKINS. They contain several dens, in one of which is kept a herd of wild boars. But the source of the *Squire's* rapture proceeded from three black bears, particularly one of them, which, at the order of his keeper, mounted a tree in the middle of his den, and made the different signs of the telegraph, on receiving small pieces of cake or biscuit. The docility and talent of this engaging beast so delighted JENKINS, that he appeared, for the time, totally to forget that it was to one of the same species *Teaz'im* owed his mournful and untimely end; and, but for the salutary recollection of his reception from the monkey, and the consideration that any similar welcome on the part of the bear would be attended with consequences of a still more unpleasant nature, he would, doubtless, have sighed for an opportunity of cultivating a more familiar acquaintance with the object of his admiration. He continued, however, feeding the animal, and gazing upon its performances with an eye of exultation; nor was it without difficulty, that he could be persuaded, even by the united solicitations of DICK and the ladies, to quit the darling spot, and accompany them to the *Cabinet of Natural History*.

This collection of natural curiosities is of immense extent, and may be reckoned the richest museum of its kind in all Europe. Our company were first introduced to the entrance cabinet, on the ground floor, where are preserved the specimens of the fish and reptile tribes, with their divisions in order. At the first sight of this apartment *Sir* HUMPHREY entertained an idea that both he and his good *Lady* should find themselves quite at home; but all the profound erudition this amiable couple had acquired in a long and extensive course of business, became completely be-

wildered at the sight of the superb collection before them, which contained several hundred species from different parts of the world, arranged in several compartments, and classed according to *Cuvier*, *Linnæus*, and other eminent naturalists. The guides pointed out particularly the curious forms, structure, and classes of the objects before them, remarking the peculiarities of the torpedo, the gymnotus electricus, and the cameleon, together with the beauty and variety of the boas, couleuvres, lizards, and tortoises, which, from their excellent mode and state of preservation, add greatly to the interest of this branch of natural history.

From this room they passed on to the Library, composed entirely of works on natural history and botany, and comprising above ten thousand volumes. It is further enriched with a collection of botanical plates, herbals, plants, and other objects of natural history. From the library, the party entered a grand suite of five rooms, containing the splendid mineralogical and geological collection. In the first they were shown specimens of all the known metals, simply, and in a state of combination; and of all the crystals, primitive and others. The second room exhibited samples of the carbonates and sulphates of lime, several curious minerals, principally silicious, and a great variety of spars. In the third room was a systematic arrangement of rock, granite, basalts, and porphyries, with several hundred specimens of the marbles of France, and large cases filled with agates and curious gems.

Notwithstanding the striking beauty of many of these objects, they did not possess the interest that might have been expected for our travellers, and their want of scientific knowledge rendered the explanations they received from the *savant* and the guides, in a great degree, useless to them.

To the untutored eye of the common spectator there is, likewise, even in the beauty of these objects, an apparent uniformity which has rather a tiresome effect. This feeling continued on the minds of the party, as they passed through the remaining two rooms on the second floor, which are principally filled with what are conceived to be specimens of the animal, mineral, and other remains of the antediluvian world. Of the importance of these collections no doubt can be entertained, but they are principally interesting to the geologist. In fact, notwithstanding the magnificence of the collections they had surveyed, it was with something like a sensation of relief that they quitted this part of the establishment, and began to ascend the staircase on their way to the grand zoological gallery.*

As they ascended, they remarked several prepared skins of the serpents, boas, &c. conspicuous for their immense size, variety of colour, and poisonous character. But, on their entering the grand gallery, all their faculties were absorbed in astonishment at the brilliant and delightful *coup-*

* Before quitting the subject of the mineralogical and geological collection, we cannot avoid making mention of the great services rendered to the interests of science by the indefatigable exertions of the *Baron Cuvier*, who is at the head of this noble establishment, and resides in the same house which the celebrated *Fourcroy* formerly occupied. His researches on the subject of geology have been given to the world in his late works, in which the organic and fossil remains of antediluvian animals are delineated and determined with astonishing acuteness and accuracy. But his attainments and talents, superior as they confessedly are, form the least part of *Baron Cuvier's* merit. Besides possessing every qualification that can adorn the philosopher and the professor, he is a gentleman of the most engaging politeness and urbanity, an enthusiastic lover of the sciences, as well as the intelligent guide and zealous patron of every inquiring mind.

d'œil formed by its immense length, and the diversity and numerous assemblage of its once animated beings.

Of the contents of this splendid apartment our visiters received the amplest details from their guides, as well as their officious companion, the *savant*. These would, however, appear too tedious, were we to repeat them, in a work of this nature, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with a brief notice of the various objects with which their curiosity was gratified in this superb collection. The first class consisted of the several species of birds, scientifically arranged, contained in white glass cases on each side, and comprising the numerous varieties in fine preservation. The series commences with the birds of prey, beginning with the eagle; and to these succeed all the different kinds of the feathered tribe, down to the duck, considered as the lowest in the scale, and completing the series. To point out each particular bird, where all alike have a claim to individual attention, would be absurd, as much depends upon the class each admirer may prefer either for their utility or beauty. The snipes, quails, widgeons, and woodcocks, were most to the taste of *Squire* JENKINS. *Sir* HUMPHREY and his lady greatly admired the specimens of the parrot-tribe; and the fair LYDIA, with whose opinion DICK'S wonted gallantry, united, perhaps, in her case, to a more powerful impulse, naturally led him to coincide, was in raptures at the exquisite delicacy and beauty of the numerous tribes of the colibri, or humming-birds.

The next room, into which they were ushered, contained samples of the sloth and ant-eater, with other animals, that may be regarded as a connecting link between birds and quadrupeds. Besides these, there were armadillos, rats, moles, marmots, and kangaroos: the peculiar form and ap-

pearance of the last of these greatly amused *Lady* HALIBUT. The remainder of this room contains the various breeds of the canine race, including the wolf, the fox, and the jackal.

On entering the next room, their attention was directed, by the guides, to two exquisite paintings by *Reni*; the one of a lion devouring an antelope, the other representing an Alpine eagle with a lamb for its prey. This room contains preserved specimens of all the more powerful and majestic kinds of quadrupeds. In an adjoining apartment are nearly two hundred fine specimens of monkeys, apes, baboons, &c.; and the ruminating animals, with or without horns, are placed in a room at the opposite extremity of the gallery. The side compartments are principally filled with animals of the goat and deer species.

Besides the subjects we have mentioned, there are upright glass cases, arranged along the whole of the centre of the gallery, containing specimens of shells and insects of every kind.

The cabinet of comparative anatomy was next inspected by the party. It is situated near the amphitheatre, and contains a complete series of the entire skeletons of almost every description of animals. An apartment, attached to this, is peculiarly interesting, from its exhibiting the skeletons and casts of the varieties of the human race, from different quarters of the globe. Among these, some were pointed out to the visiters as more particularly worthy of notice, from the celebrity of the persons to whom they had belonged, when in an animated state. The object that most powerfully attracted their attention was the figure, at full length, of the assassin of *General Kleber*, who perished in Egypt. It

was, in fact, the identical person of that daring murderer preserved, and apparently re-animated into dreadful life, from the flames and the tortures to which he had been doomed. An object more tremendously frightful could scarcely be imagined. Those parts of his body which the fire had scorched, and the pincers had torn, still bore the sanguinary marks of vengeance; his aspect retained the stern ferocity and settled hate, mixed with the expression of excruciating pain; and his attitude was that of a desperado about to commit some act of deadly daring. The ladies turned away from the appalling spectacle with a sickening feeling of disgust; and even the stouter nerves of DICK and the gentlemen were not able to prevent them from experiencing, at the moment, a thrilling sensation of horror.

Quitting the sight of this terrific skeleton, they reached another of a very different description, that of the renowned *Hottentot Venus*, who still continues, in dumb show, to exhibit, in the *analysis* of her figure, those attractive and overwhelming ponderosities that so long enchanted the philosophic, and astounded the vulgar beholder. *Squire* JENKINS was so overcome at the first sight of this mountain of female charms, that, equally forgetful of the strict laws of decorum, and the presence of the ladies, he burst out with, "My God, what an ——!" concluding his exclamation with a very expressive, but altogether prohibited, monosyllable, for which our regard to delicacy induces us to substitute a blank, which, we trust, our readers will not consider as a *hiatus valde deflendus*. "I used to think," continued the *Squire*, addressing himself to DICK, "that *Sally Scrubwell* was pretty well off in that respect, but this natomy gentlewoman beats her all to nothing." DICK, hurt at observing the blush on LYDIA'S cheek, rebuked his

friend in an under tone for his too great latitude of expression before the present company; while *Lady* HALIBUT remarked that, in her opinion, it was very improper to exhibit such *monstrosities* in public, and altogether contrary to *ittiket*; but she derived no small satisfaction from the information that the lovely creature before them had been baptized and made a Christian previous to her death, which her *Ladyship* remarked was a very good thing for *Mamselle Hottentot*.

The party having examined almost every object deserving of attention in this scene of unrivalled attraction for the lovers of natural history, set out on their return homewards. On quitting the garden, they took a very cordial leave of their friend, the *savant*, whom *Lady* HALIBUT, won by his gallant and polite attentions, more than by his scientific display of knowledge, very pressingly invited to give them a call at their *Hôtel*.

A short time before separating from them, he had given a specimen of his eccentricity, which not a little lowered him in the good graces of LYDIA, and might probably have altogether lost him the favourable opinion of her mother, had not the latter's ignorance of French prevented her understanding the subject of discussion. The *savant*, remarking upon the noble collection of skeletons of every description which the establishment comprised, sported, what was, it seems, with him a favourite hypothesis, viz. that all the defects in the ornamental branches of female education proceeded from due attention not being paid to the study of anatomy. He insisted that all persons engaged in the tuition of young ladies ought to go through a regular course of the science, in the same manner as medical students; and that none of their pupils should be exempted from

acquiring a reputable knowledge of the elements and fundamental principles. "For instance," said he, "what scientific ear can endure the expression so common among preceptresses of young ladies, 'Turn out your toes, Miss;' when it is well known that the ancle-bone cannot turn either to the right or the left, that the *femur*, or thigh, is the *moving* part, and consequently the proper direction to the young person would be to turn out her *femora*. Then, again, the absurd command, 'Sit with your feet in the stocks, Miss;" does it not imply a total ignorance of the proper functions of the *os sacrum*, and the *ossa innominata?*"

The pedantic Latinity of the *savant* fortunately protected LYDIA'S ears from some of the most offensive passages of his discourse; but DICK, though he could not forbear a smile at the whimsical enthusiasm of this *radical reformer* of female deficiencies, yet being desirous of cutting short a subject, the very introduction of which he could plainly perceive had wounded his fair cousin's delicacy, dryly asked the anatomical theorist, whether he had ever read *Molière's Amour Médecin*. The *savant* did not perceive the drift of DICK'S interrogatory, which had reference to *Diaforus's* proposition, in the comedy alluded to, of taking his mistress to see the dissection of a woman; however, he answered DICK in the affirmative with a tone of no pleasurable surprise; but he felt so much disconcerted at what he regarded as a very ill-timed interruption to his ingenious discourse, that, much to the satisfaction of both DICK and LYDIA, he made no attempt to resume the subject, and his manner of taking leave of our hero was evidently much more cold and distant than that which he assumed towards the rest of the company.

Silence ensued, for a short time, after the departure of

this garrulous son of science; but was speedily dissipated by remarks upon the different amusing objects they had so lately seen, and great was the variety of opinions and comments delivered upon the occasion. LYDIA expressed her high admiration of the excellent arrangement visible in the collection of plants; and wished she had an opportunity of frequently visiting them, as it would aid her in her pursuit of botany, which she said was her favourite study. The *naïveté* of her daughter's confession drew forth the animadversions of *Lady* HALIBUT, who said she had no notion whatever of *bottomy*, and could not think who put such stuff into girls' heads. "I am sure," she continued, "the very word is *undecent*, and young women can have no business with it. But these are the sort of whimsies and nonsenses that they put into girls' heads at boarding-schools, and then call them accomplishments. A fine *edication* is a famous thing, that's for certain, and what nobody can deny, no more than that our daughter has had no expense spared to give her the very best, and such a one as has cost *Sir* HUMPHREY a power of money; but I wish they had given her a little more of what we learned at school in my time, when we were taught to make shirts and plain work, and other branches of useful literature."

While the good lady was thus indulging in her judicious reflections on comparative modes of female education, the party had reached, in their progress, the *Bois de Boulogne*. This is the most pleasing wood near Paris, from which it is about two miles distant. Previous to the time of the Revolution, most of the trees had fallen into a state of decay; and their complete destruction was effected by the ravages of the revolutionary axe. But when Buonaparte obtained the sovereign power, he exerted himself to the utmost to restore the *Bois de Boulogne* to its pristine beauty. By his

orders, the ground was entirely cleared, and vast plantations made, with broad alleys bordered with rows of trees. He likewise repaired the wall of the enclosure, and stocked the place with small game, not unfrequently hunting in it. It would have required but a short period of time to have rendered it a thick shady wood, but the destructive events and chances of war soon made all these improvements useless. When the allies marched upon Paris, in 1814, the largest trees were felled to furnish pallisades for the defence of the capital, and, after the second capitulation of Paris, in July, 1815, the English troops, who were encamped on this spot, cut down all the wood for barracks and fuel.* The lapse of half a century will scarcely suffice to repair the withering effects of these ravages.

The *Bois de Boulogne* is still, however, replete with attraction; for it is a place of great notoriety as one of fashionable resort. In fact, it may be considered the *Hyde Park* of the French capital for rides, drives, and duels. It was high change with the promenaders in this celebrated spot for beholding the leaders of the *haute classe*, or Parisian *ton*, in *motion*, when our travellers entered it on their return home; and they were not a little gratified by the spectacle. The number of beautiful and elegantly dressed females, with their natural charms heightened by the application of every artificial aid, afforded a rich treat to LYDIA, and impressed *Lady* HALIBUT herself with a much higher opinion than she had hitherto entertained of the Parisian

* At this period, indeed, a sort of wooden town appeared, as if erected by magic, and its streets were called by English names. Even the noble *avenue de St. Cloud* then received the appellation of the *rue d'Angleterre*.

fair ones. The equipages were of the most superb description that the French metropolis could exhibit, though her *Ladyship* justly observed that there was none of them so magnificent as the Lord Mayor's state coach. The horses, too, those that bore the tribe of proud equestrians, as well as the less dignified animals attached to the gay carriages, were so much superior to any thing they had yet seen, that even, from JENKINS, who, on this subject, "was nothing, if not critical," DICK, on pressing him closely, extorted the reluctant tribute, delivered in a growling tone of negative praise, that there were some bits of horse-flesh among them, that were not to be sneezed at after all.

While they were thus earnestly engaged in contemplating the various features of the splendid scene which offered itself to their view, DICK'S attention was suddenly arrested by observing, in a brilliant equipage which passed him at the moment with great rapidity, a lady whom he instantly recognised as the engaging *Marchioness*, whose kind disposition towards our hero had been so warmly evinced, and with whom his hopes of happiness had, on the very eve of their fulfilment, been frustrated in a manner equally cruel andunexpected. His fair inamorata, however, was not sighing in hopeless solitude over her disappointment. She was accompanied in her carriage by a spruce *cicisbeo*, whose features had not fallen under DICK'S observation, but whose general appearance and figure bore so striking a resemblance to his old acquaintance, the *Chevalier* O'SHUFFLETON, that our hero was fully persuaded, in his own mind, of its being no other than the Hibernian, who appeared to be in so fair a way of reaping those joys in the possession of the lovely *Marchioness*, which malignantfortune had denied to the wishes of the disappointed WILDFIRE. On this supposed discovery, indignant rage succeeded in DICK'S

bosom to the emotions, astonishment, and surprise, which had agitated him on his first recognising the blooming *Marchioness*, and, stung with the desire of resolving all doubts, and of doing something in this affair to interfere with the bright prospects of his rival, he hastily made some scarcely intelligible excuse to LYDIA and the rest of the company for being obliged to leave them for a few minutes to speak to an acquaintance he had just observed at some little distance, and quitted them on his reconnoitring expedition without reflecting on the little probability of his meeting with any success.

LYDIA was no stranger to the real cause of her cousin's abrupt and rather unceremonious departure. Love imparts surprising quickness and clearness to the faculties of vision: she, too, had seen the *Marchioness* pass in her carriage, and immediately recollected her as the same identical lady who had so obviously engrossed DICK'S attentions at their visit to the *Grand Opera*. The emotion of the latter, on his making a similar discovery, was sufficiently discernible to LYDIA, to confirm her in the belief that the impression made on her cousin by the fair promenader was by no means effaced. Had any further corroboration of her opinion been wanted, it would have been amply furnished, by the *step* that DICK had just taken. Could LYDIA have known how little the *heart* was interested in these and other similar aberrations of her lover, it would have done much towards calming the inquietude excited in her tender bosom; but her own thoughts were too pure to admit of those distinctions which a mind less virtuous would have readily made. Incapable of conceiving the idea of a passion existing without affection or respect, she beheld, in the person of the *Marchioness*, a formidable rival; and, in DICK, a youth, whose fickleness

and inconstancy almost made her despair of ever securing his affections in return for her own, which she felt, but too sensibly, were irrevocably gone, and, she much feared, thrown away.

Such reflections harassed the bosom of poor LYDIA, till the pangs of jealousy produced visible effects upon her countenance. She appeared so ill that *Lady* HALIBUT could not avoidobserving it, and anxiously inquired the reason of the sudden change in her daughter's appearance, which the latter attributed to the effects of the heat. JENKINS, whom *Lady* HALIBUT'S question had led to notice the situation of LYDIA, instantly begged that he might be allowed to offer her the support of his arm till they could reach some convenient resting place. The *Squire*, notwithstanding his eccentricities, was not naturally deficient in good nature or humanity, and we have before adverted to the impression made on his mind by the charms of LYDIA, which was by this time so far strengthened that even the empire of *Sally Scrubwell* over his heart had not maintained itself altogether undiminished. The young lady, at another time, would have felt greatly disposed to decline the *Squire's* gallant offer, but, in her present situation, she was glad to take advantage of it, and she proceeded under the escort of the owner of *Tallyho-Hall*, till they reached the *Champ de Mars*.

The scene here presented little bustle or animation; a few military officers were strolling about in it; but this spot is now principally remarkable for the eventful scenes of which it has been the theatre, and has no great attractions for a stranger, except, indeed, during the month of September, when it is very gay, in consequence of the annual

horse-races, for the department of the *Seine*, being held there.

The party had not been long arrived at the *Champ de Mars*, when they were rejoined by DICK, who, to judge by his looks, had not been very successful in the object of his pursuit; in fact, he was so absorbed in reverie, that, for some time after joining his friends, he did not direct his looks to his lovely cousin, whose uneasiness was in no degree diminished by this appearance of neglect. But the moment DICK turned his eyes towards her, the mingled expression of tenderness and reproach with which she regarded him; the unusual and mournful paleness of her naturally sprightly countenance, and the evident agitation under which she laboured, sufficiently explained both her suffering and the cause of it to her warm-hearted though giddy lover, and oppressed him with a weight of contending feelings, in which delight at the certainty he felt of being "strongly deeply loved" by so amiable a creature, and regret at the idea of having wantonly and cruelly been the cause of inflicting upon her unmerited pain and uneasiness, were strangely struggling for preponderance. It belongs to the selfish alone, in the intercourse of love, to rejoice, from mean and unworthy motives, at their influence over those who are unfortunately attached to them; but to the truly generous heart, nothing so strongly cements the bond of affection, as the consciousness of being beloved by the object that inspires that affection; nothing is so distressing as the idea of planting a thorn in the confiding bosom of one whose only fault is to love, perhaps, "not wisely, but too well." DICK'S was a mind too susceptible of the warmest impressions and the most generous feelings, not to feel keenly the pain he had inflicted upon the attached and lovely LYDIA,

and the consciousness of his conduct affected him with deep regret. He redoubled his attentions to his beautiful cousin, and by a series of all those delicate and indefinable instances of kindness and tenderness, which none but those who truly love can appreciate, he, in a short time, succeeded not only in reconciling himself to the justly offended LYDIA, but in convincing her that, in spite of his occasional aberrations among the tempting fields of illicit enjoyment, his heart and affections were devotedly and exclusively her own.

While our hero and his fair companion were thus engaged in those sweet labours of reconcilement, so demonstrative of the truth of the poet's assertion, that "the quarrels of lovers is the renewal of love," the party, in the mean time, had reached the *Champs Elysées*, and the attention of all was arrested by the interesting scene which presented itself. Paris cannot boast of such extensive walks and rides as the inhabitants of London enjoy in the Parks and Kensington-Gardens; for, though it possesses airy *Boulevards*, and great convenience in the distribution of the gardens, especially those of the *Thuilleries* and the *Luxembourg*, yet, with the exception of these, there is no other very conspicuous walk in Paris, except the *Elysian Fields*, the *Bois de Boulogne* being more properly entitled to rank among the environs.

The *Elysian Fields* were first planted in 1663, by the orders of *Colbert*, and again in 1770, under the direction of the *Marquis d'Angivillers*. This spot was originally intended to form a sort of continuation of the esplanade in front of the *Hôtel des Invalides* on the other side of the river, to which it is just opposite, communicating with it by means of a ferry. The name by which it

is distinguished, was suggested to the *Marquis d'Angivillers* by a passage in *Virgil*, in which that poet places, in his Elysium, those who were wounded in defence of their country;

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi.*

and, as the *Marquis* intended this plantation as an additional promenade for the veterans in the *Hôtel des Invalides*, he determined on calling it by the name of the *Elysian Fields*.

The principal avenue extends in a straight line from the *Place Louis Quinze* to the *Barrière de Neuilly*, or *de l'Etoile*. Its entrance, from the *Place Louis Quinze*, is indicated by two very beautiful and high pedestals, supporting two restive horses. This avenue is the same breadth as that of the *Thuilleries*, and must be considered as decidedly the finest entrance to the French Capital.

Of late years, various alterations and improvements have been made in the *Elysian Fields;* and, the day being fine, our visiters were much pleased with the scene of gaiety and animation which they beheld, it being one of the fashionable days for a promenade of carriages, usually called *Long-Champs*. The blaze of beauty and fashion, indeed, visible here, almost exceeded what they had seen in the *Bois de Boulogne;* all bespoke an assemblage of the more opulent among the inhabitants of a metropolis, where pleasure appears to be the only business, and "*Vive la bagatelle*" is the universal motto.

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* And here the band of gallant warriors stood,
Who, in their country's cause, had shed their blood.

Inviting, however, as was the scene before them, *Sir* HUMPHREY began, by this time, to feel certain admonitory croakings of the stomach, indicating cravings of a very imperative nature on the score of hunger, which were by no means to be satisfied by gazing either on carriages or horses, and made him in his heart wish any scenes at the devil which detained him from immediate access to the well-stored larder of *Meurice's Hôtel.* He, at length, could not refrain from mentioning his situation to the rest of the party, and expressing his earnest wish for a speedy return home; he found *Lady* HALIBUT'S feelings on the same subject in most sympathetic unison with his own; and LYDIA, though not influenced by the same edacious motives as her parents, felt so overcome by the excursion, and probably by certain circumstances which we have already mentioned, that she gladly availed herself of the opportunity of joining with *Sir* HUMPHREY and his lady in their wish to return to the *Hôtel.* DICK and the *Squire* were not disposed so soon to abandon the spot, and a separation of the party ensued in consequence; the worthy *Knight,* with his lady and daughter, proceeded homewards in their conveyance, leaving our hero and his companion to pursue the prospect of amusement and pleasure afforded by the gay scene in which they found themselves.

The *Elysian Fields* are by no means deficient in attractions for the votaries of diversified enjoyment. They are often the seat of superb national *fêtes,* and the part nearest to the river is the general resort of persons of moderate incomes, who go there to play at tennis, skittles, bowls, and other similar games. But the object which had most charms for our English pair was one of the *guinguettes,* so common in the environs of Paris. To both our gentlemen this scene possessed the grace of novelty; for DICK had

not yet made his *début* in one of them, though the animated description he had received from the experienced SAM SHARP of the pleasures which were to be found there, had determined him to take the earliest opportunity of judging for himself upon the subject; and, on his recounting these tempting details to his companion, who "with greedy ear devoured up his discourse," the *Squire* was inspired with an equal degree of eagerness to share in the promised enjoyment. They selected for their purpose the *Salon de Mars*, a well known *guinguette* of rather a superior description to some places of the same class, being provided with an orchestra and a room for dancing, which many of the others want.* The excellent delineation of this scene of *moving* pleasure, given in the plate, in great measure supersedes the necessity for those details, which might otherwise have been requisite, so true is the maxim of the ancient poet:

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,"†

a maxim which no one, perhaps, has more powerfully illustrated than the inimitable artist employed upon this work. It will not escape the attention of our readers, in examining the plate, that the orchestra is so judiciously placed in the wall as to supply with music both those in the *Salon* and the parties who are dancing in the garden. DICK is depicted "*to the very* LIFE," partaking in the entertainment of the "witching quadrille;" indeed, nothing could have suited him better than the discovery that the

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* *Guinguettes*, possessed of these accommodations, are distinguished from those that are without them by being termed *bastringues*.

† "For words can ne'er so well inform the mind
As gay and faithful pictures well design'd."

Drawn and Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank

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"Life" on Tip-toe, or Dick Wildfire Quadrilling it, in the Salon de Mars, in the Champs Elysées.

place they had accidentally entered was provided with all the requisite accompaniments for the mazy dance, an amusement which DICK not unjustly, perhaps, considered as no unapt prelude to an introduction to other *mazes*, more rapturous, though frequently far more *bewildering*. It is not to be supposed that our hero found himself, in the present instance, in the midst of partners selected from the highest walks of society. The *guinguettes* are chiefly frequented by the lower classes of the Parisian *bourgeoiserie*, who are drawn thither by the inducement of being able to purchase dancing and refreshments at an unusually cheap rate. But to DICK, whose eye of *universal love* looked upon a *mop-squeezer* or a *duchess* as equally chartered, by virtue of her sex, to receive the homage of his, if beauty sanctioned the claim, saw much to admire in the motley group before him; something, too, to hope, perhaps, as many a bright eye beamed with no very equivocal expression of admiration, at the grace and agility displayed by the young Englishman.

Squire JENKINS was not altogether in so enviable a situation as his friend. The high-raised expectations of fun and frolic with which he had entered the *guinguette* vanished almost instantly on seeing the amusement in which the visiters were engaged. The master of *Tallyho-hall* was by no means partial to what he considered the effeminate amusement of dancing; in some of his moments of inebriety, indeed, when overflowing at once with the influence of Bacchus, and the amorous warmth of his bosom for his much-cherished *Sally Scrubwell*, he had been known to forget his wonted antipathy to the Lesbian and Salian exercises, and to "pound for fame at a prodigious rate;" but, for "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," nature and inclination had equally disqualified him.

Reduced, therefore, without any alternative, to the situation of a *solitaire*, amidst the assemblage of the gay, the *Squire* was compelled to seek consolation in an *onslaught* upon some of the provisions which are always to be obtained ready dressed in places of this description. Here, however, a new source of discontent arose. The waiter presented a *carte* to JENKINS, for the purpose of the latter choosing his wine. The *Squire* observing one kind, whose name he did not recollect having before remarked, selected it from curiosity, not being aware that it was one of the most expensive sorts. On its being brought to him, he paid the waiter the same sum he had been accustomed to give for Burgundy; on which the officious attendant attempted to explain to the *Squire* the mistake respecting the price of the wine. Vain was the eloquence of the dispenser of dainties; his auditor's utter ignorance of the French language rendered all the orator said of no avail.

A French waiter may truly be defined, an animal *sui generis*. The dexterity, the nimbleness, the obsequiousness visible in him, are unrivalled by those of his profession in any other country. The command of temper which he possesses is likewise admirable; though even in his case this amiable feature of character will sometimes give way, in his vain attempts to execute the orders of an Englishman, who possesses just sufficient knowledge of French to be unintelligible by words, and to disdain the use of signs; and the unfortunate *garçon's* vain and repeated attempts to succeed will at length, perhaps, prompt a half indignant, half impatient exclamation of "*Mais, que voulez-vous donc que je fasse, Monsieur?*" accompanied by an air and gesture which must be seen in order to be properly conceived. But the "very head and front of his offending has this extent, no more." One, however, of the most

striking qualifications attached to a French waiter is, the facility with which he will decypher language which no other person would undertake to interpret, and the ingenuity observable in his means of making himself intelligible in cases where he discovers oral communication to be impossible. Finding that all his rhetoric was to the *Squire* as "pearls thrown before swine," the waiter had recourse to the expedient of holding up, before the former, two fingers, by way of intimating the balance yet due. The irritation of the already disconcerted JENKINS, on discovering that two francs more than he had usually paid were demanded for his bottle of wine, was excessive; and direful consequences might have ensued to the unhappy *garçon*, had not the volley of oaths which his friend discharged, accompanied with a devout wish, that he could but swear in French as well as he could in English, reached the ears of DICK, who, quitting the amusement in which he was engaged, repaired to the scene of the affray, which he found means to terminate peaceably. Perceiving, however, that the *guinguette* was not likely to prove a source of great pleasure to his friend, DICK, who was never selfish in his gratifications, and who had already obtained a pretty good insight into the humours of the place, proposed to depart, and left the spot far more gratified than the *Squire*, who, for some time, muttered, as he went along, "curses not loud but deep" on France and Frenchmen.

As the pair of friends, however, were passing through the *Rue St. Honoré*, on their way homeward, an incident occurred which, by awaking the *Squire's* favourite propensities, in some measure dispelled the cloud of his ill humour. The wheel of a large cabriolet coming in contact with a baker's cart, drawn by a dog, which was passing through the streets, the weakest of course went to the wall; in other

words, the vehicle of *Monsieur le Boulanger* was overthrown. To increase the troubles of the owner, while he was endeavouring to pick up some of the bread which was falling into the kennel, one of the canine breed that infest Paris, where

> " ——— many dogs there be,
> Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree ———."

—One of the *worst-bred* of these, taking advantage of the doubly embarassed situation of his harnessed *fellow creature* in the *drag*, made a furious attack upon him.

Notwithstanding his entanglements, however, the dog in harness was not backward to resist his assailant, and a fierce fight appeared likely to ensue. JENKINS, not at all concerned for the feelings of the *man of dough*, exulted in the cheering prospect, and had already offered DICK either to lay or take the odds on the probable issue of the contest, when, so evanescent are our visions of bliss, all the *Squire's* sanguine hopes of sport were disappointed by the abrupt

interference of the baker, who, by no means participating in JENKINS's eager desire for the continuance of the fray, by "one fell blow" of his cudgel, sent away the assailant of his dog, yelping to the probable tune of some broken bones. The *Squire* was anxious that DICK should remonstrate with the French bread-merchant on this outrageous violation of the laws of canine chivalry. This, however, our hero declined; alleging as his reason, the very different opinions that prevailed in the two countries on this important topic. JENKINS took occasion, from this reply, to revert to his abuse of the Parisians, mingled with triumphant reflections on how soon poor *Teaz'im*, had he been living, would have made *cats' meat* of both the French dogs; and the conversation on these interesting subjects continued till DICK and his friend reached the *Hôtel*, where they found their party waiting for them.

CHAP. XIX.

A Proposal to visit the Goblins *(i. e. Gobelins)—Lady* Halibut's *Reluctance to see any Thing so frightful—Squire* Jenkins *shows himself* no Carpet Knight, *and swears the* Goblins *must be an* infernal *Place*—Dick, *having other* Fish to Fry, *sets out in Pursuit of more inviting Objects*—Jenkins *and the Ladies venture on their proposed Expedition—The Handkerchief-Dealer—How to buy Things cheap—French Pugilism*—Jenkins's *Gallantry—An Eagerness* for fair Play *sometimes opens the Way for* foul *Practices—Unexpected Disappearance of* Lydia—*The Squire's Consternation at this Event—His Efforts to recover his lost Charge—Some Notice of* Dick's *Pursuits—The Hôtel des Invalides, &c.*

In a city like the metropolis of France, so amply provided with objects to attract the curiosity and excite the interest of persons of every description, travellers, whose time for visiting and inspecting Paris is necessarily limited, will find sufficient employment for each day of their sojourn in that capital. It will naturally, therefore, be imagined that, on the party re-uniting at *Meurice's*, some conversation took place as to their arrangements for the following day. *Lady* Halibut remarked that, as their stay in Paris was drawing to a close, they certainly ought to see every thing in their power, and wondered what place would be best to pitch upon for the morrow's excursion. A French gentle-

man, who was in the room, begged leave to ask Madame if she had ever been to see *les Gobelins*. "The *Goblins*," replied her *Ladyship*, "not I indeed. I had enough of the *Catacombs*; and, as for the *Goblins*, though I have often heard them spoken of, I have no relish for paying them a visit; I leave all such maggots to them as have more taste for things of that sort. For my part, I wonder an exhibition of the kind should be permitted." The Frenchman courteously took the liberty to inform her *Ladyship* that the Goblins to which he alluded were not *des revenans*, but only a celebrated manufactory for tapestry, considered the first in Europe. This explanation, being interpreted to *Lady* HALIBUT, wrought a total change in her feelings upon the subject; and she felt altogether as anxious to visit the *Goblins*, as she had before been to decline cultivating any acquaintance with them. To be sure, she said, it was an ugly name, but, from the gentleman's account, there was no harm to be feared there. "Besides," continued she, turning to *Sir* HUMPHREY, "we may, perhaps, turn the visit to account; for I very much want a handsome carpet for the best drawing-room at *Scalesby-Park*; and, as this here is the place where they manufactures articles of that description, I may stand a chance of getting a good one at a reasonable rate. There is nothing like going to work *at first hand*, for *them as has got* ready money in hand *to show for it*." The *Knight* nodded approbation, though, in his heart, he did not particularly admire either the projected excursion, or the plan his rib had connected with it. My *Lady* then addressed herself to *Squire* JENKINS, saying, she trusted his usual gallantry would not allow him to refuse the ladies the pleasure of his company. The *Squire*, who felt little desirous of being pinned to her *Ladyship's* apron-strings, did not consider his prospect of enjoyment enhanced by escorting her to what he, from the conversation

that had passed, and particularly the good *Lady's* purchasing project, conceived to be neither more nor less than a large carpet-shop. Under this impression, he might, perhaps, have given vent to his sentiments in no very courteous manner; but, at the moment he was about to reply to the invitation he had received, DICK, who had left the apartment abruptly almost immediately on their arrival, entered, and was pounced upon by his aunt, who invited him to make one of the party for the morrow's visit to the *Goblins*. This, however, her nephew positively declined doing, alleging, as his excuse, that he was unexpectedly obliged to devote the whole of the next day to very particular business, which, not leaving his time at his own disposal, would preclude his having the honour of attending the ladies as he could have wished. *Lady* HALIBUT was evidently piqued, and LYDIA both hurt and disappointed at this reply; but it had been made in a manner which plainly spoke that remonstrance or intreaty would be alike thrown away; and our hero's temper was so well known to both his female relatives, that he was in no danger of any attempt being made to induce him to swerve from his avowed determination. The refusal, however, of DICK occasioned a total revolution in the inclinations of JENKINS; his *penchant* for LYDIA had by no means abated on a more intimate acquaintance; and the prospect of being her exclusive cavalier for the day, so delighted him, that, waving both his distaste for her aunt's society and the irksomeness of a visit to a carpet-shop, he signified, much to the gratification of *Lady* HALIBUT, that he would, with great pleasure, attend her in the proposed excursion. He then took leave of his friends, and proceeded to his own *Hôtel* to dine, having promised to be with them the next morning at an early hour.

To account for DICK'S having thus left the field open to

his rival in LYDIA'S affections, it may be necessary to mention, that he had scarcely reached the *Hôtel*, and entered, with the *Squire*, the room in which the ladies and *Sir* HUMPHREY were, when he perceived his valet, SAM SHARP, at the door, beckoning him in a very significant manner. His master went to him immediately, and, having retired out of the reach of observation, the faithful Mercury put into our hero's hands a *billet*, which he said had just been delivered to him by *Mademoiselle Claudine*. DICK opened it with eagerness, and SAM, while his master perused the contents, stood by, humming the stanza from a well-known French song:

> " Dans ma *Claudine*, attraits, douceur, simplesse,
> Tout me charmait, j'étais fier de mon choix."*

The contents of the *poulet* † which our hero had received by the joint *entremise* of *Mademoiselle Claudine* and his vigilant lacquey were as follows:

" My dear young *Anglais*,

" I had the pleasure of recognising you to-day, as I passed through the *Bois de Boulogne*; and I perceived by your

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* What simple sweetness, winning mien,
Unite in my belov'd *Claudine!*
Proud of my choice, I seek her arms,
Where all is loveliness and charms.

† The French word *poulet* literally signifies a pullet or young fowl; but, from the circumstance of *Henry* IV. having, when courting the celebrated *Madame d'Estrée*, better known by the name of *la belle Gabrielle*, found means of transmitting his *epistles*, by enclosing them in fowls, which he sent her as presents, the term *poulet* is frequently employed in the sense of a *billet-doux*, or love-letter.

motions, not without some gratification, that I was not quite forgotten, nor, unless I deceive myself, altogether indifferent to my *aimable sauvage*. I confess I was not without my fears on this head, when I remarked the elegant *jeune demoiselle* in your company; but the tender sensibility, my dear WILDFIRE, and evident inquietude you evinced, reassured me.

"Yet I begin to doubt whether you English are really the *preux chevaliers* you have been represented. Why have I seen or heard nothing of you since the night which I recal with such mingled emotions? Surely one failure does not discourage, *amortir*, a man with your spirit of enterprise. Do you not know the proverb, "*les obstacles ne font qu'irriter le véritable amour?*" *Et donc vous laisser rebuter comme cela! Ah, mon ami, il faut mieux connoitre les choses.**

"I would hardly think so unworthily of my friend; yet I almost imagined I read something in his countenance like jealousy, at the sight of the *cavalier* that was seated along side of me. For heaven's sake, my dear friend, banish any such feeling, if it exists; jealousy is no longer *à la mode*. *Fi de cette mauvaise humeur! A quoi bon la jalousie, quand on se connoit aimé?*† I sup out of Paris this evening, but shall return the following day. If you are the man that I take you for, be by the *Hôtel des Invalides*,

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* "Obstacles have only the effect of stimulating real love." And then, to allow yourself to be repulsed in this manner! Ah, my friend, you must *know things better*.

† Fie upon this ridiculous humour! To what purpose is jealousy, in a man who knows himself beloved?

about three in the afternoon to-morrow, and *Claudine* will make proper arrangements with you for securing a meeting, in which we may not be interrupted either by dragons or dragon-seekers. *Adieu, mon cher, je vous salue de tout mon cœur.*

"Your's ever,"

DICK's mind was not in the most enviable state after the perusal of the lovely *Marchioness's* letter. Reflecting on the preceding occurrences of the day, he could well have wished that the felicity, which appeared to await him, had been deferred to rather a more distant period. His habits and feelings, however, led him to look upon a challenge in gallantry as imperative in its nature, as a defiance of a more hostile nature; and he would have considered his character as much compromised by a refusal to accept the one as the other. He, therefore, made up his mind to decline all other engagements for the next day, that nothing might interfere with his interview with *Claudine*, and his hopes of meeting with his fair inamorata less beset with disastrous accidents than the preceding one. As SAM was his usual confidant on these occasions, he imparted to him his resolution, as well as the contents of the letter, with which last, indeed, the trusty valet was already pretty well acquainted. DICK, at the same time, took the opportunity of cautioning his domestic, in the event of his services being required in the same capacity as before, not to be quite so precipitate in employing measures which might involve both himself and his master in equal trouble and uneasiness.

The evening was marked by no occurrence deserving of being recorded, and the night passed in undisturbed repose, to prepare the travellers for the fatigues and pleasures of

the ensuing day. In the morning, breakfast was hardly finished with *Sir* HUMPHREY and his family, when *Squire* JENKINS made his appearance to claim the promised privilege of being LYDIA's cavalier for the day. *Lady* HALIBUT saw, with some pleasure, that he had evidently bestowed more than usual pains upon his toilet than was customary with him; and, however LYDIA might regret such a substitute for her cousin, it was clear that her mother did not sympathise in her regret for DICK's absence. Indeed, the good lady was so laudably anxious to forward the views she entertained upon the *Squire* for a son-in-law, that notwithstanding her spouse had, in the first instance, peremptorily refused to have, as he expressed it, "either art or part" in the excursion to the *Gobelins*, she succeeded in making him give up his resolution, by a series of those tender persecutions which all wives so well know how to employ, and so few husbands have firmness to resist. On this the anxious mother not a little prided herself at heart, as, by ensuring her husband for her own escort, she thought she could find means to give the *Squire* the opportunity, which she imagined he desired, of *breaking his mind*, as her phrase was, to LYDIA. But this prudent arrangement was not without its disastrous consequences, as will be seen in the sequel.

All things being ready for the excursion, her *Ladyship*, who said she was always partial to *putting things forward*, proposed their setting out without delay. LYDIA sighed, as she took the arm of JENKINS, her regret at not having DICK'S company being heightened by the fears she entertained that his absence was, in reality, the consequence of some new infidelity; and though her accomplished cavalier politely observing *that she was a peg or so too low, and wanted winding up a bit*, brought into action all his erudition

as a sportsman and all his gallantry as a lover, he could not succeed in restoring her to her accustomed spirits. *Lady* HALIBUT, with *Sir* HUMPHREY, kept in the rear of the young folks, much delighted at seeing her daughter's beau so *gaillard*, and so assiduous in his attentions.

On crossing the *Petit Pont* into the *Rue St. Jacques*, the attention of the ladies was arrested by a sight which to them was a novelty, that of one of the many dealers in the variegated handkerchiefs, of which the Parisian belles of the middling and lower classes form the showy turbans that adorn their heads.

The subjoined engraving exhibits a very faithful delineation of one of these *marchands de mouchoirs*, and a pair of his female customers.

Lady HALIBUT, on understanding the design of the showy commodities displayed for sale, felt strongly inclined to become a purchaser, having been greatly struck with the splendid appearance of these *head-dresses*, and having a

project floating in her brain of decking out her own upper story with a tiara of this description; but the worthy *Knight*, though, in general, pretty obsequious to the wishes of his spouse, on this occasion made a resolute stand, and protested he would never suffer any wife of his to carry such gimcrack concerns on her head, which, whatever the French *Madams* and *Maamsels* might think of them, could only make an Englishwoman look like a ballad-singer, not to say something worse. Her *Ladyship* well knew the occasional obstinacy of her husband on subjects on which he entertained any strong prejudices; and aware that all attempts to change the firm purpose of his mind would be vain, she was obliged to quit the tempting display, without becoming a purchaser; and the party proceeded without any further impediment till they reached the manufactory of the *Gobelins*.

On their being introduced into this establishment, the ladies were agreeably delighted at finding all their previous anticipations far exceeded; and even the *Squire* was compelled to acknowledge in his heart, that the collection before him was *a shade or two* superior to the generality of *carpet-shops*, as soon as he and *Sir* HUMPHREY were undeceived as to the idea they had at first entertained, that the representations they saw were woven and not painted. Indeed, this famous manufactory deserves all the celebrity it has obtained. The colours, the design, and the execution of the tapestry made here, are equal to the productions of the finest painting. LYDIA was particularly delighted with two pieces which were pointed out to her; the one representing the assassination of the *Admiral Coligni*, and the other, the heroic conduct of the *President Molé*, who is depicted heroically exposing his breast to the violence of the mob, and doing his duty, unmoved by the poniards raised

against him.* But, though there are several modern pieces of great excellence in the establishment, the finest production, which it contains, is unquestionably the famous suite of the battles of Alexander, copied, in tapestry, from the designs of the celebrated *Le Brun*.

The reputation of this manufacture is spread all over Europe. By the most ingenious processes, the workmen express, with the greatest truth, not only all the correctness of design observable in the most noted pictures, but, moreover, all the force and vivacity of their colouring, and the gradation of their shades; so that, at a proper distance, they have all the effect of the most finished paintings.

As the visiters passed through the manufactory, they observed several of the workmen engaged in their occupations; and were much surprised at the astonishing facility with which they seemed to execute the most difficult tasks. They were informed, by the guide, that much time and considerable attention were necessary to acquire the art. The apprenticeship requires six years, and, at least, eighteen are necessary to make a proficient. So much importance was attached, under the ancient *regime*, to keeping the process of the *Gobelins* in a state of inviolable secrecy, that all the workmen were locked up within the walls of the manufactory. This strictness is relaxed under the present more liberal order of things; but the artificers, attached to the establishment, are still kept under the constant *surveillance* of the police.

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* It is to this great man that history attributes that admirable saying, "*La distance est grande de la main d'un assassin au cœur d'un honnête homme.*" The distance is great from the hand of an assassin to the heart of an honest man.

Poor *Lady* HALIBUT pretty quickly perceived that her purchasing project must vanish; and that there was little hope of equipping the drawing-room, at *Scalesby-Park*, with a carpet from the *Gobelins*, even at second hand. In fact, she was informed, during the visit, that no article can be purchased here without first obtaining a royal order; the manufactory being the property of government, and supported at the expense of the king. Her *Ladyship*, in common, indeed, with the rest of the party, felt overwhelmed with astonishment at learning the uncommon costliness and expense of the articles fabricated at this magnificent establishment. It sometimes requires the labour of from two to six years to complete a single piece of tapestry, the cost of which often amounts to six thousands francs, or about two hundred and fifty pounds English money; and, even at this rate, the workmen, who amount to about a hundred, are very inadequately paid. The price of the different articles is regulated, not by the size, but by the beauty and difficulty of the work.

Every thing connected with the *Gobelins* indicates the care and attention that has been bestowed upon it. Near the manufactory is an establishment for dying, directed by an able chymist, where an infinite number of shades of all colours, mostly unknown in trade, are died for the purposes of the tapestry. Woollen is exclusively used for this tapestry, to render the colours more permanent. There is also a school of drawing, where the artists are previously taught the principles of this ingenious art.

After spending a considerable time, much to their gratification, in surveying the various objects of curiosity, in this perfectly *unique* manufactory, the ladies, with their *beaux*, set forward on their return. The same arrangement

was observed as in their coming; *Sir* HUMPHREY, as in duty bound, escorting her *Ladyship*, and *Squire* JENKINS, LYDIA.

In this manner they proceeded, till they had nearly reached *St. Sulpice*, when her *Ladyship*, who kept a keen eye to business, and was much pleased at seeing the *Squire* and her daughter apparently in close *confab* together, as she elegantly phrased it, thought she perceived a favourable opportunity of putting into execution her plan of leaving the coast clear for her expected son-in-law, which she thought she might do with full security in the part of the city where they now were. She, therefore, pleaded excessive fatigue, and requested *Sir* HUMPHREY to call a *fiacre*; saying, at the same time, that it would be sufficient for him to accompany her, as it would be a pity to deprive the young folks of their walk; adding, with a significant smile, that "they seem very pleasantly *taken up with each other*." Her daughter regarded her with a most appealing look upon hearing of an event as little desired as expected, and was about to reply, but her *Ladyship*, looking daggers, though she used none, intimated, by the language of the eyes, in a manner too intelligible to be misunderstood, that remonstrance might irritate, but would certainly not prevail with her; and the *fiacre* being brought, she entered it with the passive *Sir* HUMPHREY, calling to the *Squire*, as the vehicle drove off, that she trusted to his gallantry and politeness to conduct the young lady safely to the *Hôtel*.

Poor LYDIA'S feelings, at finding herself under the exclusive conduct and protection of JENKINS, were of the most unenviable description. Independently of the dislike with which his roughness of manner and coarseness of language had inspired her, and which was not a little confirmed

by the designs that she could plainly perceive her mother was meditating in his favour, the various specimens she had witnessed of the *Squire's* eccentricities and perverseness, made her look upon him as no very trustworthy escort of a young female through the streets of a foreign metropolis. For some time, however, all went on smoothly, and her apprehensions began to dissipate. The attentions of her beau were, for many reasons, far from welcome to her; but, in spite of his uncouthness, JENKINS'S obvious desire to be polite and attentive could not but claim and receive some suitable return on the part of LYDIA, and appearances rather favoured the prospect of a safe and speedy arrival at the *Hôtel*.

But an unlucky incident, which intervened, put to flight all these good omens. Turning the corner of a street, the *Squire's* attention was attracted by the sight of a crowd assembled round two men, who, in consequence of a quarrel, had come *aux prises*. We should say *to blows*, but that the expression would hardly convey a correct idea of the species of combat substituted by the Parisian *canaille* for our noble national mode of deciding differences by fair boxing. Indeed, in the contest the *Squire* witnessed on the present occasion, *blows* had, strictly speaking, little to do. The combatants, with open hands, sprung like tigers at each other's throats, and having mutually obtained a hold inside the cravat with one hand, each fastened his disengaged *morley* into his adversary's hair, and they then began respectively to exercise their feet, with astonishing agility, upon each other's legs and shins. JENKINS, whom no intreaties of LYDIA could induce to stir from a spot replete to him with matters of the highest interest, beheld, with equal displeasure and astonishment, these outrageous violations of the laws and customs of the English ring; however,

he contented himself, for some time, with venting his dissatisfaction in a series of oaths; but, at length, seeing one of the combatants actually apply his teeth to the other's ear, and bite a piece off, his indignation no longer knew any bounds, and he avowed his determination of exerting his influence to produce something like fair play. He told LYDIA that he would not be gone a minute, and that there was a nice little portico to the adjoining house, where she could stand safe and quiet, and await his return. In vain did the alarmed girl protest against the cruelty of such conduct on the part of her gallant; in vain did she implore him, with tears in her eyes, not to leave her alone in such an exposed situation, particularly with such a scene passing before her. The headstrong *Squire* assured her her fears were imaginary, and her alarms groundless, for that nobody would molest her if she only kept still, and waited for his return; and, on her making an attempt to detain him, by catching hold of his sleeve, he rather abruptly sprung from her gentle grasp, exclaiming—"Upon my soul, Miss, I'm sorry for it, but can't help it; must see fair play, Miss—fair play's a jewel, you know; can't see chaps bite each other's ears off, and call that fighting; can't stand it; I'll be back in the twinkling of a jiffy, Miss, before you can say Jack Robinson; no body will harm you, only stick yourself tight in that portico." Having concluded this eloquent consolatory harangue, the champion of the rights of fistic chivalry, pushed into the thickest of the crowd, with the determination of using his utmost efforts to enforce something like due attention to the laws of honour and fair fighting, on the part of the combatants, in this direful fray.

In the circumstances in which she was left by her recreant *cavalier*, LYDIA might well have been excused had she been overcome by those hysterical emotions so usual with

young ladies of her age; but her's was a character possessing great firmness and presence of mind when any sudden emergencies called them into action; and, though much distressed at the very embarrassing and disagreeable situation in which she found herself, she had resolution to follow the parting direction of the *Squire*; it being, in fact, the best thing she could do in her singular situation. Trembling and in tears she, therefore, took her stand in the portico that JENKINS had pointed out to her, which belonged to a neat and respectable looking house, situated at the corner of the street.

Meanwhile, the *Squire*, whose regard for equal combat had shown itself so paramount to every consideration of gallantry, had reached the very centre of the scene of action. The contest had, by this time, excited considerable interest, and collected so great a crowd to witness the display of heroic valour, that it had required all the vigour of JENKINS's muscles to make his way into a conspicuous situation. But now a new embarrassment arose; his ignorance of the language rendered him unable to detail to the assembly his motives and wishes, and his reiterated cries of *blond jeu*, by which he wished them to understand *fair play*, though they contributed greatly to awaken the risibility of his auditors, and procured the orator repeated shouts of "*Bravo, Jean Bull!*" continued altogether unintelligible to them. Finding, therefore, that he was likely to gain little by his rhetoric, he made a resolute attempt to effect his purpose by pressing towards the combatants, who were still carrying on the battle in the same unseemly manner as at first, with only this difference, that the war was now waging fiercely on the ground, on which both the heroes lay extended side by side. But if JENKINS's French had been *caviare* to the congregated mob, his present *proceeding* was perfectly

intelligible; and, though unaware of the precise nature of his intentions, they found no difficulty in construing them into a design to interrupt, or, in some way, to interfere with the contest, in which they took so much interest. As they felt no disposition to have their sport put a stop to by an interloper, and especially by an Englishman, they no sooner perceived the *Squire's* drift, than the latter found himself assailed, not only with sundry uncourteous salutations from fists, but with most unsparing and unwelcome, as well as dishonourable, applications of shoe leather. This outrageous conduct, too, was accompanied by the most violent epithets of abuse and invective, which, however, were altogether lost upon the ear they were designed to wound. Under these trying circumstances, JENKINS's genuine English spirit and courage did not desert him; he *showed fight*, and defended himself, even against this formidable array, with a vigour of which many of those enemies who were nearest to him soon exhibited visible proofs, such as they were, by no means, inclined to *countenance*. But what could single valour avail against such numbers? A by-stander, interested in the desperate fortunes of the heroic *Squire*, might almost have been tempted to exclaim, with a slight alteration, the words of Andromache's pathetic address to her husband:—

> "France in her single *coves* would strive in vain,
> Now mobs oppose thee, and thou must be slain!"

After receiving thumps and bruises innumerable, and administering to his antagonists no small proportion in return, the unfortunate JENKINS was *laid by the heels* by the cowardly manœuvre of a rascally cur, who sneaked behind him and tripped him up, while in the very act of bestowing

a *severe remembrancer* on the *pimple* of one of his most active adversaries. Prone to the earth fell this mirror of British bravery! A shout of exultation, from the surrounding *canaille*, announced their joyful sense of so *honourable* a triumph; and the worthy owner of *Tallyho-Hall* ran no small risque of being enrolled in History's recording page as a mournful instance of *trampled* valour, when he was providentially relieved, from his very perilous situation, by the arrival of the *gens-d'armes*, whom the tumult, occasioned by the single combat, had attracted to the spot. The quick dispersion of the crowd, at the sight of these worthy gentry, freed JENKINS from the immediate and imminent jeopardy in which he was. The police secured the two combatants, as well as some of the most turbulent among the by-standers. They, likewise, took into custody the fallen *Squire*, whose appearance, as well as position, plainly indicated his having been engaged in hostile fray. From the details of the affair, however, that they received from several who were present, these ministers of the law were led to believe that the English gentleman had interfered only with a view to put an end to the fight, and that the marks of violence visible on his person had been incurred in his unsuccessful endeavours to effect so laudable a purpose. Acting upon this supposition, the police, to the no small surprise, as well as gratification, of their prisoner, who was anticipating a very different termination to the affair, released him, not only readily, but with marks of great respect and politeness.

One of the greatest sources of uneasiness which the *Squire* had experienced, when he came to reflect upon his situation, on the *gens-d'armes* arresting him, was the very awkward position in which such an event must place LYDIA; and, in consequence, he congratulated himself not a little

on his unexpected dismissal, which freed him from the apprehensions he had entertained of finding himself in a very uneviable dilemma.

But his self-felicitation was destined to receive a sudden and painful check. Having hastily got rid, as well as the occasion would permit, of the most conspicuous stains of dirt and blood, with which he was defiled, his first step was to repair to the portico in search of LYDIA. Judge of his astonishment when he found that she was not there! At first he could scarcely believe his eyes; he looked about in every direction, but the person he sought was no where perceptible. Nothing could exceed the consternation of the unfortunate JENKINS. He cursed his stars a thousand times for his having been such a fool as to go gadding with a brace of petticoats, shopping and carpetting; then bestowed a devout malediction on *Lady* HALIBUT, for her kindness in saddling him with the exclusive charge of her daughter; and afterwards vented his rage on the cowardice and unfair fighting of the French, to which he principally attributed his present disaster. His fondness for LYDIA, too, intruded itself; he mentally vowed that he would sooner have given his horse *Starling* to the dogs than any harm should befal her; and he felt not a little alarmed at the idea that his quitting her might have been the means of exposing her to real danger. By way of finish to his agreeable meditations came the pleasant idea of meeting *Sir* HUMPHREY and his *Lady*, with the news of such a calamity. He too plainly foresaw the storm of wrath that awaited him in that quarter; and felt persuaded that no eloquence would suffice to convince a pair of bereaved parents, that any regard to the laws of pugilism should have superseded his care for the safety of their child.

Distracted with these contending reflections, he at length adopted what, in a calmer mood, he would probably have resorted to in the first instance, as the most likely means of obtaining information; a knock at the door of the house to which the portico belonged. It was opened by a decently-dressed middle-aged woman, who, fortunately for JENKINS, spoke and understood English tolerably. In answer to his inquiries, she told him that she had noticed the person he spoke of standing under the portico; that the young lady did not remain there long; but, after staying a few minutes, had walked away in the direction of the *Rue St. Honoré*. A ray of hope darted on the *Squire's* mind at this intelligence; he took it for granted that LYDIA had directed her steps homeward; nay, he even thought it probable that, resenting his leaving her, she might have thought proper to go home by herself for the express purpose of getting him into disgrace. At all events, he saw no method but to set out on his return to the *Hôtel Meurice*, which he did with his alarms considerably abated, as he cherished great hopes of finding LYDIA safely arrived there; and though he expected to encounter the displeasure of *Lady* HALIBUT and her spouse, he thought he should find some mode of appeasing them, provided their daughter was in safety.

As our plan requires us to keep the whole of our company, however different the situations in which they may be placed, moving as far as possible *passibus æquis*, our readers will pardon us for leaving them in the same uncertainty with the *Squire*, as to the fate of the lovely LYDIA, and turning back to examine how our hero has been occupying his time during the interval since we left him.

DICK had, ever since his arrival in the French capital,

felt an anxious wish to inspect the celebrated hospital, or, as the French call it, the *Hôtel des Invalides*. He had not, however, urged the point with his fellow-travellers, as they did not appear to participate in his curiosity. But having devoted this day to engagements separate from his English friends, and the spot fixed upon by the *Marchioness* for his meeting *Claudine* being near the *Invalides*, he thought he had found a favourable opportunity, by visiting the establishment, of dissipating the *ennui* which would be likely to hang upon the earlier hours of the day, if suffered to remain unoccupied. Having, therefore, instructed SAM to keep a vigilant look-out for *Claudine's* arrival, and to give instant notice of it, he set out attended by that paragon of valets; and having left him outside, as sentinel, our hero entered the walls of the magnificent establishment, consecrated by the French government to the repose and subsistence of the veteran defenders of their country in old age.

DICK was surprisingly struck at the sight of this superb edifice. The *façade* is more than 600 feet, and is crowned with a dome glittering with gold, which last ornament, however, might have been spared, as it exhibits to the eye of taste more of the tawdry than the magnificent. The courts, buildings, churches, and galleries, altogether, occupy a surface of more than a hundred thousand feet. Nothing, in fact, can be more majestic than this building, nothing grander than its plan, nothing finer than its execution. The situation of the structure, the *boulevards*, gardens, and walks, in short, all connected with it, correspond with the unrivalled magnificence that it displays. The paintings and sculptures are likewise very superior. But it is not the inanimate objects which this establishment encloses that form its greatest attractions. It is the interesting sight of its veteran inmates reposing in peace and comfort after

their long and painful toils in the tented field, that most sensibly impresses the feeling spectator.

So beautiful a picture is given by the poet THOMAS, in his *Petreide*, of the inhabitants of this noble hospital, in the passage in which Peter the Great's visit to it is mentioned, that we cannot resist transcribing it for the perusal of our readers, particularly as the poem from which it is extracted is, notwithstanding its great merit, comparatively but little known in this country. We have subjoined an English translation of the extract.

Vers les bords où la Seine abandonnant Paris,
Semble de ces beaux lieux, où son onde serpente,
S'éloigner à regret, et ralentir sa pente,
D'un immense palais le front majestueux
Arrondi dans la nue en dôme somptueux,
S'élève et peuple au loin le rive solitaire.
Pierre y porte ses pas. La pompe militaire,
Des tonnerres d'airain, des gardes, des soldats,
Tout présente à ses yeux l'image des combats.
Mais cet éclat guerrier orne un sejour tranquille.
" Tu vois de la valeur, tu vois l'auguste asyle,"
Lui-dit Le Fort: jadis pour soutenir ses jours,
Réduit à mendier d'avilissants secours,
Dans un pays ingrat, sauvé par son courage,
Le guerrier n'avait pas, au declin de son âge,
Un asyle pour vivre, un tombeau pour mourir;
L'état qu'il a vengé daigne enfin le nourrir.
Louis à tous les Rois y donne un grand exemple,
— " Entrons," dit le Héros. Tous étaient dans le Temple.
C'était l'heure où l'autel fumait d'un pur encens;
Il entre, et de respect tout a frappé ses sens.
Ces murs religieux, leur vénérable enceinte,
Ces vieux soldats épars sous cette voûte Sainte,
Les uns levant au ciel leurs fronts cicatrisés,
D'autres flétris par l'âge et de sang epuisés.
Sur leurs genoux tremblants pliant un corps débile,
Ceux-ci courbant un front saintement immobile,

Tandis qu'avec respect sur le marbre inclinés,
Et plus près de l'autel quelques-uns prosternés,
Touchaient l'humble pavé de leur tête guerrière,
Et leurs cheveux blanchis roulaient sur la poussière.
Le Czar avec respect les contempla long-temps,
" Que j'aime à voir," dit-il, " ces braves combattants ;
Ces bras victorieux, glacés par les années,
Quarante ans de l'Europe ont fait les destinés.
Restes encor fameux de tant de bataillons,
De la foudre sur vous j'aperçois les sillons.
Que vous me semblez grands ! Le sceau de la victoire,
Sur vos ruines mêmes imprime encor la gloire ;
Je lis tous vos exploits sur vos fronts révérés,
Temples de la Valeur, vos débris sont sacrés."

Bientôt ils vont s'asseoir dans une enceinte immense,
Où d'un repas guerrier la frugale abondance
Aux dépens de l'état satisfait leur besoin,
Pierre de leur repas veut être le temoin.
Avec eux dans la foule il aime à se confondre,
Les suit, les interroge ; et, fiers de lui repondre,
De conter leurs exploits, ces antiques soldats
Semblent se rajeunir au récit des combats ;
Son belliqueux accent émeut leur fier courage.
" Compagnons," leur dit-il, " je viens vous rendre hommage ;
Car je suis un guerrier, un soldat comme vous ;
D'un regard attentif, ils le contemplaient tous,
Et son front désarmé leur parut redoutable,
Tout à coup le Monarque approchant de leur table,
Du vin dont leurs vieux ans rechauffoient leur langueur,
Dans un grossier crystal épanche la liqueur,
Et la coupe à la main, debout, la tête nue,
" Mes braves compagnons," dit-il, " je vous salue ! "
Il boit en même temps. Les soldats attendris,
A ce noble étranger répondent par des cris.
Tous ignoraient son nom, son pays, sa naissance,
Mais de son fier génie, ils sentaient la puissance ;
Leur troupe avec honneur accompagne ses pas,
Son rang est inconnu, sa grandeur ne l'est pas.

Near to the verdant banks where winding Seine,
Retiring from fair Paris' smiling tow'rs,
Seems, slow meand'ring from those beauteous scenes,
To linger fondly and retard its course.
A noble palace, with majestic front
And sumptuous dome, aspiring to the clouds,
Rises, and, from its gates, its tenants pours,
Peopling from far the solitary shore.
Thither the admiring Czar directs his steps.
The brazen thunders, military pomp,
Guards duly plac'd, and soldiers standing round,
All to his eye presents a scene of war.
But this parade, this show of glitt'ring arms,
Adorn a tranquil, undisturb'd abode.
Here, said Le Fort to the attentive Prince,
Thou seest the august asylum of the brave.
In former days, the warrior, forc'd to beg
Degrading succours to sustain his life,
In the ungrateful land his valour sav'd,
Found not, to solace his declining years,
A home to dwell in, or a tomb to die.
But now the grateful state supports his age.
Louis, to Kings the bright example gives.
" Let us then enter," said the hero. All
Were in the Temple ; 'twas the solemn hour
At which the altar smokes with incense pure ;
He enters, and each object he beholds
Strikes on his senses with unwonted awe.
The hallow'd walls, the venerable pile,
The scatter'd vet'rans 'neath its sacred roof—
Some their scarr'd foreheads lifting towards heaven,
Some bow'd by age, and almost bloodless grown,
Bending the feeble frame on trembling knees ;
Some with their eyes devoutly downward cast,
And front immoveable with sacred awe ;
While others, prostrate at the altar, touch'd
The lowly pavement with their warlike heads.
Their whiten'd hairs rolling upon the dust.
The Czar survey'd them long with mute respect,

Then, " how it warms my soul," the Prince exclaim'd,
" To gaze upon these gallant combatants.
These arms victorious, frozen now with years,
Which Europe's destinies so long have sway'd,
Illustrious remnant of such numerous hosts,
Still on your martial frames is visible
The noble ravage by war's thunders made ;
How truly great you seem ! For victory's seal,
E'en on your ruins glory's impress stamps ;
I read your exploits on your war-worn brows,
Temples of valour, hallow'd in decay !"

Now seated in a vast refectory,
The frugal plenty of a warrior's meal,
Provided by the state, supplies their wants.
Peter delights to witness their repast,
To mingle undistinguish'd in the crowd,
To follow them, and question of their deeds.
Proud to reply, and dwell on their exploits,
These vet'ran sons of many a hard-fought field,
Amid the tales of battles, seem to glow
With martial fire and renovated youth.
His warlike tone, their haughty courage stirs,
" Comrades," he cries, " I here my homage pay,
Like you a warrior, and a soldier I !"
All turn and eye him with attentive look,
And formidable seems his unarm'd front.
The monarch, to their table drawing near,
Fills a huge crystal goblet high with wine,
That serv'd to warm the vet'rans' languid age,
And, with his head uncover'd, standing up,
Raises the liquor to his lips, and cries,
" My gallant comrades, I salute you all !"
Then drinks. The soldiers, by his frankness touch'd,
Answer the noble stranger with their shouts.
None knew his name, his country, or his birth,
But all the influence of his genius felt.
Their band with honour follow in his train,
His rank is secret, but his greatness known.

One of the most touching spectacles which this establishment presents is the sight of those whom the privations incident to war have disqualified from conveying food to their mouths, fed by the hands of careful and officious attendants. These sad remains of the senseless fury of battles, these bodies of whom, according to the pathetic expression of the poet, "the tomb already possesses one half," cannot here, at least, accuse their country of a criminal indifference to their sufferings in her cause.

The mildness of an indulgent government has likewise been shown to the invalids, by doing away, in the residence consecrated to their declining years, with the rigours of too austere a discipline. Indeed, since this establishment is an asylum of peace and repose; since it is a reward for past services, a compensation for past sufferings, it is but just that it should be freed from those stern and severe regulations which are adapted for soldiers engaged in war and the duties of the camp.

Much, however, as our hero was gratified with the benevolent principle and general regulations of this retreat of the brave, he had time to make his observations and reflexions on some imperfections, from which, indeed, no institution can be expected to be wholly exempt, but which, in the present instance, are very striking to an attentive spectator of the establishment.

This vast building is of stone; the veteran soldier is shut up within thick walls. The vaults, where the sun scarcely penetrates, even in summer, appear to render this great place very cold, very gloomy, very tiresome for old age. Long ranges of buildings, dark staircases, chilly corridors, impress an air of sadness upon this grand edifice.

The soldiers may be said to be lodged here pell-mell, and it has been impossible to establish neatness in the spacious halls. Neither does the same spirit of *fraternity* exist here as in camps. Every one seems isolated, and the most absolute indifference reigns among beings formerly so united. There is no longer the danger of battles, the society of arms, nor the weight of fatigue to sustain; the regiments, too, are mingled, and the soldiers no longer recognise each other. Hence, there is little reciprocity of benefits; the military spirit exhibits itself only in reveries upon past glory; this retreat offering no road to preferment, its inhabitants live but for the present, and indulge in the recollection of phantoms of the past.

This isolation is likewise increased by the kindness with which the war-administration has allowed to these veterans a number of little innocent liberties that enable every one of them to make his arrangements according to his own discretion; a peculiar advantage which no imposition of general laws could embrace. This conduct, on the part of the government, is equally wise and humane; for, since repose is the proffered boon, these soldiers should enjoy it in its full extent; it is, indeed, their principal recompense.

Dick was much pleased with the kitchen arrangements, which are, indeed, unrivalled; the immense coppers, the almost innumerable spits, the prompt and equal distribution of the dishes, are no less surprising to the eye of a stranger. The manner of serving the wine in the *chopines* (half-pint measures) to each soldier, has in it a something rapid and peculiar, which astounds the eye. But, so much are men the natural enemies of all restrictive rules, that these invalids scarcely appear at the refectory, except to carry away their assigned portion. They afterwards barter it,

and share it as they please, and this liberty, which satisfies all tastes, prevents a thousand complaints. Experience proves, that small enjoyments without constraint gratify all men, and are universally preferred to any that could be offered them under fixed regulations.

Dick might have continued much longer to express his admiration and indulge his reflections, in a place so well calculated to inspire both, had not his attention been suddenly diverted to other objects, by the entrance of Sam, who whispered in his master's ear, that *Mademoiselle Claudine* had just arrived. Our hero had for some time been rather impatiently expecting her, as it was already considerably past the hour mentioned in the *Marchioness's* letter. Sam could, perhaps, have cleared up the mystery of this delay, had he thought proper; the fact being that he had himself detained *Claudine* in very interesting and *close* conversation for more than half an hour. The trusty valet having some *small affairs to adjust* with the engaging damsel, probably thought it right *to go through with them* in the first instance, in order that his master's business might afterwards be the better discussed without fear of interruption; or, possibly, he was unwilling to interrupt the latter too abruptly in his interesting visit to the invalids. Whatever might have been the motives of Sam's conduct, he did not think it necessary to advert to them before his master, when the latter expressed his surprise at the *Marchioness's* maid being so much later than the appointed hour, and his hopes that the circumstance might not prove the omen of a second disappointment.

Dick had not proceeded far in company with his valet, before he found the faithful emissary of love and willing beauty in waiting to deliver her mistress's message to him.

Claudine informed our hero that the *Marchioness* had returned from her excursion to the environs; that the *Marquis* was certainly out on business, which would render his return altogether out of the question for the night; that, in consequence, her mistress trusted she should have the pleasure of *Mr.* WILDFIRE'S company about half-past nine that evening, when she would be alone, and at home to him. The *femme de chambre* likewise said, that she was commissioned to deliver her mistress's kindest regards to *Mr.* WILDFIRE, but that the former considered a verbal message, on the present occasion, a much safer channel of communication than an epistolary one. *Claudine* concluded by informing our hero that he was to make his *entrée* by the same way as before; and that ample precautions had been taken to prevent the recurrence of any unwelcome interruption.

Every thing now seemed to favour DICK'S hopes of success; he remunerated the lovely and love-bearing messenger with a liberality that left her no reason to regret her *share* in the transaction, and gallantly sealed his donation with a salute of the fair *Claudine*, which conduct SAM, whose attachment to the *Demoiselle* was not so ardent as to render him miserable at finding "Cassio's kisses on her lips," took the liberty of imitating. They then took leave of the *suivante;* SAM was dismissed with directions to meet his master, properly provided, at the appointed hour, at the *Marchioness's* gate; and our hero sauntered towards the *Palais Royal*, intending to dine at one of the *restaurateurs*, and while away the time till the "shepherd's hour" should arrive.

As he passed along, his attention was attracted by a ludicrous, but characteristic, incident. The rage which prevails among the Parisians for giving something of a

military air to almost every species of dress, is quite proverbial. This whimsical inclination extends itself even to children's clothing, who are often, in consequence of it, travestied in a very singular and ridiculous manner. A lady, who was walking a few paces before DICK, was accompanied by her son, a child scarcely three years old, but equipped completely *en militaire*,

"From head to foot, my Lord; from top to toe."

The mamma, too, was a little in the same style, making allowance for the difference of sex. Her hat and feathers were modelled upon the hussar cut, and the buttons and trimming of her dress had evidently been contrived with a view to a military appearance. But while the fond parent was gazing with ecstacy on her darling offspring, whom she doubtlessly viewed as an embryo general, a diminutive puppy, attracted probably by the singular appearance of the little hero, stepped forward, and assailed him with a shrill peal of barking, or rather yelping, which made the infant warrior shrink back, with tearful *peepers*, from so formidable an antagonist.

The anxious mamma's alarms for her dear pet made her forget the necessary proceeding of endeavouring to remove the object of his fears; but DICK, stepping forward, quickly compelled the noisy animal to take to its heels, and thus restored calm tranquillity to the bosoms of mother and son. He then proceeded to the *restaurateur's* without interruption, where we shall leave him for the present, and turn our attention to what has been passing at the *Hôtel Meurice*.

CHAP. XX.

JENKINS *the Bringer of bad Tidings—Domestic Affliction—Interrogative Duett; its pleasing Effects on the* Listener—*Lady* HALIBUT *in Hysterics—The Knight and Squire in search of* LYDIA—DICK'S *Adventure in the Café—Unexpected Restitution, and a Riddle to solve—The lost Sheep found—*LYDIA'S *Narrative—A suspected Character placed in its true Light.*

OUR readers will of course recollect that, at the unlucky moment of *Lady* HALIBUT'S entrusting her daughter to the sole care and vigilance of *Squire* JENKINS, her *Ladyship*, accompanied by *Sir* HUMPHREY, proceeded home in a *fiacre*. The good lady, while in the vehicle, could not refrain from some expressions of exultation at the generalship she had evinced in contriving a clear stage for her expected son-in-law; and it was with some degree of displeasure that she perceived, or, at least, thought she perceived, that the monosyllabic replies of her husband were uttered in a tone by no means indicative of any particular gratification at his consort's exploit. Her feelings, on this subject, were on the point of expressing themselves with the energy belonging to her character, when the arrival of their *fiacre* at the *Hôtel*, for a time, interrupted the tide of conversation, and the serving up of refreshments, for which their excursion of the morning had given both parties a tolerable inclination, postponed the consideration of all less

important matters to the weighty concern of supplying the importunate cravings of appetites, which, in the case of the good *Knight* and his spouse, could generally boast of a "hungry edge" not easily to be cloyed.

When, however, as Virgil, in his Æneid, happily phraseth it, "*Compressus amor edendi*," the desire of eating was repressed; in other words, when the worthy pair had *put in* some pretty effectual *stoppers* to the demands of the *prog-closet*, my lady, who was inferior to none of her lovely sex in her pertinacious pursuit of any object on which she had set her mind, returned to the charge, if not exactly "like a giant refreshed with wine," yet with spirits that were undoubtedly much invigorated by the *attentions* she had been paying to the viands before her.

Sir HUMPHREY had always entertained a strong partiality for his nephew; and, though no human being could have less of mercurial temperament than himself, yet, strange as it may appear, DICK'S "hair-breadth *scrapes*"* and innumerable mad pranks and adventures had served rather to confirm than to weaken his uncle's predilection for him. The *Knight*, too, though not critically versed in "Cupid's lore," was not altogether a stranger to the little god's bewitching influence, as the adventure of the fair *barbière* may have shown. He could, therefore, enter a little into similar feelings on the part of others. He thought that he had long observed in his nephew a *penchant* for LYDIA, and that the young lady did not appear particularly averse from returning it; and the kind-hearted *Sir* HUMPHREY had often, in his own mind, felt much pleasure

* The reading of a provincial actor of some celebrity.

in the idea of seeing his daughter and DICK united at some future period, though both the youth of the one party and the unsteadiness of the other made him not anxious to hurry on such an event.

Lady HALIBUT, on the contrary, had never in her heart been very much a friend to DICK. His too great vivacity and restlessness of character had always been great faults in the eyes of his aunt; and she was the more disposed to view this part of his character in an unfavourable light, as she was aware that she herself had not always been exempted from becoming the subject of his waggery. His attentions to LYDIA had not escaped her *Ladyship's* observation; but the very respect and politeness he now showed for his aunt, contrasted with his former occasional neglect of her, only rendered him more the object of her displeasure, as she was conscious that she was indebted to her daughter for this change in DICK'S manner. She did not, however, suspect the truth that LYDIA was attached to her cousin, for the young lady, knowing her mother's unfavourable dispositions towards her lover, was extremely careful to keep her real feelings a secret from the former.

From the time that *Squire* JENKINS was first introduced to the HALIBUT family, her *Ladyship* marked him for LYDIA'S future husband; but, having some suspicions of *Sir* HUMPHREY'S inclination to favour DICK'S pretensions, she had not imparted her views to her husband till having, as she thought, brought her plans pretty well to bear, she imagined she might do so with safety.

She now, however, developed to *Sir* HUMPHREY her project in all its details, not omitting sundry commendations of her own skill and sagacity in having brought matters into

such a state of forwardness, that there was every reason to anticipate a successful termination. Her husband, though groaning in spirit, had not courage to utter in reply to his wife's able exposition more of his real sentiments than, "But, my dear, don't you think there's summat like something of a liking for each other between DICK and our LIDDY?" Her *Ladyship* assured the *Knight* that there was not the slightest foundation for such a conjecture; that she was confident her daughter had too much sense to think of any such thing; and that as for their nephew's *palavering* and nonsense, 'twas just his way with all young women. That, even supposing DICK had any serious notion of his cousin, such a wild young man could be no fit husband for her; and that it was their bounden duty, as parents, not to shut their eyes to their daughter's interests, when she had a chance of getting such a man as the master of *Tallyho-Hall*. *Lady* HALIBUT then began trumpetting forth most loudly the praises of the *Squire*. It seemed as if no particular was likely to escape her: his mansion and his manners; his breeding and his bull-dogs; his graces and his greyhounds; all would probably have come in for their respective share of commendation, had not the thread of her *Ladyship's* discourse been cut short in the very middle of it, by the subject of her elegant eulogium, JENKINS himself, appearing, *in propriâ personâ*, and bursting abruptly into the room.

The expression of his countenance was, of itself, enough to silence the fluency of her *Ladyship;* indeed, his features wore an appearance of inquietude and dismay, little short of that impressed upon them by his memorable dream of *Starling's* ablution. *Sir* HUMPHREY and his lady stared at him with amaze, till the *Squire* at last broke out with, "What! an't she here neither?" "She, who do you

mean?" echoed, at the same time, both his friends. "Why, LIDDY, to be sure," stammered out JENKINS; "who else should I mean but she? I thought, mayhap, she'd given me the go-by, and come home of herself, a purpose to spite me." The dismayed parents looked at each other aghast; but, almost in an instant, the unfortunate *Squire* was assailed with a succession of interrogatories, in which *Sir* HUMPHREY and his *Lady* were sometimes alternate, and sometimes simultaneous interlocutors, that put his patience most terribly to the proof. "What, isn't she along with you?" cried the *Knight*. "Why, hav'nt you brought her?" exclaimed her *Ladyship*. "You never can have gone to leave my poor girl in the street, man!"—"You can't have thought of going away from her, *Mr.* JENKINS?"—"You cou'dn't be such a d——d fool as to leave LIDDY to walk in Paris by herself?"—"You would never be such a hard-hearted wretch as to desert her, after I put her so specially under your care."

A duet, of which the above sentences may be regarded as a few specimens, was vociferated by the alarmed and angry parents of LYDIA into the ear of the unlucky JENKINS, till he was almost deafened. At length, finding an *opening* for the use of his *chaffer*, which was foaming from a complication of rage and other feelings, he exclaimed, "By G—d, you'll drive me mad between you; and you give me no room even *to put in a word edge-ways*. I vow and protest I never meant any harm to the girl, nor had I any thoughts of leaving her; and I can't conceive how the deuce it happened. I only just told her to stand snug, and wait for me a minute or two, while I went to try and get something like fair play between two scoundrels of Frenchmen that were *pillorying* each other instead of fighting like men. I was gone *no time scarce*, and shou'dn't have been

so long if the cowardly scamps had not set upon me unfairly, and floored me. Well, I came back directly to the place where I'd left LIDDY, and, as sure as mutton's mutton, the bird was flown; and when I asked of the people of the house, they told me that the young woman had *boxed her mumps** almost the instant I left her. So I thought she'd come here, mayhap, alone, just to vex me, and set you against me; and, at any rate, thinks I, the best thing I can do is to see whether she is gone there or no, 'twill be no use hunting about Paris without; I might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay, as the saying is. But, come, don't be down in the mouth about it, she can never be lost; we must look for her without loss of time. I'm sure I'd give all I'm worth to find her; she must be somewhere or other, that's for certain. I'm sure I never dreamed of any harm those few minutes."

"Pray, where did you leave her?" inquired *Sir* HUMPHREY, in a tone of great agitation. "In the porch of a house at the corner of the street," replied the *Squire*. "In a porch in the open street!" cried her *Ladyship*, who could no longer contain herself. "Oh! my poor dear girl, my dear LIDDY! she'll be eat up; she'll be cut to shreds and bits; she'll be ravished by all the Frenchmen! You're a vile man, *Mr.* JENKINS; an infamous, perjurated, scandalous, man! Oh dear! oh dear!"—Here *Lady* HALIBUT'S feelings so completely overpowered her, that she fell into most violent sobbing and hysterics, and was with difficulty, with the assistance of the servants, at length conveyed to bed.

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* Walked off.

Sir HUMPHREY, though not less distressed than his lady, behaved with much more firmness, and evinced, on this trying occasion, a presence of mind and a degree of prompt recollection scarcely to have been expected from a person of his character. After seeing every proper attention paid to his consort, he returned to JENKINS, and, sensible of the inutility of reproaches, he abstained from them altogether, and only spoke to the *Squire* of the most probable means of recovering LYDIA. *Sir* HUMPHREY justly observed that, under the singular circumstances of his daughter's disappearance, their only proper mode was obviously to have recourse to the police. Without their aid it was more than probable all research would be fruitless; while, with the assistance of that vigilant and well-organised body, it was scarcely possible that LYDIA could long remain undiscovered in any part of Paris or its environs.

Squire JENKINS fully concurred in the opinion of the *Knight*, and a vehicle was immediately summoned, in which they set out together in pursuit of their object. In this occupation we shall leave them engaged for the present, while we return to follow our hero in his steps of adventure.

As an additional means of filling up the interval of time, which, in his situation, may naturally be supposed to have moved on rather leaden pinions, DICK, after finishing his dinner at the *restaurateur's*, sauntered into one of the *cafés*, in the *Palais Royal*. Indeed, to a person of our hero's disposition, fond of observing human nature in its varieties, and somewhat satirically inclined, a Parisian coffee-house is generally no bad receipt for dissipating *ennui*. Swarms of idle persons almost spend their lives at one or other of these places, playing chess, talking politics, reading the journals,

or sitting still. More than one hundred individuals may frequently be observed assembled in a coffee-room of moderate size, and there is no hour of the day when the same scene does not present itself. *

Dick's impatience for the hour of rendezvous began to derive some relief from the entertainment he found in contemplating the countenances and occupations of the different persons around him, when his attention was suddenly diverted to another topic. One of the *garçons* belonging to the *café* brought him a letter, which he said had just been given him by a person who had hastily gone out of the house, leaving him instructions to deliver the letter, immediately, into the hands of *Mr.* Wildfire.

On inspecting the superscription, it proved to be in a hand-writing totally unknown to our hero. His curiosity,

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* Paris, under every government and at all periods, will bear the same appearance as to amusements. Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, gives the following description of the coffee-houses of his time, which applies exactly to those of our own day.

"*Le café est très en usage à Paris, il y a un grand nombre de maisons publiques où on le distribue. Dans quelques unes de ces maisons, on dit des nouvelles, dans d'autres on joue aux échecs. Il y en a une où l'on apprête le café, de telle manière qu'il donne de l'esprit à ceux qui en prennent; au moins de tous ceux qui en sortent, il n'y a personne qui ne croie qu'il en a quatre fois plus que lorsqu'il est entré.*"

Coffee is much in use at Paris. There are a great number of public-houses where it is distributed. In some of these houses the news of the day is reported, in others chess is played. There is one of them in which coffee is prepared in so peculiar a manner as to improve the intellects of those who take it; at least, of those who come from this house, there is not one who does not think himself four times as wise as when he went in.

already excited, was naturally heightened by this circumstance. He eagerly opened the letter, and his surprise may easily be conceived, on finding, enclosed, drafts to a considerable amount on the house of *Perigaux and Lafitte.* In addition to these welcome *contents,* DICK found the following communication on the subject.

" *Mr.* WILDFIRE will, it is presumed, not be displeased with the enclosed *billets:* he will find, upon counting them, that they amount to the exact sum of which he was robbed sometime back, by the arts and iniquity of a notorious swindler. Subsequent occurrences have enabled the writer of this to compel the scoundrel to refund his ill-gotten gains; and he takes the earliest opportunity of restoring them into the hands of their legitimate owner. At a future period, the circumstances connected with this transaction may be disclosed; and the disclosure may probably be of service in teaching *Mr.* WILDFIRE not to decide too hastily upon conduct or character from appearances, which, even with the most discerning observer, may be liable to much misconstruction. At present, the writer begs to decline any explanation. To prevent fraud or accident, he has made the drafts payable to *Mr.* W. *alone,* and not to order or bearer. He begs leave, in conclusion, to wish *Mr.* WILDFIRE all health and happiness."

Our hero could not be otherwise than gratified at this unexpected restitution of what he had long regarded as irrecoverably lost; but, in the midst of so agreeable a surprise, his curiosity was raised to an almost painful degree of intenseness, as to who the person could be to whom he was so much indebted. He read the letter over and over again, but without obtaining any clue to a discovery. Nor could he make any thing of the hint given respecting the

probable effects of a disclosure upon his mind, as he was not conscious of having passed a hasty or uncharitable judgement upon any one. The tone, too, of the epistle throughout was that of studied mystery, which the person, to whom it was addressed, was unable to penetrate. He interrogated the waiter of the coffee-house very closely as to the person, dress, appearance, and manner of the messenger who had brought the letter, but could elicit nothing from the replies of the *garçon* at all calculated to throw any light upon this singular affair. It was, perhaps, a fortunate diversion to his anxiety, that the clock warned him of the hour having arrived which required him to set out for the purpose of securing his expected *bonne fortune*. He quitted the coffee-house, but so strong was the impression made upon his mind by the remarkable occurrence which had just befallen him, that, as he directed his steps to the scene of his promised bliss, his thoughts were as much at least occupied with the unknown writer of the letter he had received, as with the approaching interview with his *inamorata*.

The feelings of gallantry, however, overcame the impulse of curiosity on his reaching the well-recollected spot of the garden-gate, and he became alive only to the rapturous prospects that awaited him. He found SAM already at his post, where he had, indeed, been waiting some time. Perhaps the valet's *penchant* for *Mademoiselle Claudine* had something to do with this more than punctuality: at all events his master did not neglect the opportunity of rallying SHARP upon his eagerness.

If such were the feelings of poor SAM, he was destined to experience disappointment. He had not waited many minutes with his master at the appointed spot, before *Clau-*

dine made her welcome appearance; but, instead of the same convenient arrangements for SAM as on the former occasion, the *suivante's* instructions were to conduct *Mr.* WILDFIRE to her mistress, while the unlucky valet was to remain a solitary sentinel at the garden-gate.

DICK'S heart experienced violent palpitations as, preceded by *Claudine*, he ascended the private staircase, the scene of his former eventful and hazardous escape. The damsel continued her course till she reached a room, which her impatient follower readily recognised as that of her mistress. She then half opened the door, and motioned to our hero to enter. He eagerly obeyed the signal, and rushed into the apartment, where, to his utter astonishment, he found, not the yielding *Marchioness*, as he had anticipated, but——**LYDIA!**

The surprisewhich this unexpected rencontre caused in our hero's mind was so great as fairly to *dumb-founder* him, and he remained, in the presence of his fair cousin, as silent as the statue of Harpocrates. Indeed, had he possessed the eloquence of Cicero himself, it would have availed him little in such a situation. Though the appearance of his cousin at the *Marchioness's* was a perfect enigma to him, little doubt existed in his mind that she was acquainted with the motives which had led him thither; and this reflection contributed not a little to heighten his embarrassment. It will, likewise, be readily imagined that LYDIA'S feelings were not of a nature to induce her to begin the conversation, so that their mutual silence might have lasted heaven knows how long, had not the mistress of the mansion at that moment made her appearance.

The *Marchioness* maliciously amused herself for a minute

or two with the visible embarrassment of her spark in this unexpected dilemma, then, graciously leading forward LYDIA by the hand, she thus addressed him:—"My dear WILDFIRE, I know that we women are in general reproached with being incapable of generosity to each other in matters of love; but I trust, for the honour of our sex, that many, very many, exist, who merit no such imputation. For my own character, I admit it to be vain and coquettish; fond of admiration, and, perhaps, tinctured with a little of what your graver country-women might term levity: but I trust I am incapable of any thing deliberately base and ungenerous; and no eagerness for homage, no desire of conquests, no, nor even tenderer inclinations, shall induce me to wound the peace or destroy the happiness that should attend on merit and virtue. I am in possession of the secret of your amiable cousin's heart; nor am I so poor an observer of human nature as not to have perceived that her's is not an unreturned affection; and the attachment you already entertain for her will, I imagine, be not a little strengthened when you know the infamous arts to which she was designed to become a victim, and the imminent danger in which you have been of losing her. But the details of these matters you will better learn from her own lips; and, as I am obliged to be absent for some time, a full opportunity will be afforded you of becoming acquainted with every particular."

DICK, who was a total stranger to the eventful occurrences of the morning, and whose feelings had undergone a violent struggle during the speech of the *Marchioness*, lost no time, on that lady's quitting the room, in entreating his cousin to explain an affair apparently fraught with so much mystery. LYDIA, in compliance with his request, began by narrating the circumstances with which the reader is

already acquainted; her excursion to the *Gobelins*; her being left under the exclusive guardianship of the *Squire*; and her beau's extraordinary desertion of her, at the mention of which, DICK gave vent to his indignation at the absurdity and unfeelingness of JENKINS'S conduct in no very measured terms.

LYDIA then proceeded to relate that, after standing a short time in the porch, where the *Squire* had left her, the door of the house was opened by a very decent looking woman, who asked if the young lady would like to walk in, and take a seat for a while, till the gentleman's return. This offer was readily accepted, as LYDIA judged going into the house far preferable to continuing in the porch, exposed to the gaze and marked surprise of every passenger; and she concluded that the *Squire*, on his return, would, upon not finding her where he had left her, naturally make his first inquiries at the house. She had not long been seated in the room, before an elderly gentleman, whose dress and manner evidently spoke him to be a person of rank, entered the apartment. He bowed very politely to LYDIA, and even addressed her by her name, at which she could not refrain from expressing her surprise. The gentleman with great gallantry assured her that, *la belle Anglaise*, as she was universally called, was too generally known in Paris for it to afford any grounds for astonishment that she should recognised. He then begged to know to what circumstance he was indebted for the unexpected pleasure of meeting her. LYDIA briefly stated the particulars of JENKINS'S eccentric conduct, and the awkward situation in which she had been placed by it, upon which the gentleman said that he would step out to the crowd without delay, and learn some news of the *Squire*. He returned almost immediately, and told LYDIA that he greatly regret-

ted being the messenger of such unwelcome tidings, but that the *gens-d'armes* had just come up, and taken into custody the principal promoters of the tumult, and, among the rest, her English friend. He told her, however, that his carriage would shortly come to the door for him, and that, under these circumstances, he would take the liberty of offering to take her with him in it, and set her down at her *Hôtel*, as the unfortunate occurrence, which had befallen the gentleman who had accompanied her, might render his return a matter of uncertainty.

LYDIA felt truly grateful for this polite and seasonable offer, which she readily accepted, as the only probable mode of freeing her from the very unpleasant situation in which she was placed. No long time elapsed before the carriage made its appearance, and LYDIA'S newly found acquaintance, with great gallantry, handed her into it. He then spoke a few words quickly and in rather an under tone to the coachman, and followed the young lady into the carriage, which rapidly drove off.

The stranger appeared a person of intelligence and information, and engaged his fair companion in conversation on a variety of interesting topics, calculated to make time pass away agreeably and insensibly. Yet, after a while, the latter, anxious again to join her family, and comparing in her mind the rate at which they were proceeding with the distance she had conceived herself to be from home at the time of their setting out, began to think the journey unusually long; and, on looking out of the window, she could not avoid remarking to her companion, with some surprise, that they appeared to be proceeding along the opposite bank of the Seine, in a direction altogether different to that which she imagined would have conducted them to

the *Hôtel Meurice*. The gentleman explained this to her by stating, that, in order to avoid the unpleasantness of a long drive through the streets, he had directed his coachman to go round by the suburbs as much as possible, and that it would make very little difference in the time of their reaching the *Hôtel*. He added something of having found an additional inducement to prolong their promenade in his wish to enjoy as much of her company as possible.

LYDIA was obliged to content herself with this explanation, though, in her heart, she could gladly have dispensed with the feeling of gallantry that had prompted her companion to protract, in any way, an absence which she feared must already have created great uneasiness in the minds of those most nearly connected with her. Still the carriage continued its course with as great or greater rapidity than before; and as its lovely inmate perceived, with astonishment and vexation, that they had proceeded along the banks of the river to no small distance from Paris, which they were evidently leaving behind them, her inquietude increased, and suspicions, though of an undefined nature, began to obtrude themselves upon her mind. She could not, however, summon courage to ask any further questions on the subject of her companion, who continued to converse as before, without appearing to pay any attention to the embarrassment and apprehension which were sufficiently visible on her countenance.

At length they reached a small but elegant house, standing remote from any other, in a most picturesque situation, by the side of the Seine. As the carriage drove into the court-yard of this house, LYDIA, whose alarms had now become of a serious nature, cast an inquiring and fearful eye on her conductor. He entreated her to reassure and

tranquillize herself; that it was simply the house of a friend, on whom he was obliged to call, for the purpose of making some very particular inquiries, and that he would proceed thence to the *Hôtel* without delay. In the mean while, as his business might possibly detain him for a short time, it would be advisable, he said, for the young lady to alight and rest herself in the house for a few minutes, till he should return to her.

Lydia, with difficulty, concealed her emotions of disgust and resentment at the duplicity which had obviously been practised towards her, nor could she divine the motives of such extraordinary conduct. Neither did she know how to act, as to the offer of entering the house. Reflecting, however, that she had no alternative, in the event of her conductor insisting upon compliance, and that it would be injudicious to provoke a man who appeared to have her wholly in his power, by evincing suspicions which might, after all, be unfounded or erroneous, she consented to his wish, and allowed herself to be handed from the carriage.

She was ushered by an ill-looking female, who seemed to be one of the domestics attached to the house, into an apartment furnished with the most voluptuous elegance. When left here alone, there was something in the disposition of every thing she saw around her that excited in her mind a feeling which was not exactly of admiration, though certainly allied to it. She was a great admirer of painting, and observing some pictures magnificently framed hanging in different parts of the room; she drew near to examine one of them. Judge of her astonishment when she found the subject of the painting to be one on which the eye of no modest female could repose for a moment. A slight glance sufficed to convince her that the other pictures were

of an equally obnoxious kind. Disgusted beyond measure she returned to her seat, and perceiving some elegantly bound books lying on a table near her, she ventured, in the hopes of dissipating her unpleasant feelings by reading, to open one of them; but it was only to discover that the volumes, contained in this infamous apartment, were no less offensive to virtue and decency than the paintings from the inspection of which she had just recoiled.

While she was reflecting with silent but strong indignation on the outrage offered to her sex and character, the door suddenly opened, and the person, who had conducted her to this mansion of impurity, made his appearance. No sooner had he entered than he threw himself at her feet, and uttered the most violent protestations of love. He confessed that, unable to withstand a temptation so unexpectedly afforded him, and to resist the force of the passion which he had felt for LYDIA from the first moment of seeing her, he had availed himself of the opportunity of finding her in an unprotected situation, and had made use of stratagem to conduct her to a place where he might breathe his vows of love at her feet without fear of interruption. He besought her to pardon his apparently ungenerous conduct in consideration of the violent affection that had prompted it, and to give him some room to hope that he might not sigh in vain for what he desired so ardently.

"Conceive, my dear cousin," said LYDIA, continuing her narrative to DICK, whose eyes sparkled with rage at the statement to which he listened, "Conceive what were my feelings on hearing this unparalleled avowal of vice and effrontery, which even dared to entertain a hope of finding the reward of profligacy in my submission to dishonour. At first I vented my passion in reproaches; till overcome

by the consciousness of my situation, I burst into tears, and had recourse to supplication; imploring him not to cover himself with disgrace, and me with irreparable injury, by persisting in conduct so infamous and dishonourable. Perceiving, at length, that I gained nothing by this means, I adopted a plan, which I hope was justified by the circumstances in which I was placed, and seemed to listen with less indignation and reluctance to the base proposals of the wretch, who had conducted me thither. I even feigned a few smiles at his odious and disgusting gallantries; and, by luring him with hopes of ultimate success, I eventually succeeded in prevailing on him to quit me for the present, under the pretext of illness, occasioned by the agitation of my feelings, and thus succeeded in obtaining a temporary relief from the presence of my persecutor.

"Being once more left alone, I began to give way to the melancholy reflections which my situation naturally suggested; but I was not long permitted to indulge them, before the door opened, and the female, whom I have before mentioned as having ushered me into this den of infamy, made her appearance. She came with a smirking countenance to propose to me, that, as the afternoon was fine, and I appeared a little flurried, I should take a turn round the gardens, as the air would probably be of service to me. I really felt excessively sick and faint, and consequently, though not very gratified by her invitation, I did not refuse to accept it. During our promenade, this old minister of vice did not neglect to make sundry comments on the passion of her master, as she termed him, and urging me to yield to it; but I will not repeat a detail of the disgusting conversation of this accomplished agent of iniquity. Finding that I either made her no reply, or answered at random, she, at last, thought proper to leave me; saying, that, perhaps, I should prefer

being alone, and that her master's instructions were to leave me, in every respect, at perfect liberty to follow my own inclinations.

"As far as my secure custody was the object sought, these instructions might be fully complied with, without any risk of my escaping. On my tormentress returning to the house, some idea of an attempt at flight did, indeed, cross my mind; but, as I turned my eye around, the height of the wall, and the strength of the massive gates, which surrounded the grounds, I became but too well convinced of the futility of any such project.

"My feelings of despair and grief now returned with all their violence, and I paced along the walk next to the wall on the side towards the Seine, with hurried steps, and sobbing audibly. This continued a few minutes, when suddenly I thought I heard myself called by my name in a man's voice. I turned hastily round, and saw, on the top of the wall, just above me, a gentleman, whom I remembered to have observed more than once in Paris, during our stay. I started; he looked at me fixedly, and exclaimed, 'Good God, *Miss* HALIBUT, is it really you?'

"Without a moment's hesitation, he leaped from the top of the wall, notwithstanding its great height, and joined me. I briefly explained to him the distressing circumstances in which I was placed, and besought him to devise some plan for my immediate escape, if there was any possibility of effecting it. Anxious to assist me, he yet appeared, for some time, at a loss how to act in so critical a situation; at length, he exclaimed, 'I have it.' He then desired me to continue walking near the same spot, while he would conceal himself behind some trees, at a short distance, till the wo-

man of the house should make her appearance, and then to permit him to act according to his own ideas.

" It was not very long before the wretch alluded to arrived. She probably did not think it expedient to leave me too long by myself, and came to inquire whether, as the dews were beginning to fall, I would not like to return to the house and take some refreshment. She had scarcely time to complete her speech, when my champion rushed out, and seizing her suddenly and tightly by the throat, ordered her, at the peril of her life, immediately to conduct us to some part of the grounds where she could let us out. The wretched woman was too terrified at this unexpected encounter to think of disobeying; she first made signs and motioned towards the house, as if it were necessary for her to return thither, in order to obtain the means of releasing us; but finding this would not be permitted, she thought proper to evince a sullen compliance, and led us to a small iron gate, very near the trees among which my deliverer had concealed himself, but which was so effectually hid by a thicket in front of it, that no person, a stranger to the place, could have suspected its existence. She then drew a small key from her pocket and opened the gate, at which we instantly went out; while the hag, as she retired, cast at us a glance of rage and disappointed malice, which I shall never forget.

" My feelings, at finding myself freed in such an unhoped for manner from a danger so imminent, overpowered me to such a degree, that I appeared wholly incapable of thanking my liberator. He congratulated me on having escaped the clutches of a villain; informing me, at the same time, that he was passing near the side of the wall in a *cabriolet*, when he thought he heard the sobbing of a woman in distress.

Prompted both by curiosity and humanity he mounted the wall, and, to his astonishment, perceived that I was the person. He informed me that his *cabriolet* was then standing at a few yards distance, and that, if I would permit him, he would immediately convey me to the house of a lady of his acquaintance, where I should be in perfect security from any pursuit on the part of my unworthy admirer, till my friends, who must ere this have been alarmed for my loss, could be properly prepared for my return.

"I thanked him gratefully for his proposal. Perhaps my recent experience ought to have taught me distrust upon this occasion likewise; but, besides the great difference in the circumstances, I felt that I could not be worse with any man than him from whom I had escaped. I had, however, no just grounds for any apprehensions; my companion most honourably fulfilled his promise, and conducted me to the house of this lady, where I have now been nearly three hours, and been treated with every possible kindness and consideration. Nay, she has honoured me with her confidence on a subject to which *you* can be no stranger; but her generosity and candour atone for many faults. I likewise learned from her that you would be here this evening; and I was induced to wait your arrival, that you might escort me to my anxious friends."

It would be superfluous to describe the various feelings which agitated our hero, during the progress of LYDIA'S narrative, at the close of which he remained, for some time, so struck that he could not utter a word. At length, having somewhat recovered himself, he asked LYDIA if she had not been enabled to form any conjecture, either as to the person to whom he was so much indebted for her rescue, or the

wretch, who should, if discovered, be called to a dear account for the injury he had meditated on her honour and his own love.

" Pardon me, my dear cousin," she replied, " I will now confess that I know them both; but my benefactress, for so I may truly call the *Marchioness*, particularly requested that I would leave her to inform you upon these points." LYDIA then stamped thrice on the floor, and, in a few seconds, the *Marchioness* made her appearance, leading by the hand——CAPTAIN O'SHUFFLETON!

DICK started at seeing him; but, almost at the instant, the lady of the house advanced towards him, saying, " Allow me, *Mr.* WILDFIRE, to introduce to you the preserver of your lovely cousin in the person of this gentleman."

Our hero looked thoughtful for a little while. After this pause, he offered his hand to the *Chevalier*, saying, at the same time, " Whatever impression may have been made on my mind, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON, by some former occurrences, I am bound to acknowledge, that the service you have recently rendered my cousin entitles you to my warmest gratitude, and I beg to assure you that I entertain it sincerely."

The *Captain* took the proffered hand of our hero, and replied, " Though I am happy to possess *Mr.* WILDFIRE'S friendship on any grounds, I should be sorry to owe it to no other circumstance than the accident which has enabled me to be of some service to your fair cousin, a conduct which can claim no praise, since every man would surely have done the same. At the very time of this fortunate occurrence, I was on my way to seek you, *Mr.* WILDFIRE, and

to offer a full explanation of circumstances which must have made my character appear equivocal and to convince you, in spite of appearances, that I had never justly forfeited the place which I flattered myself I once held in your esteem. Numerous as may be my faults and follies, I would spurn the idea of so base an action, as joining in a conspiracy to defraud my friend. I presume you received a letter, with an enclosure, while at the *Café* this evening, before your coming here?"

DICK replied in the affirmative.

"It was I," continued O'SHUFFLETON, "that sent it, as a proper mode of paving the way for the explanation I sought. The infamous sharper, who robbed you, has been the means of subjecting me to the same suspicions from others, which you, I am aware, must have entertained in regard to me. I had no mode of rescuing myself from the infamy thus attached to me, but by following him up, and watching my opportunity to detect him effectually. This opportunity, at length, arrived; I compelled the wretch, under the dread of being instantly surrendered to the arm of the civil power, to give me written proofs of my having been his dupe, and not his associate; and to enter into an engagement to quit the country immediately. I likewise availed myself of his situation to oblige him to a full restitution of the money of which he had so scandalously defrauded you."

DICK scarcely waited the conclusion of this speech before he shook the hand of his restored friend with all the cordial warmth of a true Englishman, and apologised for the suspicions by which, however justified by appearances, he had wronged O'SHUFFLETON'S character. "And trust

me," he continued, in the fulness of his heart, "I never knew a greater gratification than that which I this moment feel, in finding my friend so completely justified from suspicions, which I feel dissipated with the greater pleasure, as it was with the utmost pain that I ever indulged them."

"I believe you from my soul, my dear fellow," replied the *Captain*, "and this little cloud will only make the sun shine brighter afterwards. I propose setting out for England in a day or two, and hope, on your return thither, to be permitted to cultivate your acquaintance."

Our hero assured him that nothing would afford their whole family greater pleasure, and that he trusted it would not be long delayed, as they were themselves contemplating their almost immediate return. "But," said he, "there is one thing, of which I am yet ignorant, and that I am most impatient to know; the name of the villain whose infamous attempt upon LYDIA I will pursue to the utmost limits of human vengeance."

"That information, replied the lively *Marchioness*, "forms part of my promised communication; but though I make every allowance for your angry feeling, the name of the gentleman in question must be mentioned with less disrespect before me. Know then, I have discovered, past all doubt, that this formidable foe to virgin innocence is no other than my *venerable* lord and husband, the *Marquis*. From regard to me, I am persuaded that, in this case, *Mr.* WILDFIRE will wave his just resentment. Poor old gentleman! no single combat would punish him so effectually as the *amende honorable* he will now be compelled to make to his *injured loving spouse*. This discovery has armed me with a power which the wife, who does not know how to

wield it with effect, ought never to possess; and my better half must henceforward confine all his jealousies, well or ill founded, to his own breast. But we must not detain you here, while your friends are so anxious on your account. I have a commission for the *Chevalier* to execute, and will leave to you, *Mr.* WILDFIRE, the pleasing task of restoring your lovely mistress to her family."

So saying, she wished them good evening, and retired, escorted by the *Captain*. DICK, though delighted, could not but smile at the conduct of this genuine Frenchwoman. Perhaps he entertained some idea that the *Captain's commission*, which she had alluded to, was not altogether a *military* one. But LYDIA now so wholly engrossed his mind that this thought gave him no uneasiness; besides, the *Marchioness* had herself intimated that he ought to quit the field. Still his gallantry suggested the propriety of making some acknowledgement of her many favours conferred and *intended*. Before, therefore, quitting the house, he sat down, and hastily wrote the following lines, which he left upon the table, addressed to his relinquished *inamorata*:—

I know an eye of liquid light
Whose beams all others far outshine;
How could I gaze with dear delight,
Did love but mark its glances mine!

I've seen a face of seraph pow'r,
So sweet, its equal cannot be;
How ardently could I adore,
Were but its smiles bestow'd on me.

There is a hand whose fairy form,
The Graces might with envy view;
How would its touch my bosom warm,
Did it but thrill with passion too.

There is a soft and velvet lip,
Where Love his signet has impress'd;
Could I but hope its sweets to sip,
How would its beauties touch my breast.

But what to me are eyes, whose rays
Another flame than mine approve?
Or lovely face, whose charm conveys
But light to warm another's love?

Or ruby lips, with magic kiss,
Which to a happier swain incline?
Or fairy hand, whose touch of bliss,
Will fondly ne'er respond to mine?

Admir'd, unrivall'd, yet adieu,
The form that I must ne'er caress;
Passion must still have hope in view,
And sigh for what it may possess.

Love's garden still has joys in store,
I will not slight each flow'r that blows,
Though ling'ring, I may turn once more,
And grieve I must not pluck the rose;

And heave one fond, one parting sigh,
Ere yet I break the potent spell;
To think her presence I must fly,
Whom I could have lov'd so passing well.

For her may breathe one fervent pray'r,
That in Life's strangely-chequer'd scene,
She may a love as ardent share,
As pure, as warm, as mine *had* been.

Nay, and when ev'n in Passion's bow'rs
'Tis mine its richest joys to prove;
I yet may think, 'mid Rapture's hours,
I once had hop'd a fairer love.

But yet, with all its charms, adieu,
That form which I must ne'er caress;
My passion must have hope in view,
And sigh for what I can possess.

No further cause for delay existing, DICK quitted the mansion of the *Marchioness*, with his fair cousin under his protection; and in a very short time reached the *Hôtel Meurice*. They had scarcely entered it, when the *Squire* and *Sir* HUMPHREY arrived. The vigilance of the police had already obtained a cue to the extraordinary disappearance of LYDIA, and they had returned to console *Lady* HALIBUT, by assuring her that there was every prospect of recovering her daughter. Their pleasure at finding the object of their search safe under DICK'S protection may be easily conceived. *Lady* HALIBUT had recovered, in some measure, from her fit, and embraced her daughter with feelings that a mother alone could know. But we leave our readers to imagine for themselves the features of this happy meeting; the interest with which LYDIA'S detail of her adventures was listened to by all present,—the various congratulations she received on her escape,—the multiplied reproaches experienced by the poor *Squire* from her *Ladyship*, on the calamity he had occasioned, and the difficulty with which, at LYDIA'S earnest intercession, she, at length, consented to overlook his offence. The events of the day had so exhausted all parties, that the hour of repose was welcome on its arrival. The humbled, though pardoned, owner of *Tallyho-Hall* returned to his *Hôtel*, and the members of the HALIBUT family retired to rest in their respective apartments.

CHAP. XXI.

A Visit to the Italian Opera—How to make a Frenchman an Italian—Not fashionable to be pleased with Music any where but at the French Grand Opera—The Party hastily return to their Hôtel—*Another Day brings another Set of Amusements—Commencement of the Fête of St. Louis —Some Specimens of the Honours paid to the Saint, by his Brethren of the Church—Visit to Notre Dame—Celebration of High Mass—Another Application to Mr.* Meurice's *Larder, and a Word about Cherry-bounce—Reappearance of* Squire Jenkins—*The Party repair to the Elysian-Fields—The Festivities and Diversions there—*Sam Sharp *becomes the Wonder of the Field—The Illuminations and Fireworks—The Close of the Fête, and of this Chapter.*

On the satisfaction experienced by every individual of our party on the restoration of the beloved Lydia, we will not farther enlarge. Notwithstanding the risk which the young lady had run in her late adventure, it did not check the desire of the Halibuts to go abroad, and to see all that they could within the time limited for their departure. *Lady* Halibut could truly say that she had enjoyed a view of the French Grand Opera; but she knew not what to make of the observations she heard made by some of the cognoscenti part of her countrymen, respecting the charms and muscial

raptures of the Italian Opera. "It will be said by our neighbours, the Tweedles and the Twaddles, on our return, should we neglect witnessing this grand place, and listening to *Grassini, Pellegrini,** *Bordogni,* and *Fodor,* that we have seen nothing. I would not, for the value of all the fiddles in Paris, that such squeaking thrum-stringing creatures should show more *airs* than we, who have travelled as becomes English nobility. What do you say, *Sir* HUMPHREY?" *Sir* HUMPHREY growled out some sounds that were intended to say, he thought his wife had too many airs already, that he cared not where she went, and that it would be no heart-breaking affair to him if some old battered beau, in search of female beauty, would so effectually prevent her return, as that he might never behold her rosy face again. "As for you, LYDIA," continued the matron, "if your fears are over, I will take care that no harm shall happen to you. DICK is at hand, and I can see, from his increased attention to you since *Squire* JENKINS's neglect, that he will not need much persuasion to become your protector." The affair of the *Marchioness* being now off our hero's hands, and his affections at liberty to rest undisturbed where they had all along been sincerely and permanently fixed, expressed more than an usual readiness to have an opportunity to attend upon his lovely cousin.

At that instant, the well-known, but hapless face of the proprietor of *Tallyho-Hall* made its appearance. JENKINS had got over his disgrace, occasioned by his late conduct to LYDIA. He entered in high spirits, cracking his whip, and singing Sally in our Alley, elated at the thoughts of their approaching departure for England, and at the pros-

* The two first-mentioned performers are at the French Grand Opera.

spect of speedily again beholding his dear *Sally Scrubwell.* "It is perfectly settled and made up *Squire,*" said *Lady* HALIBUT, "you may hear the *second* but you are now too late to play the *first* fiddle." "I know it madam," replied JENKINS, "but you see I am prepared to start with you, though fortune played me a slippery trick with puss there, when I lost her under the covers; yet, still, I may have the honour of continuing to be your *Ladyship's* whipper-in." "Ah, *Mr.* JENKINS," said *Lady* HALIBUT, resuming her wonted smiles of affability, "you are still the same gallant man; we are just setting out for the Italian Opera; DICK takes charge of LYDIA, but if you can squeeze yourself into a place along side of us, you are welcome." "I admire your *Ladyship's* taste," replied JENKINS, satyrically; "you will be looked upon, at the west end, as prime dictatress of all the musical meetings. Fiddles and fiddle-strings! The music, for my money, is of another sort." Here the *Squire* began to caper, crack his whip, and burst out into his favourite song of Tallyho. He, however, recollected himself so far, as to add, "that as it was the last time he hoped his ears should be set in this sort of pillory, he would accompany them once more to the theatre of fiddlers."

They accordingly drove off to the *Rue Louvois,* where they arrived at the entrance of the abode of harmony. At most of the theatres in Paris, there are conveniences and regulations that serve much to protect the public, and preserve order among the crowds seeking admission. In some instances, the way is covered from the street to the door, and within is a spacious vestibule, where the police and *gens-d'armes* attend to prevent crushing, and regulate the motions of those about to be admitted. This they do by admitting only a certain number or portion at a time.

The appearance of the entrance, and of the house itself, did not at all please *Lady* HALIBUT, or raise the expectations of any of the party; a copious rain fell at the time, and unfortunate was the shrinking, cringing beau, who was obliged to trust to the few frail boards at the entrance for shelter. A crowd of these fiddle-struck connoiseurs were, however, undergoing the pelting of the pityless storm, in that purgatory, previous to their being admitted to a more comfortable and harmonious region. Through this assembly, by the help of DICK'S and JENKINS'S elbows, and a franc to the *gens-d'armes*, our party contrived to pass into the vestibule. The artist has taken great pains to represent the entrance into this theatre, and the mode of admitting the public.

The first thing that struck *Lady* HALIBUT, on taking a glance of the interior, was the total absence of ladies of quality; indeed, she could scarcely discern a female in the house, herself and LYDIA would, therefore, be the stars of the evening; but this was not all that the vanity of *Lady* HALIBUT required, she wished to be amongst the *ton*, and to see and be seen by the fashionable world. The audience being chiefly composed of men, habited to meet the watery element that had annoyed them, gave rather a sombre appearance to the theatre. Our *Lady* directress of the amusements had not, moreover, sufficiently considered the bent of French taste in music and dramatic matters. Nothing that is not French can please in Paris: the Grand National Opera is the only thing worth being seen or supported. It would be sacrilege to suppose for an instant that any thing of foreign growth could equal the rare excellencies to be found within the limits of the French Grand Opera. Hence the Italian Opera, though once supported

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Entrée to the Opera or Dick Wildfire & his Friends going to see "Life" among the Figurantes.

by the powerful talents of *Catalani* has not succeeded in the French capital. This theatre is now annexed to the administration of the Grand French Opera, and is supported by government. The Italian company are in the habit of engaging only for a year, and the performers are recruited annually either in Italy or from other parts of Europe. When Italians are scarce they manage to *make* a few, which operation is performed by adding simply an *a*, an *e*, or an *o*, to the end of a performer's name.

The music was certainly of the most exquisite kind, and seemed to inspire, with most extatic delight, the minds of the connoiseurs. But *Lady* HALIBUT could not conceal her feelings of disappointment and chagrin. She wished to see the ballets, the figurantes, and a blaze of fashionable company, such as frequently add a brilliancy to the superb edifice in the Haymarket. No such sights greeted her view. It was the eternal sound of fiddles and fiddle-strings throughout. JENKINS was as restless as a hound in the kennel,—*Sir* HUMPHREY was asleep,—DICK and LYDIA were, at intervals, conversing on their own affairs, and the tasteful and fashionable *Lady* HALIBUT was ruminating in her mind in what manner she should propose an immediate return from this uncaptivating place.

At length she declared that she felt a violent head-ache coming on, and asked LYDIA what she should do. "It is owing to the sound of these cursed fiddles," cried JENKINS; "if I was nearer the orchestra I would break every *cremona* amongst them. Come, DICK, you see your aunt is ill, let us leave this d——d dull place immediately." Our hero and his cousin had no objections to this proposal, and *Sir* HUMPHREY, being awakened from his dream of magisterial

consequence at the sessions, the party withdrew, and drove to their *Hôtel.*

Next day was to be an eventful one; we hurry on to the development of our story. The *fête* of *St. Louis* was to be celebrated on the coming day. What Frenchman does not feel his mind impressed with powerful sensations at the recollection of the sacred ceremonies, and festive enjoyments of this national *fête.* Up rose the day, and up rose good *Sir* HUMPHREY, at whose summons few dared linger in the arms of repose.

Every thing proclaimed the approach of a festive day. Much as our party now desired to leave France, and regain the shores of old England, still it was next to impossible to abandon Paris on this day, so many sights and amusements usually characterize the *fête* of *St. Louis.*

Already crowds were resorting to the *Elysian-Fields,* bent on diversion and in expectancy of reaping a harvest of good things, when the distribution of the wines and the savory *morceaux* should commence. The *perruqueirs* had repaired to celebrate the mass of *St. Louis* at *St. Eustache,* and the great bell of *Notre Dame* was sounding to call all good catholics to the performance of the like solemn service.

Hitherto our party had not paid much attention to religious ceremonies; even the splendid metropolitan church of *Notre Dame* had remained uninspected by their inquisitive eyes; our travellers conceived they could not better spend the earlier part of the day than in witnessing some of the processions which take place in honour of *St. Louis.* To this, also, they resolved to add a view of the church of *Notre*

Drawn & Engraved by Mr. George Cruikshank

Morning of the Fete of St. Louis or Dick & Jenkins enjoying "Life" in the Elysian Fields

Dame. The processions to the churches exhibited, in most respects, no very reverend appearance. *Lady* HALIBUT ventured to say, that the priests looked like a parcel of forlorn Jew Rabbis hawking about the streets after old clothes, or journeymen undertakers in search of a black job, and that their paraphernalia was not half so fine as the flags on the Fishmongers' barge on my Lord Mayor's day. It was not difficult also to perceive, in the want of respect shown by the populace to the everlasting Crown of Thorns and other relics that appertain to *St. Louis,* the diminished influence of superstition and bigotry. The priesthood in France severely feel the deprivation of their territorial power. Credulity is not now a sufficient foundation for priestly despotism. Passing their observations on such subjects as they went, our party, at length, reached the magnificent edifice of *Notre Dame.* Dismissing superstitious impressions from the mind, it is impossible to enter the precincts of so venerable a building without experiencing feelings of reverential awe.

In size and appearance it is, by no means, to be compared with Westminster-Abbey or St. Paul's. The church of *Notre Dame* is in the form of a Latin cross. The interior dimensions are 390 feet in length, 144 feet in breadth, and 102 in height, without comprehending the space occupied by 45 chapels and the thickness of the walls, which is extraordinary. One hundred and twenty large pillars and 108 columns, each of a single block, which support this edifice, form a double colonnade, extending the full length of the church.

Over the aisles are spacious double galleries, the whole of which receive light by a double row of windows; they form commodious situations for seeing when any great cere-

monies are performed; but it is only on such occasions they are occupied by persons admitted to them by tickets.

On entering this majestic edifice, which is paved with marble, the visiters were struck with the splendid appearance of the choir and sanctuary, brilliant with gilding, precious marbles, and master pieces of statuary and painting. The entrance of the choir is adorned on each side by two estrades, 5 feet high, of Italian marble, and in the centre is a railing of the same height, of polished iron, gilt, enriched with the monograms of the Virgin and the king. The marble of the estrades is ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*, disposed in chequers, and gilt with *or molu*. In the middle of the choir, richly paved with precious marble, is an eagle in gilt brass, 7 feet high, and 3½ feet from wing to wing, which serves as a reading desk (similar to that in St. Paul's), and a wainscoting extends the whole length of two ranges of magnificent seats, placed on both sides of the choir, which terminate near the sanctuary by two archiepiscopal chairs of great beauty, the low relief of which is exquisitely sculptured by *Du Goulon*; the right chair represents the martyrdom of *St. Denis*; the left, the miraculous cure of *Childebert* by the intercession of *St. Germain*, bishop of Paris. The life of the blessed Virgin is represented in low-relief on the wainscoting, in oblong, long, and oval frames, enriched with ornaments, and separated by panels, ornamented with fanciful decorations, and devices of the passions of Christ.

The performance of high mass had just begun as our party walked up the aisle to take their seats as near the altar as possible; the priests were arranged along a richly decorated shrine; a profusion of lighted tapers burned before the images of the saints that were numerously placed

along the walls; before these images bent the devotees in deep humiliation; some knelt on the floor, with uplifted eyes and hands; others availed themselves with the assistance of chairs, over which they inclined towards their favourite image, and now and then

> "Along the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise."

Suddenly the tinkling of a small bell announced the elevating of the Host, at which a deeper sensation of awe and solemnity impressed the whole congregation. *Lady* HALIBUT, who had never witnessed this ceremony, and knew not what the host meant, was astonished, and almost frightened out of her wits to behold a sable pall, intermixed with white, moving along, as if with funeral pomp, and rising to a level with the priests on the altar. She eagerly asked DICK, in a whisper, what was under that black cloth? "Only the priests," replied DICK. "Well," rejoined her *Ladyship*, "I never before witnessed such a piece of bugbear nonsense." "Nor did I ever see," added *Sir* HUMPHREY, "such gammon and flummery in my life." Again the small bell tinkled, and the host was lowered. "Well done, gammon and flummery," repeated *Sir* HUMPHREY, "I think we have had enough of you, what say you *spousee?*" "Why, I thinks the same," replied her *Ladyship*. Then addressing DICK and LYDIA, "Come," said she, "I am sure you are longing to be in some more lively place, let us proceed to the *Elysian-Fields*, and see whether they have provided any better amusement for the Saint there."

The fancies of the lovers were, indeed, running upon more pleasing and entertaining subjects, and they readily retired, with her *Ladyship* and *Sir* HUMPHREY, from the sacred precincts of the holy *fane*.

The *Elysian-Fields* might have a very pleasant sound to the ears of those who expect to obtain a share of the wine and sausages, and savelloas, and ragouts that were to be distributed there; but *Sir* HUMPHREY'S stomach was already crying out for prog, and felt no assurance that any part of the before-mentioned good things would fall to his lot, proposed a previous visit to their *Hôtel*, where some belly-timber might be obtained, and the hollow murmurs of the stomach silenced, for a time, by solid fare. *Lady* HALIBUT, for once, thought the *Knight's* proposition a wise one; besides her desire to fortify the system with that cordial drop of cherry-bounce, with whose virtues she was so well acquainted; she had also a wish to find *Squire* JENKINS, whose protection she thought might be of essential importance to her in their visit to the *Elysian-Fields*.

On their arrival at the *Hôtel des Londres*, they found the *Squire* impatiently waiting for them; he had been visiting almost all the dog-merchants in Paris, and had, at last, picked up a brace of French fighting tykes, which, although inferior to *Teaz'im*, he meant to take with him to *Tallyho-Hall*.

The party being thus once more complete, and refreshed for a new campaign, they took their way towards the *Elysian-Fields*; the day being fine, they preferred to walk through the *Tuileries* gardens, at the termination of which the *Elysian-Fields* commence. The beautiful promenades in these gardens were quite full of fashionable loungers of both sexes, and much did it gratify the pride of *Lady* HALIBUT to receive a recognizing nod from one or two of the *demi-reps*, to whom she had been introduced. At length, they reached the scene of the appointed display of festivity; it seemed as if high carnival had began, the whole of the

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Evening of the Fete of St Louis, or Dick Jenkins & the Halibutts witnessing the Canaille in all their glory.

moving characteristics of the *boulevards* had been transported to the *Elysian-Fields*. *Lady* HALIBUT, not unaptly, compared the scene before her to *Bartholomew-fair*, or *Lord Mayor's* day; in various parts of the fields, booths and galleries had been erected for the accommodation of the spectators, and *gens d'armes* were stationed about in every direction to preserve order and superintend the distribution of the prizes. The dispensators of this bounty were placed in elevated parts of their magazines of provisions, &c. from which they threw among the crowd the bread and viands dedicated to this purpose. The wines were, of course, greatly coveted; and, as much struggling and care was necessary on the part of the candidates for a share, some casualties of an odd and rueful measure were frequently taking place. Disappointment more than success rewarded the efforts of the aspirants, when jugs and vessels of all kinds strove to obtain and bear off a portion of the delicious beverage. Much, they say, may happen between the cup and the lip. In this case the adage was provokingly verified. The pitchers, bowls, cans, and even buckets, although steadily supported on poles, suffered complete destruction in the scramble and confusion; while many a contest and bitter feud were generated among the parties below, by woful experience of similar disappointments. DICK and JENKINS having disposed of the ladies and *Sir* HUMPHREY in a place of safety, from which they could also have a view of whatever was passing over the extent of the crowded fields, left them for a little time, to mix among the multitude of strange characters who composed this assembly. Amongst the objects scattered about for the amusements of the populace, that which most attracted attention were several lofty poles, or masts, fixed in the ground, about forty or fifty feet high, rendered, in the first place, as smooth as possible by the carpenter, after which they were made

still more smooth and slippery by being covered with grease, soap, &c. On the top of these poles were affixed crosses, on which hung the prizes that were to reward the agility of such as could climb sufficiently high to reach them; the whole surmounted and decorated with garlands of flowers. The competitors drew lots to decide the priority of trying their luck. To give them some advantage at starting, each was allowed to dip his hands in a tub of ashes. The prizes, in general, were laced hats, watches, buckles, fiddles, and other trivial articles; at the foot of each pole was spread a sufficient quantity of straw to secure from serious accidents such as might fall in making their attempt.

The spectators were much delighted with these sort of diversions; even JENKINS was greatly pleased with them, and took an active hand in spiriting on the competitors to try to reach the envied prizes. Many were prevailed upon to attempt the giddy height, but soon came faster down than they got up. At some distance, however, in the middle of the field where one of these poles was erected, and a laced hat was conspicuous amongst the prizes that tempted ambition from its top, an instance of successful exertion was exhibited which excited the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed it. The laced hat had evidently a magical power in attracting the eyes of the valets; but the ambition of none of these gentlemen soared to such a height as to tempt them to hazard their personal safety in order to obtain an article which they knew their masters must provide for them. At length a person suddenly pressed forward, and, embracing the pole with hands and knees, warped his way up, in spite of soap and grease, until he reached the top, where, seating himself on the cross, and securing his prize, he waved the laced hat round his head with loud huzzas, which were responded to by the immense concourse

of spectators gathered around. "That fellow," said JENKINS, "must be an Englishman; a Frenchman has not brains for such an act." "I know no one that could perform such a feat, except BEN BLOCK," replied DICK WILDFIRE; "but he, I know, is now enjoying his recovered property in the delightful precincts of *Blackwall*." Thus saying, they moved towards the spot where the prodigy of dexterity was exhibiting his well-won prize; but what was their astonishment when, on reaching the scite of the pole at the moment the hero of the hat was descending, they discovered him to be no other person than SAM SHARP, DICK WILDFIRE'S own valet. "Why, what the Devil, is this you, SAM?" ejaculated JENKINS, ere he could reach the ground; "have you no easier mode of getting hats than hazarding your neck for them?" SAM, on perceiving his master so near him, was filled with surprize and confusion; he dreaded a just reproof for his present temerity, but much more for having absented himself from his duty for several days; which absence, SAM, after receiving a slight reprimand, humbly undertook to prove was not a voluntary one. SAM then acknowledged that, on the night of their return from the *Marchioness's*, he had so far yielded to the force of love and wine as to stray into the *Palais Royal* at a late hour, where he had had the misfortune to fall into an affray with some persons still more intoxicated than himself. The consequence was, he had lost his hat, and was taken into custody by the police. His companions proved to be of a suspicious description; and as he, himself, felt ashamed to apply for the assistance of his master, he was the longer detained in the *depôt*. Though liberated from want of evidence against him, he still hesitated to present himself before his master, until he should regain his hat. After considerable search he discovered into whose hands it had fallen: it had been sold to one of the prize collectors of the *fête*. This

led him to believe he should once more at least see his beloved *chapeau*. "Having perceived it dangling on the top of the pole," added SAM, "I made free to show the Monsieurs how an Englishman can help himself to his own property." "But how came you, SAM," inquired his master, "to be so expert at climbing greasy masts?" "Why, as to that," answered the valet, "I learnt that art when I was a boy on board of a collier; the grease I found, as I ascended, had run down from the top, and I had provided against its effects by liberally borrowing from the ash-tub, and filling my pockets with sand." "Well, SAM," replied DICK, "I excuse you for your breach of duty, but charge you to behave more circumspectedly in future, on pain of being discharged from my service, and being left to find your way to England how you can."

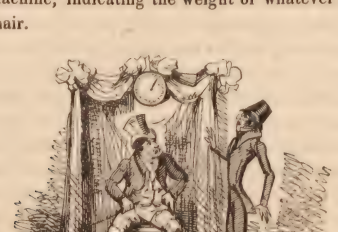
SAM promised reformation, and acknowledged the lenity of his master in many scrapes and bows.

Looking about for JENKINS our hero perceived that the sportsman had wandered to the vicinity of the spot where the good things were distributed; there the *Squire* was eagerly engaged in promoting a fight between two of the disappointed competitors, who had quarrelled about the obtainment of the prizes. DICK was not long in joining his friend in this delectable employment, and undertook to be the second to one, while JENKINS acted in the same capacity to the other. The combatants did not want pluck. Such *gluttons* did they seem, and so ferocious were their looks, that one would have imagined they meant to eat one another; all appearance of science, however, was out of the question; one stood with his arms extended, as if he was ready to embrace his opponent; while the other, with his bunches of fives not clenched, but in the form of claws, was ready to

pounce on his enemy like a wild beast. It was in vain that DICK and JENKINS strove to show them how to handle their morleys according to the noble system that prevails amongst the pugilists of England. The Frenchmen had no notion of such a mode of playing with their anger, or of guarding and attacking as their seconds suggested, their sole aim and object, as we have before observed, is to reach the throat of their adversary; they were closed in hostile conflict several times, and as often separated; at length, one floored the other by main strength, when, putting his knee on his breast, and grasping his throat with both his hands, he would inevitably have strangled his fallen foe had not DICK and JENKINS interfered, and saved the unfortunate *garçon's* life. Some police men coming to the spot at the same time, took it into their own hands to preserve order between the belligerents, by sending them to proper places of safety. JENKINS swore that all Frenchmen were either cowards or savages, while DICK, turning his attention to other objects, proposed to rejoin the ladies and *Sir* HUMPHREY in the Gallery.

Passing towards their friends, JENKINS observed, among the curiosities exposed, a chair richly decorated, into which the sportive *Squire* threw himself with perfect *nonchalance*. "Sixteen stone and a half, exactly," exclaimed the owner of the chair; "Monsieur Bull be one person of weight, ah! ha!" then, holding out his hand to the *Squire*, and making a profound bow at the same time, he politely demanded his customary fee, namely a franc, as he said, "*pour le artiste de ingeneuse machine.*" "D—n you and your ingenious machine, too, Mr. Frenchman; what harm have I done to it? do you place your rag-covered chair there as a trap to catch *flats?*" "*Pardonnez-moi,*" replied the master

of the chair, "*vous non comprendre! entrappé vous! non Monsieur; non entrappé vous. Je suis un artiste; voici, Monsieur! voici!*" pointing to the index or dial at the top of the machine, indicating the weight of whatever is placed in the chair.



"Oh! oh!" cried the *Squire*, "a d——d good invention; would suit Newmarket, egad, to a hair; shan't forget to tell the jockies of it; there, Mr. Artiste, there is your very moderate demand; I know my weight, and now I am ready for the course;" so saying, he took DICK by the arm, and proceeded towards the Galleries.

The ramblers found the ladies and *Sir* HUMPHREY very well satisfied with their situation and the sights they were witnessing, their lofty station, overlooking the extensive field, and commanding a full view of the Seine, on which watermen, dressed in white, exerted their skill in boat-races in the presence of immense crowds of spectators. While such sports as we have mentioned engaged the attention of one part of the populace, the others were mixing in the mazy dance, in the galleries and guinguettes appropriated

for the purpose, or following in the train of some wonder-working magician, figurantes on the tight rope, exhibitors of hydraulics, and mountebank doctor,

> " Like Katterfelto, with his hair on end,
> At his own wonders wondering for his bread."

At length came the grand finale—fireworks and illuminations.

As almost every thing for the entertainment of the public for this fête was provided by government and conducted under its auspices, the displays of pyrotechnic art were extremely brilliant. *Lady* HALIBUT acknowledged that she never saw any fireworks equal them, not even at Vauxhall; indeed, the Elysian Fields on this occasion exhibited something of the appearance of those blissful regions from which they derived their name, and which owed their illuminations neither to sun, moon, nor starry firmament. The trees were hung with lamps, and ever and anon some blazing coruscation sprung from the earth and dissipated itself into a thousand branches in the air. To light and frivolous minds the contemplation of these beauties of art was exceedingly delightful; but our party at length got tired of looking on dazzling bursts of flame, they therefore left their elevated stations and prudently sought their way through the gaping crowd, in which arduous undertaking they were impeded by a cavalcade of the *canaille*, some of whom were dragging a cask that contained the wine they had collected during the fête, astride of which sat a fellow like another Bacchus, whilst others that surrounded him were dancing, and ejaculating shouts of triumph. As soon as this rabble had passed, our party proceeded homeward, assisted by the lights which

were so profusedly scattered around them. Having fortunately, by SAM SHARP'S activity, obtained carriages at the entrance of the *Fabourg St. Honoré*, they drove along the street of that name, until they arrived at their *Hôtel*. The voluntary illuminations in the city were of a piece with the honours paid to St. Louis at the churches in the morning.

If the Saint had no other light to show him to Heaven, he must have been rather at a loss for a taper. Satisfied with what they had seen, our party now betook themselves to refreshment and rest, in which laudable example we will allow our readers to participate, by closing this Chapter.

CHAP. XXII.

JENKINS *in a Quondary — Specimens of French and English Love-Letters — Which is to be preferred, Marriage or a Halter? — Invitation to Court — Trap for Flats — Dressing for Court — Lady* HALIBUT *launched forth in all her Glory — View of the Palace of the Tuileries — Misfortune of not being* en règle *— How soon a Tailor's Art makes a Man fit for Court — Some Idea of the Ceremony of Presentation — Serious Accident at Court — Introduction of a Couple of odd Fishes, and a Mermaid losing her Tail — Sudden Termination to the Presentation — Return of Sir* HUMPHREY *and his Lady to their Hôtel.*

NEXT morning, ere DICK had quitted his apartment, *Squire* JENKINS entered with a countenance unusually clouded with gloom. "Zounds!" exclaimed DICK, "what great misfortune has happened now?

> ————What grief has thus the power
> To cloud the manly brow of noble Shenkin?
> 'What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
> Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.'

"Aye, you may jeer as much as you like," replied JENKINS; "but look at these," added he, throwing down the

letters on the table, "if there is not enough there to make a man hang himself, I know not what plagues, or devils, or women can." DICK took up one of the letters and read as follows: the letter was in French; but we give it in English, for the benefit of the *Squire's* brethren, *the country gentlemen.*

"I am quite shocked at the intelligence which my valet has just brought me; indeed I fear I shall not survive the effects of the dreadful tidings. Can it be, that *Monsieur* JENKINS has conceived the thought, the cruel thought, of abandoning his dear and faithful *Fauchette,* without fulfilling his promise of marriage, or of making such a settlement as may enable her to support the rank to which she is now entitled, and bear the absence of her beloved SHENKINS. No, it cannot be—the tender heart of *mi lor Tallyho* will never so far forget the vows he made to the *Countess de Troquercœurs,* when she yielded to his seducing eloquence, notwithstanding the splendid offers she was daily receiving from the first *noblesse* in France. Come, then, on the wings of love, to my arms, *mon cher ami,* and confirm, by your presence, the falsity of these distracting rumours. If, however, it be true, as I have some reason to suspect, from your late apparent coldness, that you meditate *pour tromper moi* (to bilk me), I hereby give you notice that I will immediately institute an action against you for breach of promise of marriage, and doubt not to be able to prove my right to be either the Lady of *Tallyho-Hall,* or to receive swinging damages for the loss I have sustained.

"I am,

"Your dear and enamoured,

"FANCHETTE,

"*alias* The Countess of TROQUERCŒURS."

Having perused this genuine specimen of French love-writing, without giving way to his risible propensities, DICK threw it down, and took up the other epistle. It proved to be couched in these terms:

"*Tallyho-Hall.*

"Dear Measter and future Hoosband,

"This comes hopping to you, among the Frenchmen, that you are by this time tired of the *parley-vous*, and thinking of coming hoam to your own faithful *Sally*; but this is not all that I rites for; I means to give you the joyful intelligence that I feel it will not be long before a young *Squire* JENKINS will make his appearance at *Tallyho-Hall*. I am sure he must be like you; for he can be nobody's else, in spite of all they say of my being seen with *John Ryegrass* in the hay-field. It will be just six months, on Martimmas-day since you know what happened in the dog-kennel, when I was feeding *Teaz'im*, in the absence of the keeper, who was drunk: three months more will just make up my time; so you see all is true, faithful, and rite, on the part of your dear *Sally*. I trust you will immediately return on receipt of this to satisfy the parish, as the officers have already got scent of the expected appearance of the young *Squire*. I hopes likewise you will lose no time in making me a honest woman by fulfilling your promise of making me Mrs. JENKINS. This is all, from your loving servant,

"SALLY SCRUBWELL,

"or, as I hopes to say,

"SALLY JENKINS."

At the close of the perusal of this couple of rare amatory epistles, DICK could restrain the inclination to laugh no longer. He burst into an immoderate fit of merriment, and,

looking on the *Squire's* face, still the mirror of woe, he exclaimed, "Why, now, by all the gods of love and faithlessness, thou art the very prince of Lotharios and gay seducers! How many more fond believing damsels may you have thus entangled in Cupid's snares? Henceforth, let the laurels of seduction, wet with the tears of chambermaids and kitchen-wenches, be added to the crest of my worthy friend AP SHENKIN, who can run down nobler game than either bears, foxes, or badgers."

"Aye, you may smile as you chuse," replied JENKINS, "but, by the Lord Harry, it is no laughing matter to me to be thus assailed, on both sides, by a pair of designing demireps from the kitchen, eager to make a prey of me, and force me into marriage; but, before I will submit to enter the noose of matrimony with either of these low-sprung Dulcineas, I will tuck myself up on the highest tree in *Tallyho-Park*." "Well, but what are you to do," asked DICK, "in order to avoid the annoyance of two such plagues?" "Why that is precisely what I wish to know from you," retorted JENKINS. "One of two alternatives seems inevitable," said DICK. "And what is that," eagerly asked JENKINS. "Hang or marry," was the answer he got from the provoking WILDFIRE.

"I cannot marry them both," growled forth JENKINS; "one would be sufficient to drive me to distraction. To be sure I did hint something about marriage to that French gipsy; but then I believed her in reality to be a Countess, and not the quondam chambermaid of *Meurice's Hôtel*, whose favours could have been bought by any one for a five-franc piece. Why, my good fellow, were I matched to such a Frenchified Diana as this same *Troquercœurs*, I should be rewarded for my addresses, like poor Acteon, with such a branching head of horns, before the honeymoon was half over, that I

should be hunted to death by my own dogs. Then, as to that impudent baggage at the *Hall*, who gets brats in the dog-kennel, and calls them mine, do you think I shall ever set her down at the top of my table, or father her low-begot bastards?—Never, never, while my name is WATKIN AP JENKINS."

"Then you must pay for your pleasure another way," said DICK. "Parish officers and French lawyers have a strong desire *pour l'argent*. Come, cheer up, my wonted gay Lothario; do not allow yourself to be cast down by the imposition of a French *intriguante*, or the cunning ambition of a scrubbing wench. Thank your forefathers that they have given you a good estate, which enables you to pay for your seductions like a gentleman,—a thing, I assure you, not very common in these days. Come, let us see what our friends are about in the sitting-room." This advice tended much to dissipate the cloud that had darkened the visage of the love-professing owner of *Tallyho-Hall*, and both the sparks joined the company of the ladies with their usual hilarity.

Lady HALIBUT and *Sir* HUMPHREY had been seriously thinking of an immediate departure from Paris. But how unstable are the purposes of the human heart! A show, a shower, a dinner, or a card-party, shall have the power to alter the best formed resolutions;—but who can withstand the prospect of honour, the blandishments of nobility, and an invitation to court? *Lady* HALIBUT was in raptures. She rose to meet the gentlemen, and tripped towards them like a miss of sixteen. "O! DICK," cried she, "you don't know who has been here, and what new honours awaits us. We can't stir this week,—that is certain. The *Marquis of Shambleshanks* has done us the honour to call this

morning to apologize for what he politely calls his too particular attentions to LYDIA; [Plague on such politeness, interrupt-DICK. D——n such particular attentions, muttered JENKINS;] and has, by way of making amends, offered to present me and *Sir* HUMPHREY at Court. Oh, you cannot conceive, said she, looking at JENKINS, how I am frightened at the idea of seduction! I look upon a seducer as upon a devouring monster; (here JENKINS began to wince, and think on his own transgressions;) but, added her *Ladyship*, as his *Lordship* did no harm to LYDIA, after all, and is sensible of his fault, I see not why we may not accept his offer, it is so honourable and enchanting; besides he is a Marquis, you know, and high in favour with the King." "I am glad to see your *Ladyship* of so forgiving a temper," said DICK; "there are hopes for you yet, JENKINS, (turning towards the *Squire,)* you see it is no disgrace to be a seducer, — especially, if he be a Marquis." *Lady* HALIBUT did not choose to comprehend the sneer contained in these words; it was evident she had made up her mind to sport her figure among the belles of the first quality in the drawing-room of the *Tuileries*. LYDIA'S heart was alive to the sensation that actuated the breast of her mother; but, alas! delicacy prevented poor LYDIA from being of the favoured party. *Sir* HUMPHREY had no great relish for appearing at Court; but, as it would please his lady to manifest no reluctance to this flattering invitation, he silently acquiesced with her will. No time was to be lost in procuring dresses for the great occasion. Cards were immediately sent round to the principal dress-makers and milliners; but, as *Lady* HALIBUT had economy in all her views, she determined, in the first place, to go a shopping for an hour, as the ladies do in Bond-Street, reviewing the patient mercer's goods, whether they have any intention to purchase or not. Taking LYDIA with her, and, desiring

Drawn & Engraved by Mr George Cruikshank

Published [illegible]

"Life" in a Billiard Room, or Dick Wildfire & Squire Jenkins "au fait" (awake) to the Parisian Sharpers.

DICK and JENKINS to follow them as their *cicisbeos*, she led the way into the *Rue St. Honoré*, where, though an ample field for choice, nothing met her *Ladyship's* approbation. Anxious to get to the *Rue Vivienne*, "half-bewildered in their way," they entered the *Passage de Feydeau*, where a number of saleable curiosities diverted, for a time, *Lady* HALIBUT'S attention: a slight sketch of this thoroughfare is given in the following engraving.

While the ladies were thus engaged, their *cavalier servantes* were amusing themselves, as they passed along, with whatever objects offered to their view. At the corner of a dark alley, over the door of a house, they read a very flattering representation of the amusements to be found within. The bucks immediately entered, and found it a house for billiards, or, rather, for taking in the simpletons that strayed that way. Several of the French *Greeks* were on the watch for their prey, and eagerly welcomed our strangers to the table. DICK and the *Squire* were, however, *au fait* to the manœuvre; DICK'S thumb, significantly applied to his nose, instantly indicated that he smelt out the trick, while the sarcastic grin of JENKINS, over his shoulder, told the disappointed *Monsieurs* that he was no flat to be

taken in that net. Retiring from this den of sharpers, the friends again explored their way into day-light and liberty, remarking, that such were the scenes of life to be met with in almost every street and alley in Paris.

Meantime, the ladies had proceeded to the *Rue Vivienne*, where they had contrived, in a very little time, and for no great purpose, to give the poor shop-keepers, as they say, *a world of trouble*. Expecting, however, to have a *levee* of the handmaids of fashion at home, by the time they should get there, they returned in haste to *Meurice's*. On their arrival, they found the sitting-room half-filled with milliners, dress-makers, *perriqueres*, *plumiseurs*, &c. Every thing presented to her *Ladyship's* attention was the very tip-top of the fashion, and every one of the artizans present were, according to their own accounts, *fournisseurs* for the Court, or patronized by the Royal Family. The choice of her *Ladyship's* wedding-dress was not a more puzzling matter than that of the robes which she had now to select. Every one, of course, supposed that she would choose to be dressed *à la mode, et à la cour*, but *Lady* HALIBUT had, somehow or other, imbibed a notion that an evident attachment to the ancient *règime* would greatly recommend her to the restored monarch. The Revolution which had caused so many changes in the political face of Europe, had also effected a complete alteration in the fashions and dress of the French nation; but a Court, professing attachment to the ancient order of things, *Lady* HALIBUT reasoned, could not be displeased to see some relics of former fashions brought again into view. Thus laudably actuated, and with some images of a picture of the celebrated *Madame Maintenon*, which she had seen at the *Louvre*, running in her head, she set about to make her election from the magazine of goods scattered before her. Her first choice was a robe

of purple silk, richly ornamented with a profusion of lace, and a petticoat of French taffety, of a *salmon* colour, which her *Ladyship* selected from its being spangled all over as thick as the specks on a *trout's belly*. The train was made appropriately to correspond with the robe, and was of sufficient length to sweep the ground two or three yards behind her. Her *Ladyship's* next consideration was for the costume necessary for her head and heels. Her wig was delivered into the triple care of the *perriquier*, the *plumasier*, and the milliner, who were each to do their best endeavour to adorn it in tasteful unison with the dress she had just fixed on. The *cordonnier* fitted her *Ladyship* with a pair of shoes manufactured of a striated changeable silk, composed of dark green and blue, which might not be inaptly compared to the back of a new* mackerel.

Her *Ladyship* fain would have appeared *en hoop*, but at the mention of hoops the whole assembly of artizans in petticoats lifted up their hands, and declared that the hoop had been long exploded, never, they hoped, to be restored, amidst all the revolutions of fashion; for it was an article of dress of the most inconvenient kind, as inimical to gallantry as it was *unnatural;* nay, they even asserted that whoever should appear in public now, surrounded by such an incumbrance, would be believed to labour under the affliction of the dropsy. "Drop here, drop there," exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, "it is my opinion there were fewer crim. cons. and *faux paws* in fashionable life, when the hoop was in use, than there are now, for it was not so easy for ravishers and seducers to succeed where the citadel of virtue was guarded by a triple row of whalebone. Now, God help us! we

* New, fresh.—Vide the Billingsgate vocabulary.

women of virtue, we have nothing to protect us but our own good consciences." With this sage reflection, learned in the school of the Blues, *Lady* HALIBUT concluded the choice of her dress, and dismissed the subservient crowd that awaited her pleasure.

The decoration of *Sir* HUMPHREY would have next engaged attention, but it never entered the good *Knight's* head that any preparation or alteration, on the score of dress, was necessary on his part. In the reverential costume of an English Justice of the Peace, he conceived he might appear, with propriety, anywhere. Had *Sir* HUMPHREY been aware that the meditated appearance at the *Tuileries* would have occasioned half the expense it had already done, the prudent *Baronet* would sooner have made a dive into the *Seine* than complied with the *Marquis's* invitation.

Let us follow up our game while we have it in view: the important day that was to exhibit *Sir* HUMPHREY HALIBUT, fishmonger, of Scalesby-Park, and his *Lady*, of fashionable notoriety, in the *Salon de Trone* of the *Tuileries*, at length arrived. After much labour, *Lady* HALIBUT was arrayed in all her glory. By the help of a copious application of paint, and the variegated nature of her dress, she appeared a beauty of a peculiar genus, partaking so much of the *rara avis*, that, after searching the whole of God's creation, for any thing wherewith to match her, you would have truly exclaimed, with the owner of the elephant,

"None but herself can be her parallel."

We pass over the smiles of DICK, the sneers of JENKINS, and the mingled feelings of pity and regret experienced by LYDIA, when her *Ladyship* burst upon their

view, adorned as we have described, and impatient for a Court appearance. *Sir* HUMPHREY, with becoming modesty, had simply attired himself in the costume wherein he appeared on the bench of the quarter sessions; wearing, at the same time, that inseparable gravity of look with which he passed sentence on all the rogues and vagabonds that came before him. The *Marquis's* carriage rattled into the court; the heart of *Lady* HALIBUT fluttered at the sound; in a moment his *Lordship* entered the room, and beheld, with astonishment, the strange and uncouth looking pair whom he had undertaken to present to the most polished and fashionable court in Europe. Time, however, did not admit of any alteration being made in his *protégées'* appearance.

Lady HALIBUT, having already fortified herself with a double dose of cherry-bounce, and SAM SHARP being appointed to act as page or train-bearer to her *Ladyship*, the *Marquis* drove off with his company, and, in a few minutes, reached the Palace of the *Tuileries*. Conducted by the Marquis into the first state apartment, they found the *Premier Gentilhomme* in waiting, but it was yet too early for presentation; this being the case, the *Marquis* inquired whether his *protégées* would like to amuse themselves, until his Majesty appeared, with a view of the interior of the palace; being answered in the affirmative, the *Premier Gentilhomme* deputed a state-officer to show them the principal apartments unoccupied by the Royal Family. In the mean time, the *Marquis* begged permission to leave them for a little, as he had something to say to one of the marshals, but solemnly assured them he would return in time to execute his office of presenting them to the King. This satisfied *Lady* HALIBUT'S rising fears of disappointment, and the officer led the way into the state apartments; in passing, they had a peep into the *Salle des Marechaux*, or Saloon of

the Marshals, which occupies the whole of the central pavilion. This *Salle* has a balcony towards the court, or square *de Carousel*, and another towards the garden. It contains a series of full-length portraits of the Marshals of France, and several busts of French generals, who died in battle. The ceiling is decorated with *caissons*, and compartments of ornaments, painted in *grisaille*. The first room after the *Salle des Marechaux*, is the *Salle des Nobles*, originally the *Salle des Gardes*. The ceiling, in vaults, is decorated with low-reliefs, in *grisaille*, set off with gold, representing marches of troops, battles, and ancient triumphs; the whole surrounded by ornaments, with different allegorical figures allusive to warlike virtues. As they approached the *Salle de Trone*, or Saloon of the Throne, although assured that his Majesty had not yet entered the Chamber of Audience, the knees of our awe-struck strangers seemed, by their trembling, already disposed to perform a most obedient genuflection. This room was formerly the King's chamber; the throne, placed opposite the window, where the bed was formerly, is surmounted by a canopy, with hangings of crimson velvet, sprinkled with *fleur de lis*, and bordered with gold fringes: the whole is suspended to a large crown of laurel and oak, enchased in gold, surmounted by a helm, with plumes of white feathers. The seat of the throne, raised on a flight of three steps, covered with a carpet of crimson velvet, is decorated with sculptured ornaments and gold *fleur de lis*, on a blue ground. The room is hung with Gobelin tapestry. The principal subject of the ceiling, painted by *Flamel*, is Religion protecting France, with all the attributes which characterize that kingdom and its sovereign. After the *Salle de Trone*, they took a glance of the king's cabinet, but here, though the ornaments are very superb, little was found to interest the taste of our unlearned visiters.

At the extremity of the grand apartments is the gallery of *Diana*. The pictures which adorn the ceiling are chiefly copies of those in the *Farnese* gallery at Rome, and were executed there by the pupils of the French Academy. This gallery served formerly for the reception of ambassadors. Mirrors, opposite the windows and at the two extremities, seem to increase its extent and richness by the repetition of the objects which adorn it.

The *Appartement de Service* is immediately behind the gallery of *Diana*, and the halls which terminate the grand apartment; it looks on the garden, and the entrance is by the great staircase, near the *Pavillon de Flore*. An anti-chamber, serving as a *salle des gardes*, two saloons, the private cabinet of the King, a second cabinet, the bed-room, and a dressing-room with its dependencies, compose the peculiar habitation of the King.

The apartments appropriated to the Queens of France, on the ground floor, are less magnificent and of a less elevated proportion than those of the King above them. A difference of style and a lightness of ornament prevail in them, which are very agreeable, and executed with good taste.

Lady HALIBUT now began to express her apprehensions, that they were going too far; the rattling of coaches into the court-yard convinced her that the company were fast assembling, added to which their conductor informed her that the *levee* would now almost immediately take place; they therefore hastily returned along the gallery, and were ushered into a saloon where the company were assembled that were to receive the honour of presentation. The eyes of this assembly were instantly turned on our happy pair with as much curiosity and surprize as if they had beheld

a couple of natives from New Zealand or Otaheite. Here, while waiting impatiently for the *Marquis*, *Sir* HUMPHREY observed a gentleman of the Court, who acted as a kind of master of the ceremonies, eyeing him with a look that seemed to bode him no good; at length this keen observer, stepping up to the *Baronet*, inquired if he expected to have the honour of presentation. Being answered in the affirmative, with no very gracious look in return, and, What is that to you, sir, growled back by the nettled Justice, the officer of state politely gave his worship to understand, that he could not possibly be presented in the costume he wore. This was a piece of information that placed the *Baronet* in a very unpleasant predicament. The vexation that it produced in the mind of *Lady* HALIBUT appeared in colours of anger, even through the deep layer of paint spread over her face. What was to be done in this situation, and how could the *Marquis* overlook so important an obstacle; it seemed as if fate resolved to place an insurmountable bar between the good *Knight*, and the honour that seemed so near him. His rib dictated an instant retirement, on the part of her spouse, for the purpose of purchasing a Court dress, and the Master of the Ceremonies having whispered to the disappointed Justice, as he withdrew, that plenty of court dresses ready-made were to be had in the *Palais Royale*, *Sir* HUMPHREY, accompanied by SAM SHARP, set off full speed to *Monsieur Haut-de-Chausse's*, where, by the help of that renowned tailor's *costumométre*, he got correctly equipped in a few moments. Returning to the *Tuileries*, and taking his station beside his spouse, who was delighted to remark the sudden alteration in his appearance, he was found completely *en règle*, and the Master of the Ceremonies politely tendered his excuses for the interference which duty imposed upon him.

At that moment the *Marquis* returned, and expressed his agreeable surprize at the change in *Sir* HUMPHREY'S habiliments. Presently, no small stir was created amongst the assembly of expectants, who waited the summons from the throne, notice was given that his Majesty was ready to receive such as desired audience. At this information, the whole crowd, male and female, passed between files of soldiers to the presence-chamber, where his Majesty was seated upon the throne. As soon as *Sir* HUMPHREY got a glance at the monarch, he exclaimed, "God bless his jolly face; he looks as if he was as good a friend to the bottle and sir-loin as myself." The ceremony of presentation now commenced, when each nobleman presented his *protégées*, individually, announcing their names as they passed. The King received those who were presented with a bow; when it came to the turn of our pair, the *Marquis* led them forward into view; at the sight of *Lady* HALIBUT, his Majesty seemed to be seized with an irresistible inclination to allow his customary gracious smile to burst out in a vulgar horse-laugh, in which propensity the whole Court seemed disposed to join; *etiquette*, however, forbade this. My *Lord Shambleshanks* remarked the prevalence of this impression, and, eager to put an end to his disagreeable task, beckoned *Sir* HUMPHREY to approach at the same time. This the *Baronet* did with such celerity, that ere the *Marquis* had announced the name of his wife, and her *Ladyship* had made her best curtsy, in return to the royal bow, *Sir* HUMPHREY was treading on her train. Unfortunate disrespect to ladies superfluity of garments! flounces, and the finest flourishes of the dress-maker's art, were trodden under foot; and when our walking mermaid began to move, she did it with such an air, that she had nearly tripped on the floor at the foot of the throne, and left the half of her train behind her. This accident almost con-

vulsed the Court; for not to have smiled now "was past all gravity of face."

Leaving *Sir* HUMPHREY in motionless astonishment, the *Marquis* instantly proceeded to the assistance of her *Ladyship*; he advised her to withdraw, but she refused to move until joined by *Sir* HUMPHREY; the *Knight* seeing himself alone, without an introducer, paid his respects in the best manner he could to the King, and stalked up to his discontented rib with this address: "my dear *Tabitha*, this comes of your monstrous long tail; you would surpass every one else in this ridiculous fashion, and you now see what has come of it." Her *Ladyship* was not without a budget of recriminatory matters ready to pour forth on the devoted head of the offending *Knight*; the *Marquis* prevented any discharge of this kind at present. The presentations were speedily over, when the King, going up to *Lady* HALIBUT, most graciously expressed his concern for the misfortune she had sustained, and, taking *Sir* HUMPHREY by the hand, recommended him to her *Ladyship's* pardon, hoping that she would forgive the injury he had thus unintentionally done to her *tail*. His Majesty then retired; the company were now gathering in circles about this odd couple, "wondering how the devil they came there." The *Marquis* seeing the inconvenience that might be occasioned by this excess of curiosity hurried off his *protégées*, and, pleading another engagement in a different direction from their *Hôtel*, bid them adieu, leaving them to the escort of SAM SHARP, who soon conducted them, by the *Rue de Rivoli*, into the *Hôtel des Londres*.

CHAP. XXIII.

Unexpected Disappearance of DICK *and* LYDIA—JENKINS, *also, no where to be found—Sir* HUMPHREY *and Lady* HALIBUT *again in Trouble—A Visit to the Temple of Hymen—Nothing so convenient as the Gretna-Green in Paris—Return of the Fugitives, a married Pair—Reappearance of* JENKINS, *and Captain* O'SHUFFLETON *—Marriage Festivity—Departure of the Party from Paris—Conclusion of the Narrative.*

LADY HALIBUT no sooner reached the *Hôtel*, than she flew to her own apartment, and took a double dose of cherry-bounce,—some say it was real cogniac, but this we will not pretend to determine. After making some suitable alterations in her dress, she descended to the apartment where she expected to find DICK and LYDIA, not forgetting JENKINS, waiting their return. Provoking neglect! no one was present to welcome them from Court, and to give them joy on their honours; even *Sir* HUMPHREY had disappeared like the rest of his relatives; but the *Baronet* was soon discovered, seated beside a joint of roast beef, into which he was making deep incision, frequently accompanying the welcome viand with copious draughts of his favourite port. He had already banished from his mind all uneasy thoughts respecting what had happened at Court; and as for the absence of DICK and LYDIA, it never occurred to his thoughts that there was any thing uncommon

in it. *Lady* HALIBUT, however, was extremely restless and impatient on this point; she wanted somebody to whom she could relate all that had taken place at the presentation, to vent her bursting heart against *Sir* HUMPHREY for his rudeness, to tell of all she had seen in the Palace, to enlarge in descriptions of the ladies' dresses, and to boast of the peculiar notice she had received from the King. What could be more distressing to a communicative mind than to be obliged to keep all these important events to oneself? Besides, another disturbing consideration rose to her *Ladyship's* mind in thinking of LYDIA. Ever since the abduction of that young lady by the *Marquis*, her *Ladyship* had, as she expressed to JENKINS, entertained a strong apprehension of seducers, and she wanted the friendly bosom of the *Squire*, into which she might pour her horror of such characters. The conduct of the *Marquis* had not altogether pleased her during the occurrences of the day; his absences from them, and sudden, or, rather, disrespectful manner of leaving them, showed that he had some object in view. My *Lord Shambleshanks* was, therefore, still viewed by her *Ladyship* with suspicion. It was true she had reason to believe that LYDIA was under the protection of her cousin DICK, and JENKINS might be with them; but still, as time flew, and no one appeared, her anxiety increased until she could no longer refrain from breaking in upon the bland refection which *Sir* HUMPHREY was enjoying, and insisting on his going with her in search of the missing parties. *Sir* HUMPHREY was at length obliged to comply, but whither were they to proceed—where to seek for the absentees? JENKINS seemed to be the only person likely to know any thing of the motions of the cousins; they, therefore, proceeded directly to the *Squire's Hôtel*, but found not one of the party of whom they were in search. The only thing they learned was, that the *Squire* had gone

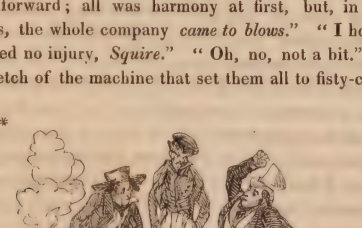
to view a stud of horses that were to be sold at some of the stable-keepers, a circumstance that seemed to prove he was not in company with DICK and LYDIA. This was still more bewildering to the ancient couple; they knew of no business or engagement that could draw DICK or LYDIA abroad at that hour, for it was now getting late in the evening, and LYDIA never ventured to be absent from the company of her mother without first soliciting permission. Where next to seek for information they knew not. After many ineffectual attempts to trace the fugitives, the disappointed pair returned to their *Hôtel*, resolving to leave Paris as soon as their party should again be re-united. The moment they entered their apartment, DICK and LYDIA, who had previously arrived, and were in waiting for them, stepped forward, and falling on their knees before the *Baronet* and his *Lady* craved their forgiveness for the step they had just taken. "Why, DICK," interrupted the *Knight*, "your motions are often very strange and unaccountable; you have certainly given us a great deal of trouble in seeking you; and you, LYDIA, have been the cause of much alarm and distress to the heart of your affectionate mother, by being absent so long without her permission or knowledge. But why this uncommon ceremony, DICK,—why crave pardon in this supplicating manner? hast not been getting into any more scrapes, I hope?" "I fear I have," replied DICK. "Bless me," exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, "what an unfortunate young man you are." "I have been taking," continued WILDFIRE, "this young lady to wife without your permission, and we are now, by the rites of the Church, a married pair." "LYDIA married!" exclaimed *Lady* HALIBUT, "and without asking my leave, or saying a word about it,—monstrous! monstrous ingratitude! you ought to be ashamed of yourself, LYDIA, for thinking of such a thing at your age.—A girl not out of her teens to choose a husband, and marry him, too,

without consulting the parent that knows most about these matters!—never was such impudence. When I went to marry your father, I went with as much regularity and order as I used to go to market. *Sir* HUMPHREY, I cannot forgive this monstrous disobedience, and you are a silly man if you do." "But remember, *Lady* HALIBUT," replied *Sir* HUMPHREY, "who it is she has chosen—it is no whipper-snapper Dandy or ruined Lord that seeks for support by cousining women of fortune; DICK has already secured to himself a handsome independence, of which I am the trustee. LYDIA will also be independent of us in a few months, by virtue of the fortune she inherits from her aunt; so that DICK, with the good sense and experience he has obtained, may, after all, prove as proper a husband for our daughter as any you could cast your eyes upon." "But, then, think of the girl's presumption and disobedience in taking such an important step without consulting me." "Phoo, phoo," exclaimed *Sir* HUMPHREY, "it is now of no use to harbour resentment, the thing is done and can't be undone. You know I was very much blamed for marrying you, on account of your insuf——, but let us forget that as well as the couple before us." LYDIA, at this instant extending her hand to her mother, with tears in her eyes, seeming to say, I know my dear mother cannot long entertain hatred against her daughter. *Lady* HALIBUT could not resist the impulse of affection; she clasped LYDIA in her arms, and both she and *Sir* HUMPHREY poured out their forgiveness and benediction on the newly-wedded pair.

DICK'S affection for his fair cousin was stronger than he himself was aware: ever since the attempt of the *Marquis* on the object of his regard, he had been more pressing in his suit, and watchful of an opportunity of securing to himself the prize to which he looked with a lover's anxiety. The absence of the old couple at Court afforded the wished-

for occasion of confirming those ties which bound the hearts of this youthful pair. To cut short delays, DICK proposed immediately to repair to the Ambassador's chapel, and the gentle LYDIA could not refuse to comply with this honourable wish on the part of the only man her heart approved. They were not long in reaching the English hymeneal altar, in the *Faboury St. Honoré*, where they were united in the inseparable bands of old fashioned matrimony.

At the moment *Lady* HALIBUT was expressing her reconciliation, in bounced *Squire* JENKINS, in one of his merriest moods. Addressing DICK, in his familiar manner, he exclaimed—"Where the devil do you think I have been?" "Can't say," replied DICK; "at some *elegant* resort no doubt." "On my way from looking at some old nags, I popped into a *Café*, where a number of games were going forward; all was harmony at first, but, in a few seconds, the whole company *came to blows*." "I hope you sustained no injury, *Squire*." "Oh, no, not a bit." Here is a sketch of the machine that set them all to fisty-cuffs.



* This is the representation of an ingenious invention of a statical in-

The *Squire* would then have entered into a detail of the properties of this curious invention, but he was interrupted by DICK, in these terms:—"That may be a very agreeable amusement, *Mr.* JENKINS, but I beg you will allow me to introduce a much more pleasing subject." He then presented to the *Squire* the charming LYDIA as *Mrs.* WILDFIRE. JENKINS stared at hearing this as if deprived of the use of his faculties; recovering himself he shook hands with DICK, and gave him joy of the prize. Then, commencing a caper round the room, he gave unrestrained utterance to such sounds as these:—"Yoicks, yoicks, hurrah! hurrah! Well done, DICK, you have caught Miss Puss at last; you have got the *brush*, my boy, and I hope we shall have a jollification over it.

"I'm your's at any sort of fun,
My buck, I'll tell you so;
I'll match you yet ere all is done,
Or, by the noble nag I run,
My name's not Tallyho!

"Come, let the bridal feast be spread,
And joyous bumpers flow;
I'll kiss the bride, though she is wed,
Or throw the stocking at your head;
All's one to Tallyho!

---

strument, for ascertaining the force or weight of blows struck with the fist. On a table is fixed a block, to which is attached, by a worm-spring, a velvet cushion, on which the party desirous to know their power of strength, strike their fist. The owner of the instrument, who always keeps his eye on the index, instantly calls out the weight of the blow. The cushion is sufficiently stuffed to guard the hand from accident. The observer will see that it is JENKINS that is making the experiment.

" Suppose you challenge in a glass,
And name the pretty Doe;
I'll prove your love can't mine surpass,
I'll swallow hogsheads for my lass;
All's one to Tallyho!"

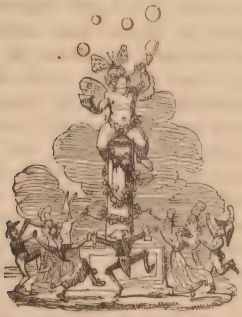
In the midst of the *Squire's* merriment another agreeable addition took place to the party. It was the preserver of LYDIA, and our old acquaintance, the *Chevalier* of *Industry*, *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON. The *Captain* came to inform his friends that he was to set out for England to-morrow, having received advices, that a large fortune had been left to him by an uncle who had died in India. The party congratulated him on his good luck, and O'SHUFFLETON was not sparing in his felicitations to his friend DICK, on the happiness that had now fallen to his lot. LYDIA, smiling, asked the *Chevalier* how he could bear to leave the *Marchioness*, who must also greatly feel his absence. O'SHUFFLETON replied, that they were not so tenderly attached as that came to. There was often more show and fashion than sincerity in the attachments of French women to the danglers about them. For himself, he had resolved to commence a new course, and to abandon the faults and foibles that had too much characterized his conduct; and he believed the *Marchioness* had virtue and determination sufficient to do the same. "I verily believe," cried JENKINS, "all the world are determined to turn Benedicts and Methodists.

" Let me, as o'er Life's course I pass,
Crop pleasure as I go;
I'll take my glass, and toast my lass,
I'll live, and, damme, sport my brass,
As long's I'm Tallyho!"

During these ebullitions, *Sir* HUMPHREY and *Lady* HALIBUT were urging *Mr.* MEURICE to turn his house topsy-turvy, in order that a becoming *set-out* might be made in honour of this happy union. It was not long before these orders were obeyed. "Quick! presto! be gone," said *Mr.* MEURICE to his head waiter; and, in a few minutes, as if by magic, a banquet of the most luxurious kind invited the party to social glee, and friendly festivity. It is difficult to say who were the most happy on this occasion—they who partook of the dainties of the table, or the newly-married pair, who fed on thoughts of love, and expectations of future bliss. We need not tell how many bottles *Sir* HUMPHREY swallowed—how many applications his *Lady* made to her cherry-bounce—how JENKINS talked of his horses and dogs—and how the *Captain*, when the champagne began to work, run over the story of his amours; we are not gossips sufficient to dilate on the ceremonies used on putting the bride and bridegroom to bed; nor dare we draw asunder the curtains of wedded love. Suffice it to say, that content and happiness were the portion of all, and that a new day saw our party re-united with fresh spirits and vigour, ready to take their departure for the land of their nativity.

By the care and activity of SAM SHARP, the *Diligence* appeared in proper time, loaded with the luggage and property belonging to the party. At the sound of the conductor's horn, *Sir* HUMPHREY and *Lady* HALIBUT, with *Mr.* and *Mrs.* WILDFIRE, bade adieu to *Mr.* MEURICE, and took their seats in the inside of the *Diligence*. *Squire* JENKINS and *Captain* O'SHUFFLETON likewise appeared at the same time riding their own nags. Thus equipped, and satisfied with Paris, the party, whom we have attended so long, joyfully commenced their journey to Calais. SAM SHARP, for

his services, might have been honoured with a place in the *cabriolet*, but he declined that station, and took up his quarters alongside *Monsieur le Conducteur*, who occupied the *impériale*, to enjoy his society. SAM had obtained from his master a more substantial reward for his fidelity in this expedition, and he jogged on as merry as a grig, thinking on the fresh sprees and rigs he should have when he arrived in England.



TO THE BINDER.

The Plates to be placed facing the folios mentioned in the Illustrations, at the commencement of the work; and he is to cancel pages 143-144, and also pages 335-336; the substitutes for which are given in the last Number of the work.

Marchant, Printer, Ingram-Court, Fenchurch-Street.